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Letters from a Primitive Land

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[THE letters which follow were written to an intimate friend by the wife of a trader on the Navajo Indian Reservation. For four years Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill, who appear in the letters themselves as H. (Hilda) and Ken, served the primitive wards of the white man as storekeepers and as friends who could bring to bear on their problems the knowledge of a broader society.

—THE EDITOR]

January 15

Can you guess where we are and what we are doing? We are running a Navajo Indian trading store in Arizona. Our particular location is Black Mountain, if the name means anything to you. It did n't to me a month ago. In terms of geography this Black Mountain place is some forty miles from a post office, and the post office is sixty-five miles from a railroad. A hundred miles from a railroad! And it is even farther than it sounds, for we don't measure distance in miles so much as in depth of mud and the length of time it takes to get anywhere.

I listen any day and many times a day to monologues like this:—

'My dear grandmother, come into

this corner with me. We will speak slowly and not get mad. The children at my house who call you mother are hungry. They cry and call for candy and bread. One has a stomach. He said his mother would send medicine and apples and candy to him by me. Your children need shoes. In six months I shall sell my wool. Allow me, my mother, my sister, my pretty younger sister, to owe you twenty dollars until I shear my sheep. This will make all your children who live at my house warm.

'Other Navajos may lie to you and never pay their bills, but I am not like those crows and coyotes and gamblers. I never lie; I do not know anything about cards; I never go where cards are.

'See. My coat is worn out and no good. Let me have a new coat. Let me owe you four dollars for a new coat. Is this four dollars? It is very thin and ugly for four dollars. But I am poor, so I will take it. I tell all Navajos how nice you are, how you feed anyone who asks it, and give apples and candy to all the children who come to your store. The Indians all say you are good. Put some sweets in a bag and I will take it

to your children and tell them their mother sent it.

'Is this good flour? It looks black; it may be wormy. Give me a knife and I will cut open the sack and look at it.

'How much do I owe you now? Twenty dollars plus four dollars plus three dollars and a half? Twenty-seven and a half? I will trade two dollars and a half more and then I will remember thirty dollars. I could never remember twenty-seven dollars and a half.

'Have you a sack? What shall I carry all this stuff home in? Give me a sack, mother; a poor ugly gunny sack will do. None? Then I must use my robe, and I shall be cold riding.

'Give me some strong twine to tie this robe so I won't lose my sack of flour. More than that; make it strong enough for a hair string. See, my hair string is dirty. I need a new one. Now I am ready to go. No, wait. I forgot tobacco. Mother mine, give me tobacco.

'It's a long way to my house, and my horse is tired. While he rests I have time to eat. Give me a can of pears and a box of crackers, because I live a long way off and come all this distance in the cold to trade with you when my horse is poor, to trade with you because I know you are good and we are friends. That's right, that's good. This is for friendship. My mother does n't want money for this, because she feeds her friend. Have you any coffee made? No? Then bring me a cup of water and pass me a spoon and a can opener. May I have the spoon? Your little boy that lives at our house lost the best spoon we had. I'll take this one. Thanks, my mother—good, good. Now I go.'

This is the wily savage way of wheeling us out of everything movable on the place!

There are no white people here but Ken and me, but I understand there

are two Englishmen at a store fifteen miles away. Here there is nothing to suggest white people. At this time of the year the trails are bottomless mud, or rocks; later they will be equally bottomless sand. The Navajos ride out of sight over the horizon; the smell of the sage is in our nostrils, and we see the sunsets of the mesa country and the bluffs purple in the twilight.

On the way in here we stopped at a Navajo camp to ask the road. A woman who had lost her husband since Ken knew her years ago came out of a brush shelter. When she saw Ken, tears poured down her face and they gripped hands — there's no shake to a Navajo handshake. The woman covered her face with her robe and they stood there without a word, until I began to think of unhitching the ponies and camping. Then Ken turned away, spoke to the widow's son about the road we were to take, and we drove off. The woman had not said a word and Ken had not spoken to her.

You understand how I'll probably greet you if you wait too long to come to see me.

March 25

Our nearest neighbor, a quarter of a mile away, has a little boy who fell and ruptured himself. The medicine man had been singing for him for three days when the family sent for me. I went and found the hogan full of smoke and Indians.

The child was lying against his mother, who held him in a sitting position. He was stark naked; his hair was tousled and full of dirt and the herb leaves they had used; his little body was too dirty for words, and on the side where the swelling of the rupture was the dirt or 'medicine' was caked deeper than on the rest of the body; he had a sheep pelt under him and a blanket to put over him when he lay

still enough, but he was delirious and clawed his hair, waved his arms, and threw the blanket in every direction.

Robert, an English-speaking Indian, was with me. We sat down on the ground with the rest to wait for the singing to stop.

The doctor, or medicine man, was the same big fellow for whose little boy I had shortened the sleeves of the coat. He sat on one side, facing the child. His medicine sticks were spread on a piece of calico; in a turtle shell was a little water with powdered herb in it. He took a medicine stick, dipped the end in the water, moistened his lips and the child's, and took up the song.

Two helpers shook rattles made of skin of some kind, with feathers tied to the wooden handles. In each rattle were two spotted beans. They had come to me the day before for the beans, and had spent half an hour choosing them. The helpers' singing was not in unison with the doctor's, but was a sort of whining accompaniment. They did not move their lips at all, and I could not tell one voice from the other.

The end was so abrupt and unexpected, and the final note so peculiar, that the silence just hurt for a minute. I felt as if something might really happen, and it was evident that the Indians waited; but there was nothing.

A moment of dead silence, everyone motionless, and then the doctor dipped the tips of a bunch of eagle feathers in the ashes of the fire, which occupied the centre of the hogan, and tapped twice on the boy's feet, on his knees, on the sore spot, on his shoulders, and on his head. Then he stood over the boy, who was now lying down, and fanned the full length of his body back and forth, back and forth, as he sang. I was glad of the fanning, because it blew the ashes out of the child's face.

I had with me some flannel for hot

packs, and, while the singers rested, the mother heated water and I put them on. The singing began again as I worked, so I thought I was safe in keeping it up. The Indians seemed impressed when I washed off the dirt and painted the swollen spot with iodine.

In spite of seeing me put on the hot packs and feed the child broth I had taken down, they did not want to do either themselves. They cautioned me not to let the boy bite me. He did shut down on my little finger once and I had to pry his jaws open with the spoon.

I went over to that hogan twice a day for three days. All the time the child was growing weaker and weaker. The family moved out of the hogan and camped in a brush shelter with friends and relatives who came to comfort them; the father and three or four other men, with the things for the grave, waited in the hogan. The medicine man, saying there was no use to sing any more, left. On the fourth morning I met the child's grandfather before I reached the hogan. He was going to the family camp to tell them the boy was dead.

I went on and found the father and two men with the boy. The body was so covered I could not tell whether it had been dressed, but I know the string of fine turquoise which the boy was wearing when I last saw him alive was buried with him.

The three men buried the body and burned the hogan. No one else, not even a member of the family besides the father, was near, so we have no way of knowing if there were funeral rites.

Day before yesterday, in the afternoon, the three men who had buried the body came into the store looking exceedingly sober. They told Ken that someone had been near the grave. They had seen tracks, man tracks, crossing the regular trail and going

around the little hill toward the foot of the bluff where the grave is.

Only the men who bury a body know the exact location of the grave. The family knows the general site selected, and this information — no one knows just how — gradually becomes general among the Indians; but neither a member of the family nor anyone else ever goes near a grave.

In this instance no one had dared go to see for himself if the grave had been disturbed, but the family stood ready to kill anyone who had so much as looked for the exact spot. They asked Ken to follow the tracks, and seemed satisfied when he said he would.

Yesterday morning Ken examined the tracks and found they were made by a man who was following a burro track. The animal had crossed the road, wandered past the bluff where the grave is, and returned to the road. When Ken got back to the store, the father, mother, and other members of the family were here waiting; the mother almost in tears, and insisting on holding my hand across the counter.

Upon asking Ken what he had found, the men were relieved to learn that the grave had not been touched, but were angry and uneasy because someone had been near it. A man who was listening to the talk said that the father of a neighbor had come from Flagstaff on a visit and had lost a burro. He it was who had made the tracks; and, as he knew nothing whatever about the death or the grave, he could not be suspected.

On the instant the situation changed. The tension relaxed; everyone drew a comfortable breath, and they had a cigarette all around.

How even the men who bury the body can tell under which particular rock it lies is more than I can understand. They often bury at the foot of a bluff, where there are heaps of loose

rocks, and they exercise every precaution to make rocks and ground look undisturbed.

March 28

Here's another story which throws light on the seriousness of robbing a grave. A man who was a trader on the Reservation thirty years ago told us that a Navajo who seldom came to the store came in one day. He recognized a bracelet in stock as one that had been buried with a member of his family. He asked who sold it to the store and what else he sold with it, and was shown another bracelet and two blankets. Two days later, when the freight teams came in, a dozen Indians in war paint rode to meet one of the drivers. They sang a sort of chant as they circled around him, and then all shot together. The body of the grave robber fell to the ground. He had not made one move to save himself.

When asked to bury the body, the Indians refused to touch it, and insisted that no one else do so. However, they asked no questions when the trader buried it at night.

May 1

The most wonderful thing has happened. A few hours ago a Navajo who was cutting wood came to the door and called to us to come and see the storm. Here at the store the sun was shining and a gusty wind was blowing. Not more than a mile and a half away was a small cyclone. We could see the great gray streaks of it, and the whirling black column lifting the dirt and sand from the bluffs as it passed over. The dirt was drawn up the side of the bluff, across the top, and into the air. It looked like a waterfall falling up. As the storm crossed a valley it was almost red, and then it spread out into a great, black, smoky-looking top that tumbled and rolled within itself.

As we watched, the whole column disappeared over a mesa. A few large, splashing drops of rain fell here, with the sun shining at the same time.

We know there were a few hogans in the path, and perhaps there were flocks of sheep. No doubt we'll hear soon of the destruction. Had we been in the path, this poor shell of a building would no longer be on the map.

It was really a wonderful sight. I've seen sand storms and rough breakers and blizzards, but this cyclone is by far the most exciting.

It's turning quite dark. I must go and see if another cyclone is coming.

Monday, and two days after the storm which, or perhaps I should say who, has been the main topic of conversation for two days. Be it known that a god travels in such a storm — a god who can see where he is going and does everything intentionally.

What we should call a special prayer meeting lasting five nights is to be held for two little boys who were caught in the path of the cyclone with their sheep. The first, a lad of thirteen, on seeing and hearing the big wind, tried desperately to drive his sheep to shelter. He crowded them until they jumped over a low bluff, and then, having barely time to save himself, the boy threw his arms around a small tree. At that instant the wind struck him, took his feet from under him, and whirled his body round and round the tree. His sheep dog was carried into the air and dropped unhurt among the huddled sheep at the foot of the bluff.

The boy's grandfather is a medicine man and will be one of those officiating at the five-day ceremony.

The other boy, a younger lad, lived about five miles from the first. When the wind came, he dug with his hands around an old stump until he could get a grip on some of the strong roots. His

family, who were several yards away, saw his feet waving in the air an instant before the cloud of dirt blotted out everything. After the storm passed, the boy was still alive, but not much more than alive.

One Navajo brought us a wagonload of wheat that he had buried. Only the family knew where the wheat was, but the god in the storm knew, and he found the grain and uncovered it. Now, since the god has touched it, it can't be eaten by people or fed to stock. The fellow who brought it to us warned us not to eat it and made us promise not to sell it in the store or feed it to the horses. He said we could feed it to the chickens.

According to his own story, Clizidochizi, a medicine man, saved the store. He saw the wind coming and hurried out to change its course. He told us about it with the gestures of throwing kisses with both hands and making pushing motions with outstretched arms. The fact that the storm was coming directly toward the store, and turned and went by a mile and a half away, proves this story.

Those nearer the storm than we were report that stones and trees were flying, dirt by the acre was in the air, and sheep and lambs went sailing skyward to fall dead, or nearly so, at the edge of the wind. On the mountain side big spruce and pines were uprooted and thrown to the ground. Many Navajos saw the god in the black tumbling cloud, lightning shooting from his hands and two streaks of it from the crown of his head.

I asked Robert who the god was, and he told me the story, prefacing it with the remark, 'I cannot tell all. The words are hard for me when I don't know how you call it.'

It seems that a sort of supreme god, Natoní, lives in the sky, 'the same place Jesus does.' Other gods are

directed by him, and one of these comes to the earth once in a man's lifetime to take back sheep, goats, ponies, *denay* (people), for Natoni to use as patterns in his future creations.

It was this god who came in the storm. You can easily understand that it is he who makes the grass grow tall, brings lambs to the flocks and babies to the hogans. Since he has been here this spring, a good year is anticipated. Lots of grass means fat sheep and big crops of corn.

Queer, is n't it, that such a beneficent being should be so destructive!

It has been thirty years since the last visit of this god. An old medicine man who saw the other wind will sing the principal part in the five nights' prayers for the two boys. The idea of the prayers is to ask Natoni not to take the boys for patterns or for company in the sky.

An idea of self-protection is evidenced by the fact that for four days no Navajo will cross the path of the cyclone without first putting some little black and white and red beads on the broken ground where the wind has been.

It has rained and snowed every day since the cyclone. Each day we think no one will come to the store; they will surely all stay home by the fire. But no. They seem to gather here to talk over the storm. Each goes through the whole scene as he saw it.

June 17

I've seen another thing that will stay with me as long as memory lasts and will remind me of the strength and fortitude of woman. I should still be making custards for a white woman who was confined less than a week ago; but Mrs. Charlie has almost finished a blanket since her baby came, and it's not a week old.

As a background for the story, note

the indifference of the Navajo men. Every day for the past weeks, as well as any other time, Mrs. Charlie has carried a keg of water by a brow strap, and a pailful in her hand, from our well to her hogan. The trail is sandy and hilly. Up to the morning of her confinement she worked on a blanket.

Charlie was not in the least concerned, though the death of his sister in childbirth last winter had plunged the family in grief too genuine to doubt. A death among these people means both sacrifice and grief. Each gives much-needed robes, saddles, jewelry, or something of the sort to be buried with the body. Charlie gave a new bridle and a silver belt. Such experiences do not make the men more considerate when the next new member of the family is expected.

Once, when Mrs. Charlie had washed a lot of wool and carried water, Charlie kept a horse up so he could ride quickly to call the Navajos should her pains turn out to be the final signs. Next morning, however, Mrs. Charlie was better and washed wool while Charlie went to a rabbit chase. He was gone all day and all night. There was horse racing after the rabbit chase. A crowd of thirty or more of the sportsmen came here to the store on tired, sweaty ponies that had not had a drink or a bite to eat since noon the day before. There was a great demand for canned tomatoes and soda crackers. These were eaten in three minutes, and then there was a cloud of dust as the tired ponies were whipped into a run over the hill and out of sight. You can understand that Ken had to listen to another lecture from me on Navajo morals.

A few mornings after that, Robert, who is Mrs. Charlie's brother, told us the Navajos were gathering at Charlie's house for the borning. Soon Charlie came dashing up on a dripping pony.

As pale as a brown man could be, he came into my room instead of going to the store. I was sitting at the sewing machine. As I reached for a bottle of antiseptic with one hand and clean towels with the other, I wondered if I should be able to ride a horse without putting on riding clothes. How long would it take me to walk in the soft sand?

What do you think Charlie wanted? He asked for tobacco. The medicine man wanted to smoke. After he got that, he said his wife had been sick a long time. Then he suggested that I go up to the hogan. I started, but he bolted by me on the trail before I was fairly on my way. Every Navajo at the store followed. I was so displeased I almost turned back, but the thought of Mrs. Charlie and my own inborn mania for the unknown kept me going on that sandy trail, hatless in the burning sun.

As I approached the hogan, I counted sixteen ponies standing around, and saw a group of men in the summer hogan. A little flock of sheep and goats was being held against the rocky bluff, and Charlie was just swinging a rope to catch one. I could hear the chant of the medicine man inside the main hogan, so I drew aside the blanket that hung over the doorway and went in.

It is that first glimpse that will stay in my memory forever. In all my imaginings of the crude Indian way of treating sickness, I had not thought of such a thing as I saw. The hogan was cleared of everything. The ashes in the centre of the floor were cold. Six women and three men, all the place would hold, were there. Mrs. Charlie, fully dressed, knelt facing the east. With both hands she clung to a wool rope that was passed over a roof rafter and tied in a knot for her to grip. Behind her, with both arms clasped tight around her body, was a man;

the sweat poured from his face as he pressed it against her shoulder. Two women held their hands over Mrs. Charlie's on the rope; their faces were wet and drawn. A medicine man stood at her side singing and tapping Mrs. Charlie on the head, shoulders, and stomach with a bunch of eagle feathers.

Her hair was tumbled all over her head and face from his beatings; her eyes were an agony of pain; the lines of her face were deep; and the sweat had dripped on to her red velvet shirt until the front was thoroughly wet.

The man kneeling behind the patient spoke, and one of the other men came and took his place, putting his arms around her before the first withdrew his. With one hand he clasped the other wrist and put all his strength into the grip around her body; Mrs. Charlie leaned her head on her hands and groaned. When the pains came the man had help from the others. They all talked at once, and the medicine man sang high and fast, and beat her with the eagle feathers wherever he could get in a tap. Mrs. Charlie clung to the rope, never once letting go, never lying down.

As the pains stopped, the man who knelt behind the patient rose and retired to the wall to sit down. The medicine man smoked a cigarette. The women wiped the sweat from Mrs. Charlie's face and held water to her lips.

At last, in the midst of some of this agony, the baby came. A woman who knelt in front of Mrs. Charlie on a sheepskin brought out the child. She laid it down on the sheepskin with its head touching the sand of the floor. The bright direct rays of the sun from the smoke hole in the roof struck it squarely.

The men rose and joined the crowd outside. Charlie came in and looked at his wife, but did not go to her. One of

the women went out and came in with a pail of water; another held out the child as you might a jack rabbit, and the first took a cup in one hand, the pail in the other, and threw water over the baby as it was turned round and round and over. The water was cold; I felt of the pail to be sure.

I held one of my clean towels ready, but someone reached out with a dirty flour sack and would have wrapped the child in that if I had n't thrust the towel in where it would do the most good. They gave the child to me then. It was as cold as a wet beefsteak.

While I sat holding the newest member of the family, the next older child, a little boy about two and a half, was brought in. His one garment, a little black velvet shirt, was stripped off over his head; he cried and called to his mother, but for once she did not answer him. They took the little boy out in front of the hogan and emptied a whole pail of cold water over him. The crowd outside laughed and roared and told him he was a man now, and no longer a baby.

Mrs. Charlie by this time was looking almost as usual. She drank some corn-meal gruel and talked a little with the women. They all seemed relaxed and were inclined to be gay and sociable. I was included in the fun and was urged to treat the whole crowd to candy.

Being unable to get the baby's feet warm, I passed it over to its grandmother, Charlie's mother. She shook out a little lambskin, and, wrapping the baby in a dry towel, folded the skin across it and turned up the foot. This she tied firmly, and then made a roll of another sheepskin and laid the baby against it. Someone had a twisted wire ready and this was put over the baby, and a piece of muslin which I had taken up, thinking of bandages, was thrown over the wire and the baby. The wire

kept the muslin away from the baby's face. It went straight to sleep.

I got up to go. They all asked me to make lots of clothes for the baby. Outside, a fire was burning and a young kid was boiling in a big pail. A woman was making bread, frying the dough in a Dutch oven full of hot grease. Everyone was happy in the anticipation of a square meal.

I came back through the hot sun and the deep sand. How any Indian woman escapes blood poisoning I don't see.

October 10

An old friend has been here for a short visit.

A social dance, as distinguished from a ceremonial dance, was held about four miles out in the desert — four miles of sand and brush. A Navajo came to the store to load a wagon with canned goods, crackers, and tobacco to take out to sell to the crowd.

Ken told us to get in the wagon and go with him if we were so eager to see the sights. We did. It tickled the Indians to see us come out in Stetsons and Indian robes.

That ride! The driver flapping the reins and yelling at every step, and the little ponies fairly digging in their toes! They had to run on the down grades because the driver never put on the brake. Once we walked and helped push the wagon out of a deep, sandy wash.

A mile from the gathering we could hear singing; then we smelled piñon smoke and soon could see the fires. As we climbed a rise, we saw against the full moon, horizon high, the singers standing in a tight group, heads bent together; horses, dark masses and single animals, wagons, smoking camp fires, massed humanity.

Our wagon stopped at the edge of the crowd. It was a grand-stand seat.

In the centre of the group of singers

was a drummer. The song was in unison and the rhythm perfect, though the drum beat each note rather than the time. The singers swayed a little as they sang. The crowd was very quiet; no one spoke loudly; now and again a man came softly to the wagon, bought a can of tomatoes and a box of crackers, and melted into the crowd; meat was cooking over the scattered fires. As we comprehended the elements of the scene, we realized that what we had thought to be a heap of saddles and bridles, blankets, and so forth, was sleeping Indians. Each was wrapped in a robe, and some fifteen or forty of them were lying like pups in a basket, men and women.

We learned that this was the last night but one of the dance. It had started a week before, about one hundred and fifty miles away. The singers and a few followers were permanent, — composed the troupe, as it were, — but the others were local and new every night.

There were some five or six hundred in the audience—for it was an audience, so far.

About midnight the everlasting singing became tiresome, and we wanted to go home. The moon was very bright, but we did not dare walk because of wild cattle. We asked for horses, but they did not want to send anyone to bring the ponies back, and we had to stay. One of 'our' Indians got robes and spread them under the wagon on the ground, and we crawled under, wrapped in our own robes. We left orders that we were to be wakened when the dancing began.

Laugh! You can imagine how silly two lone white women felt. Under a wagon and in a mess of savages! When anyone came to the side of the wagon to buy something we could hear the driver say, 'The white women are under the wagon.' The newcomer

would stoop down, look under, and say, 'A-la-hon-ie.'

Suddenly, just as we had dropped to sleep, — fancy sleeping! — the wagon began to roll backward, horses were kicking and snorting, and the dust was thick under the wagon. We both left that place on all fours, Polly out one side and I the other, into threshing horses and yelling Indians.

The uproar stopped. Since the singing seemed to be just the same, we crawled back under the wagon, but in the mix-up a bottle of soda pop had been broken on my side of the bed. I got into it and the broken glass. Of course we could n't sleep again, and soon they told us the dance was about to begin.

The singers changed their stand to the edge of the dancing space, opposite a big fire. The old fellow with the drum came forward and did a solo. Another fellow stood up and talked at length about a stolen bridle and saddle. Everyone listened respectfully, but no one answered. The singers gathered about the drummer and sang another tune, and the dance began.

Did I say dance? That would seem to imply fun. But of all the tired, uninterested people, those men were the worst I ever saw. We stood up to see better, and thanked fate we had n't been able to go home when we had wanted to.

Each of the girls, in her very 'durned-est' clothes, walked solemnly up to the ring of onlookers, seized a man by the coat or robe, and pulled him, protesting, to the clearing, if he did not get away by might and main. Once in the open, the man ceased to struggle and stood quiet. The girl, still holding to the back of his robe, started around him backward on her tiptoes, lightly. The man turned slowly round and round, and all the time looked bored to death. There was not a laugh, not

a smile, not even a willingness in the whole performance. It was unspeakably funny to Polly and me.

The greatest joke of the evening was that one of the girls mistook me for a man and got hold of my robe and well-nigh dragged me out before she realized who I was. My resistance, of course, was part of the game, and the girls never look up to see who their victim is. One or two men standing near laughed a little, but the girl did not change expression; she merely reached for another partner.

The man has to pay the girl ten cents, more or less, for each dance.

They danced until about three, and then the singers began again. Polly curled up on the wagon seat, and I found a place among some boxes in the back. We had a short nap before daylight, but were glad when the Indians began to hitch up. They sing until sunup, and we drove off and left them singing.

December 27

Christmas means warm fires, snow, red berries, music, and gifts wrapped in tissue paper. Day before yesterday we had the warm fires, but even they were not according to Christmas specifications, and the other accessories were novel enough to make history.

We planned to watch the benighted Navajos cook dinner; we had even declared we would eat with them; we would spend the day watching their games. For our treat we prepared a hundred small bags of candy, cookies, and a red apple.

Christmas Eve the heathen began to arrive over these hills. There were wagonloads of women and children and scores of men and young folks on ponies. Everybody was dressed in his best: beads, bracelets, and silver belts glistened against bright-colored velvet shirts and glossy sateen skirts with

miles and miles of flounces. I made several of the skirts and I know how many miles long a flounce is.

By dark there were some two hundred Indians here, and their food supply seemed to be extremely short. Apparently they expected 'Kismas' to begin at once. Ken had killed a beef, expecting to supply meat for the Christmas dinner, but now he took down a hind quarter and cut steaks and more steaks until there were enough to go around. The adults came and took what they needed for their families for supper and Christmas morning breakfast. What they did not eat at once they were afraid to put down because someone would steal it, so all the evening they strolled around with great raw beefsteaks in their hands.

We had provided several loads of wood so that they could help themselves, and the Christmas fires, big and little, were all over the place. They were so all over the place that we were uneasy. One family settled down and built their fire within two feet of the walls of this frame shack of a store building. Ken had to go out and insist that they move elsewhere. They were indignant, and thought it quite fussy in me to go out and shovel dirt over the bed of live coals they left.

Big fires were made on the level space where the dancing was to be, and the fires and the full moon made the night so light we could see the whole landscape round. The dancing was just for the Indians' amusement and ours, and was in no sense ceremonial. Now and then some of them danced a figure from a ceremonial dance, but without the costumes and other accessories. The music was made by a clay water jar with water in it and a rawhide stretched over the top. One fellow played this, or beat it, and others shook rattles made of paper bags with beans in them.

The best dance of the lot was one danced by some of the older men. They had to dance and sing because the younger men knew neither the proper songs nor the dance, and the eight men who made up the figure sang, laughed, and kept up the most violent sort of exercise until they dropped, panting, to the ground. They all assured us that when they were young men they could keep it up all night, but now they were old and full of meat besides, and they could n't do what they used to do.

With that dance and others, wrestling, and racing about the fires, there was plenty of activity. There was nothing cold or solemn about the gathering; everyone was laughing and happy. They are a most fun-loving people and laugh at the same sort of things we think funny.

We were up early Christmas morning. While the men and boys went out to the flat mesa to race their horses, we womenfolk thought about dinner for the crowd. By eleven o'clock two squaws began making bread, and the efficient way they went about it was a lesson to me. A twenty-five-pound sack of flour, a frying pan or Dutch oven, a can of baking powder, and a bucket of well water formed the total of their equipment. They rolled back the top of the sack, put in a pinch of baking powder, and mixed in enough water with their hands to make a dough stiff enough to handle easily. This was pulled and patted into a cake that covered the bottom of the cooking pan and fried in an inch or two of fat. The finished cakes were stacked in piles. It was an interesting performance; but after I had watched for a time I realized that they could not bake enough bread for the crowd that way, so I started to make biscuits in the oven.

Some squaws built up stones about

the cooking fires to set tubs on, and soon we had three tubs of the meat simmering, each with a squaw to tend and stir it with a long splinter of wood from the wood pile. The wash boiler did duty as a coffeepot. There was a forked cedar stick in it to hold the bag of coffee under.

Other squaws I set to peeling onions and potatoes, and very handy they were at it, too. These we added to the meat tubs. When it was all well cooked, I mixed a pail of flour and water for thickening and added that with salt, pepper, and chili.

One of the children was sent out to the mesa edge to call the men, and in a few minutes they charged in, the ponies running pell-mell between the camp fires and jumping over the clutter of camp stuff, the Indians yelling like pirates and quirting on both sides.

The dripping ponies were left at one side, and the Indians came to the fires. I dipped the stew into pans, all we had in the store, and then we passed tin cups of coffee and spoons for the stew. The family group sat together, and everybody ate and ate and ate. Some of the heathen, I know, had not had a square meal for a month.

When that was done, the children lined up to get the bags of candy. I passed them out and soon became suspicious about the length of the line. Investigation revealed mothers and older sisters standing around the corner of the store, putting bags of candy into their blankets and sending the children back to stand in line and get another.

We agreed we had never seen such a Christmas and should not see another in a lifetime.

December 28

This goes out to-morrow, but I'll just add another word. Under ordinary conditions, it is not so difficult

to watch the haystack and the store, but watched they must be. One has only to turn his back to give some wily savage the urge to reach across the counter and help himself to what is on the shelves. The counter is breast high on the Indian side, and they have to get up on it to reach across. If one is caught in such a position, he gets down unconcernedly, saying, 'Yadela — my granddaughter, I was looking for a bit of string to tie this sack.'

Another day is done and I have just been out to see a beautiful sunset such as no one would credit on canvas. I believe the Indians appreciate the glory of it. At least they agree with me when I say it is lovely, and when I close the store and go out to look at the sky they wait patiently for me to go back. 'San Chee [my name] likes red sky,' they explain to each other.

As ever,

H.

THE AMERICAN WAY

BY MORITZ J. BONN¹

THE United States looms large to-day in the European mind, and two opposite schools of thought offer us two very different definitions of America. To one group the United States and its marvelous prosperity represent the beacon light of economic progress. Such people talk about the American economic miracle and never get tired of informing us that all things American are practical, reasonable, and progressive, that the United States is the original patentee of the modern process of industrial rationalization, and that Europe cannot do better than imitate American mass production, scientific salesmanship, and human uplift.

To the other group the United States stands for everything that is vile in modern industrial civilization. America is accused of having evolved that deadening system of quantitative production which is killing qualitative

workmanship, and with it industrial art all over the world. America is held responsible for that dead leveling of individuality into a mass of drab homogeneity which calls itself progressive democracy. The United States is said to have killed the mind which strove after ideas and to have replaced it with material greed, the lust for wealth, the rule of Mammon, the Almighty Dollar. One group proposes that a tired yet restless Europe save itself by imitating the American system of rational control of material things; the other advocates a crusade against the deadening spirit of Americanism.

Both parties, though vociferous, are equally incapable of understanding the true meaning of America. To begin with, their adherents know very little of the real United States. They have seen its linguistic, its institutional, and its technical uniformity — all of which they fairly understand. But they ignore the country's geographical, ethnological, and cultural diversity. They

¹ The reader should know that Dr. Bonn is a famous German professor, long connected with the University of Berlin. — THE EDITOR

have visited New York, Boston, and Chicago, and flitted through Washington. Yet even so they only know the more or less stereotyped life of an upper stratum which is enshrouding in a kind of drab veil the glaring colors of the seething metropolitan masses. Such people rarely view American achievements from the point of view of American aspirations. Their attitude is imitative or preventive; it is rarely appreciative.

I

The chief result of that wholesale conflagration known as the Great War is the change in Europe's relation to world affairs. Through the Bolshevik revolution, the fangs of Asia have penetrated the flesh of European Russia as far as the Polish frontier. Africa, though still obedient to her European masters, no longer stands in silent awe. Both Americas ceased being colonies in the political sense of the word more than a century ago. But only during the Great War did the United States, after a steady development of nearly a hundred and fifty years, carry the Declaration of Independence to its logical economic conclusion. It is no longer a European colony in the economic sense; it is colonizing old established Europe with capital, methods, and men. Under these circumstances, it is a question of life and death to Europe, and to the world in general, to know what America stands for, to understand its meaning.

In spite of this urgent necessity, a gulf between the United States and Europe is broadening and deepening as modern communications develop. Familiarity may not breed contempt, but it certainly does breed misunderstandings. Furthermore, this antagonism is not due to racial causes.

Europe has been reorganized on a nationalistic basis, and most of her new

political frontiers are supposed to enclose more or less homogeneous nations. The gulf separating the different Europeans from each other is much greater than the racial differences between the various American stocks and their relatives in the Old World.

Racially the United States is far more akin to the different European stocks from which it sprang than these stocks are to each other. Having drawn its inhabitants from all European (and many non-European) countries, it has not permitted segregation, but has tried to fuse them into a common American nationality. Before the war America carefully avoided those methods of compulsory national assimilation that were all too common in Europe at the time, but during and since the war a process of more or less forceful Americanization has set in. The United States has not succeeded in melting down a unified American stock within the space of a single generation. The country is still dotted with thousands of 'alien islands' which the rising flood of Americanism has not yet submerged.

The true line of demarcation between Europe and the United States is neither racial nor geographical. The American continent is a land of marvelous variety, notwithstanding certain frequently recurring features, for its apparent monotony is due to the enormous scale on which it is built. The works of man have, no doubt, produced a good deal of standardization. Colonization always demands a stock of ready-made goods, sent from the rear, and America, the creation of pioneers, is no exception to this rule. Since the eclipse of the South, her civilization has been made in New England and mail-ordered, as it were, all over the continent. But for the first time since the quest of the Golden West began, people can at last be born and buried in the same place, without

a change of habitation, and their sons and daughters are finally beginning to stretch their roots deep down into the native soil. Surely they will partake of the essence of this soil which they have conquered and made habitable, and, as time goes on, will reflect in their morals and customs the essential features which Providence has given to each region.

America will not produce those varied types that have blossomed out into the form of nations in modern Europe. Her racial problem is not whether the immigrants of non-Anglo-Saxon groups will retain their separate nationalities, but rather what the nature of the new American stock will be.

There seems to me no doubt that these various national strains grafted on the old American tree and planted in the highly varied American soil will blossom out into a 'polytypy' or a 'polytomy' of regional characters which will make American life quite different from European conceptions of it. The American scene will regionalize the American people; the inhabitants of New Mexico will differ from the New Englanders, notwithstanding the Declaration of Independence and the mail-order houses. I look forward to a strong growth of national regionalism, much as it existed in the thirteen original states a hundred and fifty years ago, while at the same time the unity of the country as a whole is bound to increase.

II

Nothing in this development should dissociate the people of the United States from their relatives in Europe, yet there is a clear line of demarcation dividing things European from things American. Things European have taken shape by a process of spontaneous

growth; things American have been created by acts of conscious will power. European society has grown up, so to speak, as things mature in nature; American society is the outcome of reason, the product of a purposeful artificial creation. In this respect the United States is the master-work of the New England Puritans. Theirs was the fanatical individualistic rationalism which shaped the New England of the Pilgrim Fathers, according to a preordained plan. Theirs too was the passionate hatred which made the American Revolution no mere snapping of ties between a mother country and her rebellious offspring, but the beginning of a new age of reason. Other revolutions were only breaks in the course of national development, which changed the direction of the stream, but did not affect its continued flow. But to the American people their revolution meant the beginning of a separate national existence. It made them a nation, and did not merely deflect them. Revolution as a purposeful break with the past, not a mere accidental derailment, seems to them a legitimate method of creating a commonwealth; tradition and tenacious preservation of things no longer serving the end for which they were created are to them mere acts of sentimental contemplation. When the Englishman in false humility tells his American guest that it is quite easy to have a perfect lawn, provided you go on rolling it for several centuries, he stands for things European; and when Henry Ford assures us that history is 'bunk' he may not add much to our stock of philosophy, but he gives us the American theory of spontaneous social creation. Broadly speaking, the dividing line between Europe and the United States is that Europe stands for preservation and America for creation. The creative

genius of the American people has not gone into the realm of art and abstract science. It has tried ever since its beginning to create a perfect human commonwealth. This practical construction of an improved world in accordance with a theoretically conceived ideal scheme, as contrasted with the mere preservation of an established social order, has always been the distinctive note of American development.

America's ideas may not always have been quite new; they rarely have been very deep. They differ, however, in one important respect from the many profundities with which the European, and especially the German, mind is always boiling over. They are not conceived merely in order to be reasoned out; they are actually executed. The will to make a new commonwealth, rather than to inherit an old one, is to my mind the really distinctive note of the United States. This will did not inspire the Southern gentlemen, when they tried to reproduce a faithful and in many ways very charming replica of feudal England. But this feeling did permeate the great Puritan inspiration which became the driving force of the land, and which could easily be shared by all those alien immigrants who had cut themselves loose from the Old World in whose standardized social hierarchy they could find no proper place.

III

This man-made, not time-made, commonwealth, originally conceived as the city of God, assumed different meanings at different times, until it became the skeleton of a society, perilously akin in the vulgar mind to the 'heaven on earth' scheme of materialistic Communism. In the place of the sombre determinism of American Calvinism round which the fires of Hell

eternally raised their fiery tongues, the idea of a free and easy world has developed, thanks to that wonderful spirit of optimism which is America's greatest asset. The sons and daughters of the old Puritans are convinced that knowledge and reason, management and will, can really make life on this planet nearly perfect. Starting with a belief in the depravity of human nature, which tintured most political philosophies of the sixteenth century, they have now arrived at a conception of human nature from which the last vestiges of original sin are virtually eliminated. Europe, being traditional and theoretical, does not really believe in the perfectibility of human nature; America, being rational and practical, is going to prove it.

From a European point of view, American history ought to be regarded as an almost uninterrupted effort to break away from the past, in order to free human society from the evils of tyranny, political and economic, and from fear and pain. Since Old World governments seemed wedded to oppression, the people of the United States not only severed their connections with the British Government, — which has ever since appeared to their eyes as tyrannical and rapacious, a view by no means historically correct, — but they have gone out of their way to build a government of their own, which in ordinary times is probably the weakest government any civilized people enjoy, though powerful interests have made it far stronger than the Declaration of Independence had conceived it to be. Until the days of Prohibition it certainly did not efficiently block man's many-sided pursuit of happiness.

It is one of the strange coincidences of history that the same man whose pen drafted that charter of liberty known as the Declaration of

Independence should have also secured for the American people the economic basis on which they could try to realize their conceptions of a perfect commonwealth. Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase unlocked the marvelous West; it provided the natural resources that would give every man a chance, no matter whence he came, so that for once in history all competitors could start without undue handicap. Without the West the thirteen original states would have greatly expanded, no doubt, in the hands of their energetic inhabitants; but their development would have followed quasi-European lines. The West gave the people of the United States fairly equal opportunities; it made it possible for them to evolve a competitive capitalistic society in close accordance with the principles of an optimistic progressive liberalism. It was the West which expelled from America the shadow of feudalism that had fallen across the path of European progress. The shadow lingered, to be sure, for some time over the plantations of the South, but when it threatened to expand, a terrible fratricidal strife put an end to the system and destroyed not only evil, but much good as well.

When the people of the United States, after the era of free land had ended, were forced to adapt themselves to a state of affairs where resources no longer expanded automatically, they continued the struggle against 'tyranny.' They fought the railway monopolies and trusts, not half-heartedly, as it is done in Europe, for economic reasons, but as part of the fight against oppression, which in its new economic form threatened to deprive the individual of his right to happiness. Later, when they realized that large-scale production made monopolistic organization unavoidable in many cases, they did not stop fighting,

but substituted control for competition. Of course, the United States has often failed in its efforts of 'constructive society-making,' but its spirit of 'optimistic social engineering' has never flagged. These experimenters have not been at work much longer than have the aeronautical inventors; I do not think that their success has been much slower.

America has used and abused the wonderful opportunities with which she has been allowed to work out her salvation. American capitalism has often been more dishonest, more grafting, and more hideous than its European counterpart. But it seems to me that it is learning its lesson. The world is watching with bated breath and unabated interest the huge communistic experiment in Russia. It is bound to fail, when measured by its own standard of bringing ever-increasing material happiness to millions of people. But whether it fails or whether it succeeds, it has proved to the working class that it can get control of a big country and can keep that control for a considerable length of time.

American capitalism realizes that capitalism can only continue as a social system if it delivers the goods. This must be done not only to the capitalists themselves, but also to the working classes and the consumers. Wage earners must be assured high wages that will enable them to acquire property; and, at the same time, low prices and an ever-expanding scale of consumer enjoyment must be guaranteed. While European business men still look upon producers and upon material production as the aim of modern economics, their American colleagues have realized — notwithstanding trusts and greed — that the key to modern business life is held by the Honorable Mr. Consumer. He

and he alone is the master of the world.

The many schemes for price stabilization, whose object is to reduce the risks of economic crises to employers as well as employees, no doubt often contain a great deal of economic nonsense. They are not merely devised as a practical alternative to communistic experiments; they really aim at eliminating from man's life the terror of economic uncertainty; they are a reasoned-out, conscious effort to drive away blind fate from the business affairs of men, and to give everyone that economic security without which life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are scarcely worth while. Such schemes try to make men free from economic fear, as they have already been freed from political and economic oppression.

Although America's new immigration policy, as well as her effort at Americanization, may have been quite as brutal in actual application as former European policies, both are from this point of view only parts of a grandiose scheme of a 'perfect society.' When the science of eugenics is used to glorify the Nordic race in the United States, it becomes quite as silly and infantile as similar efforts in Europe appear; and its practical ramifications begin to resemble a university-extension textbook on the principles of stock breeding, applied to mankind. It contains, however, a very great social conception, in that it endeavors to produce a nation made up of numerous divergent strains, the component parts of which are so wisely dosed and so judiciously blended as to ensure it social superiority, not only over other nations, but over the stocks from which it sprang. From this point of view, birth control, which is gaining ground in everyday life as a result of pure egotism, is merely another element in

the great American movement toward a 'synthetic society.'

The melting-pot theory may have operated with only moderate success, and the practice of Americanization may have fallen short of its goal; but I feel that there is a kind of nationwide transubstantiation at work, from which a new American nation will arise, a people healthy in body and vigorous in mind, from whose spirit democracy will have lifted the fear of political oppression, and modern business development the dread of poverty. Political and social science have been vying with each other in ousting worry; medical science and hygiene are hard at work driving away pain. The time may not be so very far off when criminals will no longer be punished, but treated wisely; and when the only fear man has to face in this life is death—death made easy by euthanasia.

IV

For the spiritual values of the American people are rapidly changing. For many years educated Europe has been rather 'secular' in things religious, while carefully paying public obeisance to the inherited ethics of Christian religion. As far as formal creeds are concerned, America may not have changed much, but in her application of certain religious conceptions to the proper way of living she seems to be passing through a kind of revolution. Puritan formulas of what to do and what not to do have controlled the active life of the American nation for many years, and their advocates have recently won a great victory — Prohibition. To bring this about, they have deliberately sacrificed their original principle, — 'individual liberty,' — and set up a new conception of social welfare.

Although the Puritan conception

of life transformed the pioneer and the immigrant, and even, to a certain degree, the negro, it has undergone great changes. The mixture of alien stocks, in whom remnants of pagan creeds still live, has proved quite as effective as the materialistic influence of pioneering life. Modern industrialism, whose practical bearings are diametrically opposed to the Puritan conception, has done its share. For modern industries that produce consumers' goods can only flourish with an ever-growing expansion of consumption, and consumption cannot expand without an ever-growing amplification and diversification of human desires, which the Puritan conception of life severely tried to restrain.

Though alcohol has been forbidden, and even in some isolated cases tobacco, pure joy of living, which the old theocratical austerity so abhorred, grows by leaps and bounds. It has often been said that America is ruled by women. This does not hold true of her production, but it is true in respect to her consumption, which more and more tends to direct production. Modern American women are changing the pace. They no longer advocate sexual equality by the mere repression of low male instincts; they are lifting the ban on women's actions. Such women have formed the advance guard of the leisured class, which America is slowly producing. After they have borne the brunt of the winning of the West, an achievement perhaps not equaled by anything other women have done, they have now not only forced their males to use their inventive genius to provide them with costly garments and to beautify them with lovely skin-foods, thus democratizing luxury and the cult of the body, which is pagan rather than Puritan — they have even driven the men to devise cunning machinery to free woman from domestic

service and to give her time, not only to manicure her hands, but, what is far more important, to improve her mind.

In European countries men are often free thinkers and *esprits forts*, while their women still cling passionately to seemingly outworn creeds. Things are different in America. There may be a certain inanity in some of the more popular 'uplift' movements, but there is certainly more general practical radicalism among American women than among American men of the same social stratum. And the radicalism women go in for is not mere 'lip service,' as is often the case with men. They are willing to pay the price of freedom with their bodies and their souls. The enormous influence of a democratic, nation-wide system of education is spreading new ideas, often half-baked ones, all over the country.

Europe has lately become interested in this process. The Dayton 'monkey trial' and many other similar fundamentalist explosions have been interpreted by noisy intellectual snobs as a symptom of American retrogression. Such prophets are clearly mistaken. The violence of these movements offers clear proof that the large immobile strata of backward America, which up to now were tolerant of many new developments because they were ignorant of them, are being terrified by great onrushing dangers, of whose very existence they were ignorant some time ago.

The lengthening shadows of declining day are settling over the Puritan world. Instead of Jehovah saving and damning souls with the arbitrariness of a merciless dictator, we find a human deity, ready to save sinners as well as saints. In a continent like Europe, where men and women are bound by traditions, the disappearance

of old pivotal beliefs need not be followed by vital practical consequences. Such a world goes on for a long time after the power which set it in motion has died. In the past America was ruled by conventions (in the French and in the English sense of the word), not by tradition. When a large number of the people who severally used to respect these conventions come to disbelieve their *raison d'être*, the driving force of the American world will be spent. Fear of impending anarchy explains easily enough the frantic efforts made by powerful groups to safeguard the faith of certain backsliders. For the eclipse of Hell is driving the last element of fear out of American life.

What will a people be like who have successfully freed themselves of fear of life and death, who are not frightened of the ways of the world, and who no longer believe in divine wrath? If the old order is going to fall, something new and positive must come. I don't know what it will be. I am convinced it will not be a materialistic, hedonistic duplicate of the different forms of European anticlericalism. Since America is heir to all the strains which have made Europe, since her forms of life have thus far been created by Puritan Anglo-Saxons, while the bodies of her people are made up of every living element in the European and the African world, it seems to me that in the spiritual world, too, her task may be a kind of 'spiritual synthesis,' a creative chemistry of the mind. Greek and Jew, Christian and pagan, have flocked into her huge confines. May she not succeed in fusing the two great strains which up to now have divided the civilized world? May she not succeed in combining the pagan joy of Greek life with the moral responsibility of Christianity?

V

I see one great danger ahead of her. If America's social and economic system is sound, the rest of the world must accept it. Measured by American standards, the rate of progress in Europe, and certainly in Asia and Africa, is slow. The Old World, even now, is made up of various social strata; European society is a pyramid of different well-defined layers, between which there is no easy transition. The American pyramid, on the other hand, can quickly be mounted by a convenient flight of steps to which an elaborate system of moving stairways has lately been added. Europe is slow, skeptical, and traditional; America is impatient, rational, and emotional.

Progress in the rest of the world may not keep up with the growth of the American system and with the output of American commodities, which are being poured into all foreign lands at an ever-increasing rate in the form of permanent investments. Notwithstanding the Kellogg pacts, America has no desire to-day to interfere in European affairs. The dream of reforming the world by means of a great crusade such as President Wilson led has evaporated. America is still suspicious of Europe, and remains wedded to a policy of political isolation. But, while isolating herself politically, she is pouring her wealth into Europe, thus creating the tie which is the frailest and the firmest of all social ties: the contractual tie between creditor and debtor. The richer she grows, the greater her stake in Europe becomes. To save bad old money, you must throw in good new money. To be sure of the repayment of your capital, you must often advance the interest after it has fallen due. There may be losses — nay, there must be losses — such as Europe had to suffer over and

over again when she financed the United States in the nineteenth century. What will be the attitude of the United States? Will she cut the losses as Europe did, when the debtor cannot pay, and recoup the values with a better interest the next time? Or will she try to use political and economic pressure?

Deep down in the American mind exists a feeling that America has a mission—which her people are not always content to consider in the restricted sense of a moral obligation—to make their land and their people worthy of those great opportunities Providence has given them. When their interests are touched by what they may consider—and perhaps rightly—European slovenliness and European subtlety, they may not be willing to suffer silently and rest content in the deep conviction that righteous men do not always fare well, but that the depraved foreigner will learn by and by that honesty is the best policy. They may come to the conclusion that it is not only their interest, but also their sacred duty to insist on the fulfillment of contractual duties entered toward them. And they may remember the old puritanical tradition of force regarded as a remedy, force wielded by the righteous for the punishment and the subsequent moral improvement of the wicked.

I have never been frightened of what might be termed the conscious American imperialism that the lords of Wall Street are supposed to be carefully nursing. Most of such talk is fantastic piffle. But I am terrified by the missionary fanaticism that sleeps in

the heart of the American people. They will never, I am convinced, try to gain the lordship of the world in a conscious effort for spoils and domination. But they are just now developing a very helpful and sane form of economic control by establishing financial liens in all countries, which will make them silent partners in the business of the world. They are not desirous of taking an active controlling part in such affairs; few Americans are fitted by training and outlook for such work. This they realize, and they wisely restrict themselves to the rôle of money lenders.

There is no danger as long as things go smoothly. But if ever there were a real hitch, if ever in any country debtor and creditor were facing each other angrily, then the world would have need of all its available statesmanship. For a nation imbued with an imperialistic spirit, driven to actions by the lust of domination, is always willing in the hour of destiny to let profit go by the board for the sake of power. A nation of business men, however, to whom empire means only a well-run estate, and who are willing to offer social service to other economically less prosperous nations by means of loans, may fight for the sanctity of business contracts, though fighting might be far more costly than canceling. The only American danger I really foresee is not the wickedness or the greed of the American business men; I fear their morals more than their vices. If this danger ever were to materialize, it would be because men who spend their lives within the empire of business rarely learn the business of empire.

SNAKE NIGHT UP POSEY HOLLER

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

IN the high rock's shadow, among the ferns and galax leaves, bubbled an icy spring. I leaned against a sweet-gum tree, and waited for the water to boil on our little camp fire, while Peter shucked the sweet corn with which Sisyphus, our Chinese wheelbarrow, was loaded. John, who just missed being a setter, pawed frantically at a cool cellar he was digging in the soft earth. For it was hot — high noon by my wrist watch. And though we had loitered on the way, we had pushed the cart up and up the mountain since sunrise in the valley below.

A woman wearing a glistening white sunbonnet crossed the road from the log cabin opposite. She carried a covered dish which she gave to me and said: —

'We-all had fried apple pies fur dinner, and I brung some over. I'd be proud if you-all'd take 'em.'

We thanked her, and she sat on a stone against the rough brown rock where the passion vine climbed, and carefully removed her immaculate bonnet. We were startled by her beauty. Even John stopped digging for a moment. Young, but serene and stately, with chiseled features and a skin of nacre, she smiled there, a mountain flower, sturdy but very lovely. The faded lavender of her sleeveless apron-dress, where the shadows of the passion vine fell in faint green filigree, draped her firm body with enchanting grace.

She asked no questions, for the mountain woman is punctiliously polite. But as we talked of the weather, the roads, and the cotton, Peter's eyes met mine, and I knew that we both felt that here was more than the mere beauty of a wild flower. For while there was no hint of condescension at our homeless state, — a mountaineer loves above everything his home, and can conceive no reason for leaving it, other than being thrust out by misfortune, — there was in her manner a curious air of gentle importance; and her words, commonplace enough, bore a strange balm of other-where-ness, as though she spoke from a height afar off.

When dinner was served on Sis's tin top, she rose and said: 'When you-all belong to go on, stop by. I'd love to give you some gyarden truck. Jest onions, and sweet corn, and some English peas. We hain't got a great chance of a gyarden, fur my man is away loggin', and we got hit all to do. My chillern is jest eleven and twelve yars old.'

We thanked her and told her we should start on at once after dinner and would stop by; and we watched her curiously as she disappeared in the 'dogtrot,' or open hall, of her house. After dinner Peter solemnly produced our last tailor-made cigarette, and divided it exactly. I knew this meant a rare occasion, and that after the last precious puff there was speculative thought ahead. For the home-grown tobacco of the mountains is potent. One cool, rainy day I sat before the

fireplace with a madonna who rocked a moonshiner's infant of two weeks and chewed incessantly. When she offered me a chew and I refused it her face fell. So, in a social effort, I dried a leaf before the flame and rolled a cigarette. In a rapidly revolving room I was able to reach the bed in the nearest corner. Peter came in, and the madonna said, 'Stranger, I hain't got nothin' but gal tobacco, but if you'll reach up on that high shelf thar, they's some good.' I waved a feeble warning from the bed, but Peter rushed upon his fate, and presently rushed out again.

When the last puff of smoke, upheld by a sharpened match, had vanished, I said, 'Did you observe how gently she spoke to us, as if we were orphan children astray?' 'Yes,' answered Peter, 'that beautiful being feels superior to us. It's not her beauty. She seems unconscious of that. Perhaps we'll solve the mystery at the house. She may have a mail-order carpet, or a cottage organ.'

We found in the poor cabin the same exquisite neatness and air of serenity that surrounded the woman herself. The children were in the cotton field, but she had gathered the peas and onions, and had added a pound of dewy butter from the well. As we left I said, 'You must be very happy here; you seem to enjoy being kind.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I am. — No,' to Peter, 'I don't want no money. The onliest reason I hain't plumb happy is because I don't live whar I kin see more folks to help. I have been healed of pellagra by prayer, and I owes the Lord a heap o' thanks.'

I sat down on the doorstep, and Peter rolled Sis into the shade at the same instant.

She went on: 'Hit war two yars ago that the Apostolics war a-holdin' a big meetin' over thar by the spring.'

'Apostolics?' asked Peter.

'Some folks call 'em Holy Rollers. I war so bad I could n't go. My man war away loggin', but Pappy and the chillern went. So they heerd about me, and fur seven days they prayed fur me. Nary minute o' the time, night ner day, some of 'em was n't on their knees. I did n't believe much in 'em, but Pappy did. I could n't use my hands any more. The flesh war a-droppin' off. I jest set in the room in the big chur most o' the time. The seventh day I war a-settin' thar readin' my Bible — I kin read print. Hit war jest sundown, and the room war all full o' red light. All at onet I riz up and said, "Pappy, I'm healed!" and I walked over to Pappy, and that night we all went to meetin' — Pappy, and me, and the chillern. And I'm so well, and so full o' thanks, hit seems I kaint do enough fur the Lord.'

'And your hands! They are beautiful. Not a scar,' I cried.

'They healed up right away, and I hain't had a day's sickness sence. I kin work harder'n ever. Our church thinks hit's a sin not to keep clean and red up in the house and outside. The neighbors is Hard Shells round here, and they don't like the Apostolics.'

'Hard Shells?' I asked, though I knew.

'Hard Shell Baptists. But they'll all tell you I war healed jest like that. I wish I could go to the big meetin' they're a-holdin' up Posey Holler — hit's too fur. Hit'll run two weeks yit. But maybe you-all's started thar?'

'Yes,' I said quickly, distrusting the masculine mind in the uptake, 'that is where we are going.'

This was news to Peter, but he caught himself in time and did n't say so.

'I hate to tell you-all, but you're in danger fur the next mile. I'd go with you-all, but hit would n't help none. They knows I'm a Apostolic, and agin

liquor. Hit's this-a-way. The Gulf is jest on yer left hand and —'

'What is the Gulf?' asked Peter.

'Hit's a great big valley over a steep bluff whar nobody goes but them as is hidin' from the sheriff. Thar's bars, and rattlers, and copperheads in hit. And stills all over the aide of hit. Hit's a awful dark place full o' trees and vines till you kaint git through hardly. And they's a deep river runnin' through hit whar they don't dare fish, fur the cottonmouths is thar by the hundreds.'

'And that,' I murmured feebly, 'is on our left! What, then, is on our right?'

'Moonshiners. The first house is whar the biggest of 'em all lives. He leads 'em all. They jest whooped a boy and sent him outen the county, accusin' him of bein' a informer. His maw lives the next house. She's a widder woman. If you gits past that mile you-all 'll come out on Happy Top whar old Uncle Tutweiler lives. He is rich. He hain't no moonshiner, but they lerts him alone. Uncle Tut hain't a church member, but he air a good man.'

'And it's a mile of that!' said Peter.

'Yes, a full mile. Mister, you let your woman walk on in front. Nary a man in these mountings 'd hurt a woman. But ef you war ahead, they might whoop you, or shoot from behind a rock, thinkin' you war a informer.'

We thanked her and said good-bye. Suddenly she turned. 'I'll git on my knees and pray fur you past that mile. I'd be proud if you-all 'd write to me how you gits along and about the big meetin'. My name is Laura Scott, and my boy kin read writin' a little.' (And penciled letters have come to us — scrawled accounts of weather and crops — that bear to us another message than the ill-spelled words convey.)

II

In silence we tied John securely to the cart. I carried the rifle, and we walked abreast. Before the fearsome house at the right sat a gigantic man in a chair propped against the wall. He stared a moment, and we saw him run to the dogtrot and take his rifle from a rack on the wall and disappear into the house. I dropped behind, but we walked steadily on. Presently we were in front of the cabin of the 'widder woman' whose son had been 'whooped' and run 'outen the county.' Ripe peaches had fallen over the stone wall of the yard, and we stopped a moment to pick them up. Death might be approaching from the rear, but peaches are peaches. A woman called from the dogtrot and ran out with a basket of peaches and two knives, and we sat on the stone wall and ate the fruit. The woman was old and unkempt, and though her words were kindly her voice held but one tone, that of acid bitterness, as though life had drained her of all but one emotion. The voices of the mountain women are all monotonous, including perhaps but three tones at best. But this voice was like the sad twanging of a single low-pitched string.

I said, 'The house we passed a while back. The woman told us of her healing. Do you know of it?'

'Yes, she tells everybody. She 'lows she ort to.'

'But it's true?' asked Peter.

'Yes, hit's true. Prayer is prayer. But I hain't got no use fur the folks that done the prayin'. Them Holy Rollers a-pettin' copperheads and rattlers! The way I'd please God is to smash 'em with a rock! Them Holy Rollers is havin' a big meetin' up Posey Holler. To-morrow's snake night.'

'Snake night?' I quavered.

'Yes, hit's Sunday night and they brings in a rattler and pets him.

Thar'll be a big crowd. Some of 'em'll git bit like the feller that died last week on tother mounting. Temptin' the Lord like that! They 'lowed he was n't under the Power when he was bit or 't would n't 'a' hurted him. I hyar they is more careful now. They says they feels hit when the Power comes, like wind over 'em. Pity hit don't blow their haid's offen 'em, temptin' God like that!

Down the road came six gaunt mountaineers, walking abreast, each bearing a rifle on his shoulder. I grasped the stone wall firmly, resolved to remain there indefinitely. But the woman rose quickly and said, 'You-all best putt the peaches in your little wagon and go on. Hit won't do you ner me no good fur 'em to see you hyar. They mighty nigh killed my boy tother day. They might take you-all fur informers.' And with a frightened air she ran through the dogtrot, where she took a gun from the wall, and disappeared in the house.

We walked on. The road was clear for a way. But soon we came to a sharp turn which led down to a thicket of laurel under dense trees. 'Here,' I said, 'is where I walk on ahead.'

Peter demurred and insisted on leaving me with the cart, and walking on with John and the rifle. But there was a woman praying for me in a cabin back there, and I choked out good-bye, and ran down the road with the rifle.

The steep rocky way led down to a sullen stream stealing its course to the Gulf, where the cottonmouths crawled by hundreds. The loneliness and the silence of the sinister place so oppressed me that it was a relief to see, seated on a great rock which jutted over the water, six men with their rifles across their knees. I called at once, in a voice that did not sound like mine: 'I came on ahead to try to shoot a rabbit. Are

there any rabbits about here? We are on our way to Uncle Tutweiler's. This is the right road to Uncle Tut's, isn't it?'

'Yes,' answered the gigantic leader of the moonshiners, 'and you won't find no rabbit.' And they filed down a path by the dark stream. I sat on a fallen tree. I could n't stand. And soon I heard the rattle of the cart, and Peter and John came running down to the ford. We took off our shoes and stockings and carried Sis across the water. I was always hampered by my skirt; but I feared to offend the mountaineers by wearing knickers. Often I have seen mountain women ploughing in flapping skirts.

It seemed a long way to sanctuary, for a mountain mile is not as other miles. But at last there was Happy Top, and Uncle Tutweiler's house. It was an old house. Uncle Tut told me afterward that it had been built almost a century ago. It was made of four large whitewashed log houses joined together in a row with several lean-tos in the rear. Surrounding the front and sides was a rude gallery supported by pillars of great cedars with the limbs left on, where hung saddles and bridles and wearing apparel and baskets of fruit—anything. The cedar posts, polished by vanished hands, were beautiful with the patina of a hundred years, and gleamed like silver in the afternoon sun.

The grapevine telegraph had announced our coming, — perhaps the six moonshiners themselves, — and Uncle Tut, his portly wife, and six stalwart sons were on the gallery to welcome us. Uncle Tut was a cripple, — a twisted leg, — but he would have been a commanding figure anywhere. Tall and lank, with a hawklike face and a noble forehead, he looked every inch the leader of his tribe. King Tut indeed!

Peter asked permission to put up our little tent near the house, and Mrs. Tut took me into 'the room.' 'The room' marks the aristocracy of the mountains. It is a living room, though it usually contains a few snowy beds. This room boasted two old four-poster beds and two much-carved cottage organs opposite each other. The walls were hung with fiddles, banjos, guitars, and a whole row of harmonicas — or French harps, as they are called.

We declined the cordial invitation to supper, and after the last of our fried pies, with a grace over them which I hope reached their donor, we went to the house, which was rapidly filling with people from every direction. One frail little woman had walked four miles, carrying her baby. She showed me her hands, blistered from chopping cotton all day.

The 'music' came down from the wall, and what an evening we had! Seeing so many fiddles, I left mine with Sis, and presided at one of the organs. A returned soldier played the other. They were only a fraction of a tone apart! We played 'Billy in the Low Ground,' 'Devil's Dream,' 'Big Tater in the Sand,' 'Black Satin,' 'Lorena,' and sang war songs and old hymns and late jazz from the Sunday School books. At midnight, after a rousing 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again,' we went happily to sleep, to wake at dawn and set out for the 'big meetin' and snake night at Posey Holler.

Uncle Tut said, 'Hit'll be hard fur you-all to find the way. But I reckon you won't keer ef you do git lost. You-all 'pear to be jest wanderin'. But Bud Hall's jest rid by on his mule goin' up sparkin' to Piney Hill Church. You-all foller his tracks. Hit's a little to the left, and hit's the only water you-all'll find. Stop thar fur dinner. They'll tell you frum thar on. Posey

Holler runs right up to the top o' Milk-sick Mounting.'

'Milksick!' I said. 'What a name!'

'Yes, the govermint tries to keep hit fenced off. Hit's got a pizen weed that makes cows and folks sick. Far'well! I wisht you-all could stop longer.'

III

It was a slow climb. Sometimes we lost Bud Hall's track and wandered into logging roads and cow paths. And Peter was in a desperate hurry. As we left, Mrs. Tut had presented us with six varieties of sweet apples and a live chicken, and, while Sis still bore sweet corn, he was determined on chicken à la Maryland for dinner. At last, arrived at the little unpainted church, we pushed the cart into the brush arbor before it, and Peter started a fire. But an old man appeared from the church and said, 'Stranger, this is God's house, and everybody's welcome. You-all come right in to Sunday School. I'm leadin' to-day on "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."'

I murmured something about our appearance — that we should like to freshen up a bit, but the leader said at once, 'Come right in like you air! God says the pore is always with us.'

Peter cast a regretful glance at the chicken, but we followed the good man into the church, separating at the door, for it is a scandal for the sexes to sit together in a church. It isn't done. The leader took Peter into his Bible class, and Peter told me afterward there were only two men in the class who could read, and they word by word like children. But the Bible was passed to each to read a verse. As he passed the Book, each man would say, 'I left my specs at home to-day.' Peter began to fear the country was given over to ophthalmia, when he caught a twinkle

in the leader's eye. But he so far outdid himself that he was asked to make an address after the lesson, which he did with surprising eloquence, on the subject of foreign missions, making at once a theatrical exit 'centre door, fancy,' as the old actors used to say, pretending there was something wrong at the cart. I knew it was the chicken preying upon his mind, so remained to hear a discussion in regard to a proposed singing class.

A young mountaineer arose and announced that he wished to teach 'rudimints to the whole settlemint fur ten nights fur the sum of thirty dollars.' He was a handsome youth, with the jetty hair, the straight features, and the hall mark of the mountaineer — the snowy forehead above the bronze below the mark of his hat. I believe a mountain man sleeps in his hat. I have never seen one in a detached state but in a church. Then he sits some time before removing it, shamefacedly, as if a duty to God, but reluctantly, as though parting with an article of his clothing really demanded by a fastidious public.

Now one of the elders arose and objected to the price asked for the lessons. He said they could 'git a teacher from over Push Mounting' who would come a whole two weeks for twenty-five dollars. The candidate arose and spoke with some warmth. He said, 'I hain't castin' no slurs on no man's rudimints, but I know that man hain't never been offen Push Mounting. *My* rudimints is as good as any man's, fur I spent nine dollars fur my music education, besides five dollars I spent fur board in town gittin' it! And I claim I ort to git more.'

At this a stalwart man arose and said, 'I hain't objectin' to the price. But I never seen no singing class that was n't jest a sparkin' school, and I'm agin hit,' and sat down. The candidate

replied that there would be no sparking at his school. He knew how to stop it, 'and he would! At last a visitor from the Valley proposed it be referred to a committee. It was, and we rose and sang 'Which Side Air Ye Fightin' On?' and the leader raised his hand for the benediction. I saw his face lengthen and pale as he stared out the open door opposite. I turned to see Peter looking very disreputable, endeavoring to conceal the fact that he was picking a chicken. I hastened to speak to the leader and incidentally to tell him that Uncle Tut of Happy Top had presented us with a chicken. The color came back to his face. It is one thing to welcome the poor to God's house, but another to trust them in the matter of a spring chicken; and the leader's flock was next door to the church.

IV

It was dark when we found the head of Posey Holler, and the little church was already surrounded with men, women, children, and infants in arms, for it was snake night, when saints and scoffers alike assembled here. We tied John by a window farthest from the door, and all ate a buffet supper from the sill, of cold chicken à la Maryland, and went at once into the crowded church. The class leader — that is the leader of the choir — escorted us to the amen corner by the window outside of which were John and the cart. Peter whispered that there were signs of trouble outside, and that in case of a rumpus I must jump out of the window at once — there might be fire or a panic inside.

The preacher was young, scarcely more than a boy, but his face was set in lines too grim for a boy's, and his large blue eyes burned with a feverish light. As we rose to sing 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus,' the class ranged them-

selves as a bodyguard before the slender young man and held their books well before their faces — as well they might, for ripe tomatoes began to whirl through the air. One struck the wall lamp above me and showered down the glass of the chimney. The class leader calmly replaced the chimney with another, and the class never lost a word of the song, though outside were caterwaulings and pistol shots, and the tomato bombardment continued. But presently the noise ceased as a bent old man with a long gray beard walked slowly up the aisle, bearing a small screened box, inside which I fancied I could see a dark shape writhing. Peter suddenly whispered, 'If that petting party comes to this amen corner it's me for the window!' Fortunately, however, the old man placed the box solemnly before the pulpit, but still all too near us; and I sat with my feet like a Turk's.

Now, one after another, the preacher and the elders prayed long and earnestly for the Power. Over the church resounded the deep voices of the men and the shrill pleadings of the women: 'Send the Power! O God, send the Power! Let down the Power!' And when the Power fell upon us was it only fancy that I felt the sweep of wings?

We all rose and shouted, 'Glory to God!' And at last the young preacher held out his hand for silence, and read in a low tone the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark. But his voice rang triumphant on the eighteenth verse. 'They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Softly the class sang, 'He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own,' and the boyish preacher bent over the screened cage and with steady fingers unfastened the top and gently

lifted the writhing black form from the box.

Peter whispered hoarsely, 'God send the Power holds out!'

The snake made no effort to coil, and, as the boy held it in his open palm, with his right hand over and over again he smoothed the reptile's back. It seemed to me the very church held its breath. 'Doped,' said Peter. But I knew better, and I whispered a prayer for this young fanatic who offered his life for the faith of another Man, — 'if man he can be called,' — who died two thousand years ago.

After a while the snake began to try to coil, and slowly and gently the steady hands replaced it in the box. And in the deathlike stillness we distinctly heard that penetrating sound, once heard, never forgotten — the sinister rattle that strikes terror to every living creature. The little church caught its breath. The gnomelike old man bore the screened box down the aisle and out. I prayed that this Christianized snake would live long in captivity. It might be difficult to convert a fresh rattler.

Now the real service began. The preacher preached and the exhorters exhorted, and presently the aisle was filled with groaning, rolling sinners, men, women, and young girls all in an agonized effort 'to come through to salvation.' Those of us who were not hysterically singing followed the rolling sinners up and down the aisle, murmuring words of comfort, preventing them from injuring each other by unconscious and despairing kicks, and smoothing disarranged apparel. Presently a man leaped to his feet and shouted, 'Glory to God! I've come through to salvation!' Then we all shouted, and sang, 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free.' Now, the ice having been broken, the saved came thick and fast, until there remained but one beautiful

young girl, who continued to roll in an agony of unforgiven sin. The woman who sat beside me told me, 'That gal has wrestled now fur four nights, and she jest kaint come through nohow. She's the class leader's gal, too.' At last the poor girl fell into a kind of trance, and we were compelled to abandon her to her fate for the night.

V

Outside, for a moment, we huddled together in the chill midnight under the pines. But our tormentors had apparently sought other entertainment after the snake exhibit. The class leader invited us home with him, but we preferred the camp of the Philistines nearer the church. So we told him it was out of our way, and that we wanted to push on before daylight. It was true. We liked to rise while it was yet dark, and to swing through mysterious aisles till the sun rose. Then, while the camp fire burned, I would perhaps catch a fish for breakfast from a near-by stream. This morning we walked slowly, silent, with the spell of the night still upon us. In the eerie dark we heard a soft footfall beside us, and the class leader, whose daughter sought salvation so unsuccessfully, spoke gently from the gloom: —

'I got up airy so's I could walk a little way with you-all. I wanted to tell you more about our faith.'

We sat on a fallen tree under wet muscadine vines; and I have never been able to think of that morning

without emotion. The man's theology may have been weak, but the man himself was strong. He had lost everything for his faith: his friends, his position, — he had been a forest ranger, — even his kinsmen, and that, to a mountaineer, is exile. Simple, homely words they were, but weighted with a strange power, a passion that in the dark before the dawn filled his eyes with a chatoyant fire that seemed to light his face. At last he said gently, 'We are friends of Jesus, not His servants. He don't trust His servants with secrets. He does trust us. If you-all hain't found Him, jest call. He'll answer. He come with me this mornin', and He's here now, like He walked with Cleopas and another man on the way to Emmaus.'

We listened in awed silence, but I could not forbear to ask: 'But your pure, beautiful young daughter? Why is it so hard for her to see Him as her friend?'

He smiled, and I saw his eyes lambent in the dawn — the gentlest eyes I had ever seen.

'Hit's the purest that sees their sins the blackest. Some little thing holds her back that somebody else would n't notice. But she'll find Him to-night. I know hit. You see, He walks with me this mornin'.' And as he turned away to face the rising sun he walked with a light step, for did not a Young Man walk beside him?

'Come,' said Peter in the gruff voice which conceals emotion. 'It's us for Emmaus and breakfast.'

AN ADMIRABLE VARIETY

Further Diversities of National Character

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

NOTHING could be more typical of the national character of Spain, of France, and of England than the fact that the idea expressed in English by the word 'leaders' should be expressed in French by *les élites* and in Spanish by *las minorías*. 'Leaders' suggests a people led — willingly, spontaneously led. *Les élites* suggests a mere selection of the best, a setting aside of quality. *Las minorías* is but the bare statistical recognition of the fact that a certain type of man, endowed with a certain number of powers, is in a minority.

The people of action is always on the move — on the move as a people, knowing that it has a collective existence and that it goes forward. It wants, therefore, to be led. The people of action trains its leaders for this high task. It develops in them the qualities which are indispensable in the man of action: resolution, self-confidence, self-discipline, authority, knowledge of the laws of things, knowledge of men. It carefully avoids weakening their will power by developing in them any taste for intellectual sport, which not only deflects our vitality from the channels of action, but, by making us wonder, makes us hesitate. The would-be leader must beware of the light of reason as of the fire of passion. He must concentrate on sense and will.

This exacting education is carried out in two kinds of establishments: the public schools and the universities. It would be absurd to deny that there are considerable differences between the several types of public school and of university which cater for the education of English youth. It is a far cry from Eton and Harrow to the Manchester Grammar School. Similarly, between the University of Oxford and that of Glasgow the differences in spirit and atmosphere are so deep as to make all generalization impossible. Yet we know that the social structure of England is solidly built on the principle of classes, each of which endeavors consciously or unconsciously to follow the fashions and to imitate the ways of the class above. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the type of education which has made England what she is must be found in the types of public school and university which are looked up to by all Englishmen as models of the kind. There are two such public schools, Eton and Harrow; and two such universities, Oxford and Cambridge.

The most important items in the curricula of these schools are undoubtedly the sundry types of sport which they cultivate. Their heroes and representative men are the captains of their cricket, football, and rowing teams. Their true competitions are those in which these teams are

pitted against each other. Here, in his early youth, through the play of his muscles and not by any brain work, the Englishman cultivates the sense of fair play, the spirit of coöperation, the self-denial for the sake of the community to which he belongs, the capacity for fighting with grit and determination, yet with detachment and good humor — in a word, all the virtues in action which are those of his race.

Here, also, he receives on his yet tender soul the impress of the group. One by one, all the elements of the psychology of the people of action in action will appear and play their rôle in the life of the public-school and university student. The force of tradition in these public schools and universities of England could hardly be exaggerated. Ways of living and dressing, relations between masters and boys and between boys themselves, festivals, religious services — every step in life is regulated by precedent, and, as in the portraits scene in Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, an impressive gallery of old Eton or Harrow boys of world-wide fame, hanging from the walls of history, watch in eloquent silence every one of the boys in every one of their actions.

Self-control develops rapidly in this closely watched environment so strongly dominated by group influences, and self-consciousness follows self-control. Though apparently free and easy, at any rate in what concerns the material liberty of the boys, — moving about, coming and going, working or playing, — the public school, and perhaps, in a lesser degree, the university, keep a close watch over their actions. It is no official, no State watch; but the mere action of a vigorous collective being controlling all its members. The boy or student is free to do what he likes, but he is fully aware of the

things which his school or university does not want him to do.

In the immense majority of cases, this education is completed by tuition in classical languages, history, and English. Here again we meet the wisdom of the race, instinctively choosing the best possible preparation for its leaders. A general study of the roots of European culture, to be found in the classical languages and literatures; history — that is, facts about human nature; English — that is, information about English character. The man of action is now ready. He knows all he needs to know. He does not know enough to doubt and moon at inaccessible truths.

Sometimes — this is particularly the case with many a political leader — the student reads law. (Let us underline, in passing, that word 'read.' It is a delightful revelation of the empirical character of English tuition.) Law, however, — that is, English law, — is an absolutely safe occupation for a future man of action. The possession — either on his desk or in his brain — of a bulky repertory of precedents can hardly be said to hamper his resolution through an excessive development of intellectual activity. The fact may be recalled here that, to be called to the Bar, a would-be barrister must eat a certain number of dinners at the Inns of Court, on the registers of which his name has been written down. In this quaint custom we may see a valuable symbol: manners and environment are as compulsory as knowledge in the formation of the man of law.

The French word *élites* is the nearest approach to the English 'leaders.' But we may observe that while 'leaders' implies leading, and therefore movement, *élites* conveys more than an idea of position: it is static. All

it suggests is that the persons it designates are the selected few, and therefore occupy the highest ranks in the hierarchy of the established order.

The French system differs from the English in two points — both of which were to be expected: it is directed toward the cultivation of the intellect, not of the will; and it is organized by the State.

The whole apparatus whereby the *élites* are selected and educated is State-manufactured and State-handled. The secondary schools, or *lycées*, dotted all over the country are built on a uniform pattern and, so to say, on an interchangeable system. Their staff is organized on a national basis as part of the Civil Service, so that teachers pass from one lycée to another as a major or a colonel changes garrison. These teachers, moreover, teach whatever subject they happen to specialize in, but do not otherwise interfere with the life of the boys. If day boys, as the immense majority of lycée students are, they come to the lycée for their lectures and then go home. If boarders, they lodge within the walls of the lycée, subjected to a quasi-military discipline. There may be some football played in the quadrangle; perhaps, now and then, a game in the open, on Thursdays or Sundays; but that is a matter for the boys. Their teachers have no concern with sports.

French secondary education is therefore specialized in the development of the brain. As an intellectual education, it is excellent. It does not limit itself to providing information. It does aim at the exercise of intellectual powers both for themselves and with a view to the creation of an *élite* as an indispensable part of the order which underlies the State. The education of the will and character is no special concern of the school. This does not mean that character and will are left

uncultivated in France, but that, in this sphere, the school abstains in favor of the family — a fact which shows both that the family has a stronger formative importance than in England, and that character and will are not thought to be the concern of the nation to the same extent as they are in a community so strongly self-conscious as the English.

French secondary education is, therefore, one of the manifestations of that official order and uniformity which stand in France in lieu of the genius for coöperation characteristic of England. By means of an extensive system of scholarships, this educational apparatus automatically selects the more intelligent types of students, enabling them, whatever their financial limitations, to rise to the higher ranks of the established order. Here again we must observe the contrast with the English system. Though scholarships are not lacking in England, the system is not sufficiently uniform and, above all, the costly public schools provide too safe a filter for a great, or even a moderate, influx of fresh blood to invade the upper ranks of society. England believes too much in other than intellectual gifts to allow such a revolution to transform her body politic. But in France the aim of education is to develop the intellect of the educated, and, as we know, the true basis of French hierarchy is intellectual distinction. Hence no obstacles prevent the State from organizing the picking of the best brains of the people on a uniform and automatic basis in order to utilize them to the best advantage. A true intellectual measure, this system is radical in its theory and profoundly conservative in its effects.

From this uniform ground of secondary teaching the future *élites* pass on to an admirable system of higher education. As befits an intellectual

nation, this system is carefully specialized, in striking contrast with the somewhat general character of English university education. A considerable number of the young *élites* are absorbed by what is known in France as *les grandes écoles*. The École Polytechnique, the École Normale Supérieure, the several technical schools, make a powerful appeal to French youth. They stand for a highly specialized education of the mind. Technical schools, yes; but, profoundly theoretical and ambitiously universal in the scope of their teachings and in their outlook, they prepare first-rate leaders for industrial and State services and provide a continuous flow of scientific workers for the nation. The universities in their turn are also organized on the basis of specialized work. Though they aim at the formation of all-round intellects, they demand from each of their students a thorough knowledge of a particular subject. They are exacting in point of intellectual discipline, but also in point of originality. And above all they develop in their students the love of knowledge, culture, and ideas.

Thus it is that we often find in France types of men whose intellectual refinement far exceeds not only their physical appearance, but even their refinement in other than the intellectual sides of nature; while it sometimes happens in England that men of great physical and social distinction go about quite at their ease, with a mind so incurious and undeveloped that it is unable to realize its own shortcomings.

When passing from the English idea of 'leaders' to the French idea of *élites* we lose the notion of movement, but retain that of hierarchy. In passing now from the French *élites* to the Spanish *minorías*, the notion of hierarchy itself goes by the board. The

minorías are merely a small number of people who happen to have reached a higher mental development than the rest. That is all.

So far as it manifests itself, the educational tendency of Spain is directed toward the education of an all-round man, and particularly of his passions. Spain's great humanists of the past, such as Luis Vives, or of recent times, such as Don Francisco Giner, may be quoted as excellent examples in this connection. But the primal tendency cannot manifest itself in actual collective life without the coöperation of tendencies of thought and action which are notoriously weak in the Spanish character. Hence it is that the intellectual minority of the country is reared under conditions amounting to the absence of any system whatsoever.

Secondary education is given in State *institutos* and in a number of private establishments, many of which are owned, staffed, or controlled by the Church. Their level and value depend entirely on the persons in charge. Some of the best and no doubt some of the worst secondary schools are to be found in Spain. As for the spirit and orientation of this education, these also depend on the persons in charge. The Church, of course, has its own standards and tendencies. But on the whole it cannot be said that Spanish education specializes in either character or intellect. Wherever it is conscious and conscientious it is humanistic and general, and aims at the formation of all-round men for the sake of the men themselves.

Over the anarchy of secondary education rises the anarchy of the universities. All State-owned, enjoying a modicum of autonomy, they are but just beginning to revive from the long period of atony they have suffered since the days when Alcalá led the world

in Biblical studies and edited the wonderful Polyglot Bible, and Salamanca ranked with Paris and Oxford as one of the three leading universities of Christendom. But, though there is a general revival, this revival is worth what the particular men behind it make it, and considerable differences may be observed not only between the several universities, but even between the several faculties of each university.

As if further to complicate the conditions under which the intellectual minority of Spain is reared, the Spanish family is a most unreliable organ for choosing studies for the young. Sometimes for lack of means, sometimes for other reasons of a greater or lesser importance, it often happens that Spanish students are bound to devote themselves to studies for which they feel but little inclination, to the neglect of others for which perhaps they were born. Add to this the typical Spanish tendency against specialization, and it will be understood why Spain should be the land of missed vocations. When a Spaniard speaks convincingly of medicine, the chances are that he is an artist; if he shows a more than usual knowledge of painting, he may be a colonel; should he appear to be a specialist in strategy, he is sure to be a cathedral dean. Men of letters come from all professions.

A minority so chaotically raised could hardly be expected to be homogeneous and compact. Exceptional men in Spain rise therefore from sea level, not from the high lands of a social culture already established. They bring to their position all the peculiarities, singularities, and angularities of their isolated growth.

II

Left at this point, the parallel between the social structures of England, France, and Spain would give

an incomplete picture of our three peoples. The comparison of the family in the three countries concerned is also indispensable. As was to be expected, we find the English family much weakened by the all-powerful influence of the national group. The dominant feature in this respect is the public school, for the public school substitutes itself for the family as the character-moulding agency. Now, the public school is a powerful element of standardization. In it the English boy is carefully moulded to type. The little Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of England are transformed into the one-only type: the British gentleman. The public-school boy is undoubtedly one of the greatest assets of the British nation. But the measure of his success as a type is precisely the measure of the victory of the national group over the family group. What the public school begins, the university completes. Public school and university standardize the men, leaving but few characteristics, but few outstanding features to mark the family line. Every family is as every other family. They have, no doubt, the virtues which characterize all English human units — stability, continuity, coöperation. They are all solidly built on a hard-working paterfamilias, whose life is safely insured and whose income is devoted to the welfare of the little community for which he feels himself responsible. But the foreign observer, used to a somewhat warmer, more spontaneous, and less official, if less well organized, family life, is apt to feel that the English family owes more to the English nation than the English nation to the English family. Whatever there is of strong and stable in this family is, one feels, of exactly the same nature as what is strong and stable in the English Civil Service or English banking. The father, in one word, is the governor.

The dominant feature in the French family is, perhaps, the *mariage de raison*. A marriage in France is a carefully discussed business, in which, the feelings of the future partners being taken for granted, the positive side of the contemplated concern is attentively examined in consultation with the family solicitor. The *situation* is the main preoccupation of both sides. The typical French tendencies connected with foresight, planning, scheming, marshaling one's forces, contribute to enlarge the idea of the family so as to include in it all collaterals, each in its place in the family army. This tendency works alongside of the tendency toward intellectual order, — *droit, règlement*, — and thus it is that the French family acquires an almost official dignity and rigidity. Hence that proclivity toward official stiffness to be noticed in French family gatherings, particularly in funerals. A French funeral is probably the most rigidly regulated ceremony of the present time.

There is no doubt that, within the framework of the State, the framework of the family is one of the strongest elements, if not the strongest, in the social structure of France. It does not, as in England, yield before the pressure of the national group. Yet through it the individual perceives the pressure of the group, and thanks to it a sufficient standard of collective behavior is maintained in the nation.

The family is the strongest of the group units in Spanish life. In Spain a bad citizen, a mediocre civil servant, even a doubtful friend, may often be, in fact generally is, an excellent husband and father.

That is due to the fact that the family falls more directly within the vital experience of the individualistic Spaniard. The Spanish family is therefore rich in emotion and life.

And its strength does not lie in the formal traditions and rigid organization which are so characteristic of the French family. Far from it. Family life in Spain singularly free from formalistic laws, as may be observed often in the matter of style and language. In fact, the strength of the Spanish family life lies in its strong feeling of *consanguinidad*, community of blood, a vital feeling which brings home to each member of the family the natural unity of the whole.

Hence its solidarity. But we are not, of course, to expect in the Spanish family a kind of solidarity like that which is fostered in all English group forms of life by the English genius for spontaneous organization. The solidarity of the Spanish family is not directed toward action. It is a solidarity of feeling, perhaps even only of being, and if it manifests itself in action it does so independently of the merits of the action considered, and in particular independently of the claims of the community at large.

By virtue of this solidarity, the family in Spain is often a self-sustained unit, or nearly so. In other countries, and notably in England, the family sheds its surplus individuals right and left; the community, moreover, absorbs the loose individuals in national activities, but this is by the way. In Spain the family keeps them by it and utilizes them to the advantage of the whole. Thus to the spinster, a social type in England, there corresponds in Spain the maiden aunt, a family type, without whose devotion and help large families would be impossible.

III

Love has its roots in sex, but its foliage and flowers are in the pure light of spirit. It is truly human in its complex impurity. It refuses to

be dragged to earth by the cynic, or subtilized into the thin air of platonic heights by the idealist. Considered thus as an absolute, all-round, all-absorbing passion, it will be found to fit in with the most typical features of Spanish psychology.

And, in actual fact, love is in Spain the vigorous human passion which we expect it to be. It is absolute, complete, exacting, and exhausting. It demands the complete surrender of the lover and possession without reservation. But to say that it demands is to misinterpret it, for it obtains without asking. Love is in Spain as spontaneous, as uncalculating, as volcanic as Spanish nature would lead us to expect.

This all-round character of Spanish love explains why it is at the same time deeply carnal yet strangely chaste. The mutual gift of the body is but the natural manifestation in the realm of matter of the more intimate relation established by the blending of the individual 'passions,' the two individual life-streams turned by love into one. No intellectual or ethical elements come to disturb the free flow of a passion which feels itself in so direct a contact with life's own sources. No social elements come to complicate or alter its primitive laws. The two sexes keep to their original and natural rôles: the assertive and possessive man, the self-denying and self-giving woman. However willful, capable, and energetic, — and Spanish women often are all three, — women accept as a matter of course, nay, as a matter of nature, the supremacy of the male. There is in all this nothing but instinctive fidelity to natural laws. Thus love, in Spain, is often found to act with that implacable strength which made of it an awe-inspiring myth in antiquity.

We know that envy is the specific Spanish vice. In the realm of love, envy becomes jealousy. Love is jealous

in Spain. Not merely because it fears to lose the beloved, but still more, perhaps, because it cannot bear the idea that any portion of her beauty should be diverted from its own true owner. The beloved becomes part of the lover with such intensity that any movement on her part, the inner tendency of which points away from the lover, is felt by him as an unbearable tearing asunder of his own being.

But such diseases of love belong to its feverish period. Love of man and woman, if a genuine, simple, natural, and spontaneous passion as we know it to be in Spain, is bound to evolve from the satisfaction of sex to that of parenthood. Such is the evolution of Spanish love. The beloved gradually merges into the mother, the lover into the father. The children become the true centre and interest of love. It is a striking fact, often observed in Spain, that even irregular *liaisons*, born under a purely erotic impulse, gradually become homes peopled with children, as if they had begun with a priest's benediction at the parish church.

Love in France is, like everything else, dispassionate. Hence, it loses the primitive warmth which alone can weld together the heterogeneous elements with which nature composes it. The clear rationalistic bent of the French mind tends also to deprive it of much of its spiritual glow. Thus it is that French love may not unfairly be understood as a series of variations on the theme of pleasure.

French love is reasonable, and does not lose its head. An association of two persons for the purpose of amorous pleasure, not a furnace in which two beings melt into one. The two persons remain sufficiently themselves to enjoy their relationship.

In such an attitude there is, of course, that mastery over the passions

which is to be expected in the intellectualist character. But the cool calm of the Frenchman in love comes also from his freedom from ethical fetters. The passions, we know, are for him perfectly legitimate manifestations of human life. So are the pleasures of the body. The all-embracing, or rather the all-comprehending, intellect admits as legitimate all actions, all ways, but those which run counter to the predominant French requirement — truth. Truth, that urge for truth which is the mainspring in the French soul, strengthens this frank and open attitude in matters of sex. In French psychology, no 'lid,' no censor, no repression. Everything is aboveboard and matter-of-course. Hence no sentimentalism. An intimacy which, in other types of humanity, would imply a permanent connection may mean in France no more than a passing nod.

In the collective sphere, all these tendencies harmonize happily with the tendency toward moral tolerance which we have noted in French social life. Superficial observers believe French society to be effete because it is tolerant. But the fact is that, since 'there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so,' liberties which would prove a grave social corruption in other countries are in France but healthy signs of life.

So far as it is a passion, love, individual love, is bound to be considered by the man of action as something of a nuisance. And in fact the community, being possessed of this opinion, protects its young men against the nuisance by turning their vitality toward sports. Race, climate, and the athletic education of the English youth retard in them by many years the manifestations of sexual emotion which appear so early in most Continental countries.

When they appear, the community frowns at them unmistakably, and even calls them names — such as 'calf love.'

Thus from its very inception love lives in England under the close supervision of the community. Repression follows; the world of emotions rooted in sex becomes an underworld. It has a respectable manifestation — sentimentalism; and an escape — all that vast area of vaguely defined lands, with an unhealthily damp and warm climate, which goes by the name of 'romance.'

Pretense and unreality hover about English love from its early days, while self-discipline exerts itself as an important force on the side of reality. This mixture of real and unreal elements is perhaps the atmosphere necessary for the growth of some of the peculiarly English love flora; for instance, the frequent friendships between men and women — from the truly genuine, in which the sexual element is really absent, to the extreme cases in which the friendship in question is but the sublimation of a sexual attraction which dares not come out into the open.

England is thus the ideal field for the psychoanalyst. Through social pressure the passions lose caste. Driven under, lacking air, they develop more strongly if more morbidly. As an alternative, the passions lose vitality altogether and lead to types in which sex plays an unimportant rôle, or even no rôle at all. England is undoubtedly the country which can show the greatest number of unsexed men and women. In most of these cases, the central activity of life has been absorbed by some public interest. The wider group, the nation, has again proved victorious over the smaller ones, the family and the individual.

This domination of love by social

and ethical influences carries with it considerable advantages for the community. Energy which in other countries is — from the collective point of view — wasted in love experiences is kept within the channels which lead to the mill of the community. Health and vigor are the reward of the individual's restraint; yet signs are not lacking of the unhealthy interest in sex which such healthy restraints tend to foster. A typical example will be found in a comparison between English and French illustrated periodicals. French ones treat sex as an open affair, even as a joke, but, though dwelling on it to the point of monotony, they are not obsessed by it. English illustrated periodicals are, with some honorable exceptions, obsessed by it, and serve it under all sorts of disguises, — art, sport, society, — which may dress it, however scantily, with a few trappings of respectability.

IV

If it be true that the first instant of art belongs to passion, we must expect to find Spain the richest of our three nations in the raw material of art. And this is, in fact, what experience shows. Of the three countries, Spain is the only one in which an æsthetic attitude is natural, spontaneous, innate, and general. The river of life flows in the Spanish people, carrying with it like rich gold sands these 'instants' of æsthetic sensibility, which shine here and there in the multitude. Hence the exceptional wealth of popular art. The strongly popular character of Spanish art is a byword with students of literature and music.

Life is not always artistic, still less beautiful, in Spain. But an artistic, or rather an æsthetic, attitude does not necessarily mean an artistic achievement. Far from it. Precisely because

art in Spain is always, as chemists say, 'in its native state,' it is often unripe for consumption. Like the fruits of nature, the fruits of art require a maturing process which must take place under the light of intellect.

The success of Spanish art is in inverse ratio to its distance from nature, and in this observation must be found the key to numerous characteristics of Spanish artistic life. Thus its 'untranslatable character,' the strong local flavor which typifies it. Spanish art, whatever its manifestations, is above all Spanish; one might even say that it is more Spanish than art. For in it nature has the strongest say, from the fact that Spanish nature is in itself æsthetic. Thus we touch again that vital and integral character which we recognized before in all forms of Spanish life, and particularly in those closely connected with passion. There are some forms of Spanish art which are hardly more than spontaneous movements of life without any training or conscious attempt at form. A typical example is dancing. Spanish dancing is untranslatable. It must be performed by a Spanish dancer or else result in failure.

One other feature of Spanish art which follows from its close dependence on nature is that it is strongly individualistic, yet at the same time strongly national. Let us observe Spanish painting, for instance, though our remarks would equally apply to any other art. How little in common there is between Ribera, Velazquez, El Greco, Goya, Picasso, Zuloaga, and yet how forceful the impression of their country in them all. Precisely because all these Spaniards are so strongly themselves and therefore so different as men, they are so strongly Spanish, and therefore so equally Spanish-like.

The contrast between the strength

of its creative genius and the weakness of its critical talent is the keynote of Spanish artistic development. It may be observed equally in plastic arts, music, or literature. It explains the disparity of the various artists who happen to be producing at the same period, with hardly any other feature in common than the fortuitous fact of their being coevals. It explains also the inequality of the production of each artist.

Color is the predominant category of Spanish art. Color is the spontaneous gift of nature to the artist, that which leaps to the eye. Drawing, composition, arrangement, purpose, are more complex and later elements. Color is the first impact of nature on our senses. It is therefore in color that Spanish art manifests itself in its strength. This may seem at first sight somewhat paradoxical. Spanish classic painters do not revel in color as do Italians, and particularly some of their Venetian masters. But we are not dealing here with the respective intensities of color in this or that painter. What concerns us is more the respective value of the several elements of art in each artist. Now it is evident that the general rule of Spanish painting is that it is predominantly painting and not colored drawing. That is no doubt what El Greco had in mind when, in conversation with Pacheco, he said that Michelangelo was 'a good man, but he could not paint.' He could not, that is, paint direct, catch color, and put it neatly on canvas. What he did was to draw superbly and then to color his drawing with a masterly hand. That is not the Spanish way. The impression of a great Spanish picture is not that of a colored drawing, but of a flaming picture vibrating with living color.

If Ribera or El Greco is compared with Raphael, the contrast will become

impressive. Italian painting is an exquisite production of art. When it clothes with its formal perception the deep insight and intellectual excellence of Leonardo, the result is a marvel; but even when its perfect form holds nothing but the smiling inanity of a Raphael, it is still a joy. An inane Spanish painter is an impossibility, for if his soul does not give itself to the canvas his art will not be sufficient to conceal the fact or to compensate for it. Ribera, El Greco, are creators, transmitters of life, of their own life; Raphael is an exquisite designer who remains outside his work.

This and other features common to all Spanish art may perhaps be best observed in literature. George Borrow was, I believe, the first to remark that the Spanish language was superior to its literature. True, but is not that another way of saying 'more nature than art'? There is no doubt that, of the three languages, Spanish is the richest in spontaneous æsthetic effects. The pith, the energy, the picturesque quality, the sonority, the color, the relief of Spanish expressions, sayings, proverbs, popular songs, are unrivaled.

The creative element in Spanish literature predominates over the critical and conscious. No country has ever worked with greater disregard for rules in literature; yet in no country have men of letters believed in rules with greater faith; while the critical intellect of Spain asserts the rules of the literary game, its creative spirit breaks through them, and this opposition appears even in one and the same person. A score of names might be quoted, but all may be represented by Cervantes himself. *Don Quixote* contains in one and the same work the masterpiece of freedom from rules and the precepts which Cervantes respected in theory, and which in practice he fortunately forgot.

Cervantes may serve also as an example of another feature of Spanish literature and art in general — its concentration on man. This is, as we know, consonant with our views on the Spanish character in general. Landscape, for instance, plays an insignificant rôle in Spanish art. There is hardly a scene of nature in the whole of Spanish painting, and as to literature, we have to wait till the nineteenth century to read an outstanding description of nature in a Spanish book. Animals are also rare, save for references to one or two famous horses. Cervantes has written an immortal dialogue between two dogs, and he has, of course, made Rocinante and Rucio climb the steep heights to Parnassus with their respective masters, Don Quixote and Sancho. But that is about all, and even that is not genuine literature about animals. For neither the two dogs of the dialogue nor the two quadrupeds in *Don Quixote* are presented from a really objective point of view.

Man, in fact, is the centre and almost sole subject of Spanish art. Man complete and precise. He fills the galleries of Spanish art with its unforgettable faces, created with so much intensity that one seems to remember them as one does friends.

French art is a polished surface. Spanish art is a cross section in human nature, cutting through every layer from the polished surface to the deepest formations.

If passion is the first instant in the creative process, the second or form-giving phase is controlled by the intellect; in its narrower and more concrete sense, the word 'art' means precisely the form-giving power of the intellect moved by æsthetic emotion. France is therefore the country which excels in art. She is, we know,

poorer in the raw materials of art than Spain. Her people cannot compare with the Spanish in those spontaneous manifestations of æsthetic life which we have observed in Spain. The stress in France comes a little later in the creative process; it is a moment in which conscious effort and constructive thought have a wider share.

Hence that sense of objectivity which we find as the keynote of all French art, in contrast with the subjective value of Spanish æsthetic manifestations. When Baudelaire, in one of his most purely lyrical songs, draws the picture of the ideal land of love, he defines for all time the ideal features of the French mind in lines of cold and perfect beauty: —

*Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.*

In contrast with Spanish art, we find in France a better balance between the critical and creative elements. This can be observed in all the arts. French artists are conscious, they know where they are going, they know what they want. Racine, writing to a friend, 'I have finished my tragedy; nothing remains but to write it,' is a signal example of the French attitude toward creative work. Method, foresight, all the qualities we know to be those of the intellectual, shine with special brilliancy in French art.

This importance of the critical element at work in the individual contributes to keep up the high standard of formal excellence in French artistic work. The critical mind it is which puts into shape the shapeless lava thrown up by the imagination, after having purified it of all the worthless material that usually comes up with it. France is the teacher of the world in matters of form and of composition.

A French literary and artistic generation always feels happier when it

is working under a banner and knows what it is doing. Hence those 'isms' which appear periodically in the fields of literary and artistic criticism in France: symbolism, parnassism, romanticism, classicism, are the names of generations, banners, labels which the critical intellect affixes to this or that period of French literary and artistic life. They usually have but little meaning outside France, and if non-French critics were not, as they usually are, bamboozled by their brilliant French colleagues into believing that things must happen in the world as they happen in France, these isms would have remained what they really are, mere accidents of French life, perfectly clear and plausible in a country which evolves according to plan, but inapplicable elsewhere. The least exclusively French of them, romanticism itself, when applied outside France leads to such utter absurdities as classifying Victor Hugo and Lamartine with Wordsworth, Byron, Schiller, Espronceda, and Leopardi—a strange cauldron of eagles.

In point of fact these isms of French artistic life must be considered in the same light as similar manifestations in other spheres of French history; for instance, the constitutions in French political life. They began like new political eras, with a manifesto and a fight. Victor Hugo's manifesto is a kind of declaration of the rights of man, and Théophile Gautier's famous red waistcoat is—if an Irish bull can be permitted in these matters—a kind of tricolor.

This is of course another sign of the French tendency to plan out future work. Theory precedes practice; manifestoes precede poems and plays. Schools, isms, and literary generations bring intellectual order into the anarchical field of æsthetic creation. So much for artists. But what about

their work? A similar effort toward intellectual order leads to their classification in *genres*. The garden of the Muses, as seen by a true French critic, resembles a botanical garden in which every work bears a label with its genus and species clearly set out.

There is more than meets the eye in this invasion of literary lands by scientific preoccupations. A mind given to thought and thinking is predominantly interested in knowledge. France can no longer keep that wholly disinterested æsthetic attitude, spontaneous in the Spaniard. No sooner is he moved by an æsthetic emotion than the Frenchman instinctively and unconsciously deflects it toward intellectual aims, toward aims of knowledge. French literature would seem a branch of science, so keenly interested is it in truth rather than in beauty. Naturalism, verism (the very word is a revelation), are the manifestations of this scientific invasion of art. Impressionism itself, the nineteenth-century revolution in painting, is little more than the application of scientific methods to the technique of the painter, and a French artist can put forward as his greatest claim to glory that he painted a haystack under all possible laboratory—I mean natural—conditions of light and shade.

More art than nature, more intellect than passion, more line than color—French art is always on a high level of distinction and excellence, but shows no giants. Giants, in fact, are an insult to that sense of measure which we know to be a French psychological category. The strength of French arts and letters is not in its peaks, but in its general level. The truly specifically great French men are not geniuses, but supreme talents: Voltaire, Racine, Anatole France. Like France herself, her art is even, cultured, fine, and never overwhelmingly

great. And this is one of the reasons why French culture is universal. It is the only culture which covers the whole world; for, being black and white, it does not lose so much in passing from country to country and from continent to continent as do other cultures more varied and colored, richer in irrational and untranslatable elements. The same qualities and shortcomings which make French culture universal make it less apt to receive and understand other cultures. Of course, the small minority, the well-read and well-trained critic, can understand anything. France possesses to-day perhaps the best exponents in the world of other than French cultures. But her cultivated mind is, as a whole, less open to other cultures than are the cultivated people of most other countries, for, again, it is a mind that must rationalize, simplify, and project everything on the two-dimensional plane of the intellect, so losing many of the vital elements in which the essence of non-French culture often resides.

Art does not justify itself in the eye of the man of action. England, therefore, provides as poor an atmosphere for the life of her great artists as does Spain for the life of her great men of action. The people do not feel art. We find thus, by a curious effect of symmetry, small groups of devoted men trying to preach the gospel of art to the English people, as similar groups of devoted men try to preach to the Spanish people the gospel of collective action. No one who knows the two countries can fail to notice the strange likeness of the two movements, the striking family air between the two types of men. The preachers of virtue in Spain and the preachers of beauty in England have, among other common characteristics, that of being self-conscious about it.

The bulk of English art is more subservient to the community than is the case in France or Spain. Its mood is less purely æsthetic, more blended with considerations of time and space, more anecdotal. The work of art in England must tell a story; art must 'deliver the goods.' This feature of English artistic life will recall to mind English utilitarianism, that tendency which expects fruits of action from every expense of energy. The story is the form which action takes in art. And moreover, by insisting that art must have a story, the Englishman makes it carry an ethical load; it must mean something. It is all very well for the artist to say that his art is meant to convey an emotion. The true Englishman asks what is the good of an emotion; are your emotions fit to move the wheels of the social mill? If so, show it. If not, keep them to your unholy self.

But the ethical is only one of the forms of the utilitarianism of action. The other is the social. Social influences act deeply on English art. The sense of social distinction is the predominant impression which remains in the mind after a mental review of the great English painters: Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Constable, Landseer.

Of all the arts, that which best tolerates the addition of unæsthetic matter is literature, and that is probably why literature is by far the best and most successful of English arts. Literature is in England eminently social. The novel is a direct reflection of the life of the people, woven with all the complicated threads which cross and recross in so evolved a society. Along with the novel, England produces in abundance other kinds of works which would be incomprehensible, nay, which would not exist, were it not for the intensity

of the social life which feeds them. To this kind belong books such as Boswell's *Johnson*, or Pepys's *Diary*, as well as the impressive mass of biographical works which is an English speciality, and, last but not least, the flow of memoirs and reminiscences which endeavor to give some kind of literary dignity to drawing-room gossip.

With Wordsworth the ethical social tendency reaches its zenith. Wordsworth becomes the most representative English poet, the poet best appreciated in England and least abroad, the poet of goodness, purpose, and utility. But in a greater or lesser degree that which he stands for manifests itself also in all but one or two of the great names of English literature, even in those who at first sight might appear least Wordsworthian. Shelley himself, the Shelley at least of the great poems, has a strong didactic and ethical propensity which prevents him from reaching poetical serenity. Hence the superiority of his shorter and more truly poetical works, such as the 'Ode to the West Wind' or 'Adonais,' over his long poems, such as 'Prometheus Unbound,' which carry too great an ethical load really to soar as pure works of art.

Now we know that the English people tends to organize itself along the lines of a natural hierarchy led by an aristocracy. In direct contrast with the case of the Spanish people, literature in general and poetry in particular are in England the almost exclusive appanage of the upper classes. In these classes social and moral experience is particularly rich. Hence it is that English literature, though loaded with moral tendencies, and as such defective, is rich in moral substance, and as such valuable. Hence also that when England produces a genius of passion, able in his poetic mood to stand aloof from all moral

preoccupations, his creations reach such heights of excellence, for they are cast in the crucible of pure beauty, while made of the rich moral metal of the people of action.

Such seems to be the true explanation of this apparent paradox, that the usually inartistic, unpoetic people of England should have produced the greatest poets in Europe. Her poets are by definition men of passion, able — Shakespeare always, Keats nearly always, and the others often — to conceive their poems in a mood of serene contemplation, but, as men born of the people of action, endowed with a rich substratum of moral values. And it is obvious that such a combination is the ideal one for the creation of great art.

V

Let us imagine that the English convert the whole world to their philosophy. The earth would become an immense tennis-golf-cricket-swimming club, with elegant and simple clothes, mediocre food, excellent roads, magnificent sanitation, and impeccable police. Sundays a little dull perhaps, but first-rate week-ends, and not too strenuous weeks in between. Good humor, a sprinkling of wit, and even at times cleverness, though in moderation, and worn, so to say, with tactful decency. Greek known, but half forgotten; Latin on the visible horizon; an extensive reading of bad novels, and some conversation about those recognized as good ones. In all, a pleasurable world for the well-to-do, and therefore for the others, whose main pleasure would be to look at them. Plenty of physical movement, but moral adventures reserved for the few. Men would learn the experience of things rather than that of their own selves.

Should the French succeed in shaping the world to their liking, it would go like clockwork, according to schedule. All would speak French like Mirabeau and write it like Racine. Wit and cleverness would shine upon the world like strings of diamonds, and every minute of life would be a drop of exquisite pleasure for man to enjoy. There would be Titians in cookery and Tintoretos in the art of the butler. Nature would keep her secrets just long enough for man to enjoy their discovery. All men would be able to predict eclipses and to understand Einstein at a first reading. A salon would be a kind of paradise in which all women would be Aphrodites and all men Platos. Now and then a first-rate fight for a principle, irrespective of the eventual application thereof. All things permitted, though in moderation, but no more than a reasonable importance granted to the experience thus acquired.

Should the world wish to take Spain for its model, it would considerably abate the speed and efficiency of its mechanical activities. There would be less coöperation, but less to coöperate about; less order, less technique, less grinding of individuals in the social mill. The general level of life would tend to be simpler and more primitive. There would be more leisure, if less comfortably spent. Men would be more inclined to let things go by, as they did centuries ago, and would accept with equal serenity events generally held as good and events generally held as bad. The world of things would be less active and the world of men less smooth, so that physical movements would be slower and scarcer, and moral movements more violent and frequent. There would be more depth and less surface; more fundamentals, fewer accessories. Men would live life more and be less

lived by it. They would toss up and down the social hillocks, shaken by fickle fortune as single individuals with loose social ties and little weight, and the experience thus gained would be more that of the soul than the experience of things.

In the name of what could we wish to impoverish the world by reducing these three types to one? The ideal of a world-regulated community is but a mirage. The conception of a well-organized community implies criteria — well organized for what? from the point of view of whom? — which in their turn depend on national character. Moreover, even if a common criterion were found, it is surely wrong to consider the community as an aim in itself. The community at most may be accepted as an immediate aim toward the ultimate aim, which is the individual. This admitted, we might then consider the different national characters of the world — the three characters here studied being the three typical examples of them — as different ways of rearing individual souls. And it is obvious that there is no possibility of choosing the best between them, for in these matters there is no standard of better and best.

Nor, if there were, would it be possible or desirable to effect a choice. For what would be our means? Conquest? It is as dangerous to the national character of the conqueror as it is ineffective for assimilating the national character of the conquered. Education? You may train a pony into an excellent horse, but you will never educate it into a hound. What then?

The obvious answer is that the admirable variety of national characters is one of the manifestations of the wealth of Creation, and that, as such, men owe it to the Creator to respect it as a manifestation and to themselves to enjoy it as a spectacle and a gift.

A SONNET SEQUENCE

I

TO-NIGHT the pine wood is so dark and still,
The very winds are muted by the cold;
Across the frozen field, above the hill,
The deserts of eternity unfold.
The gentle darkness chill upon my face,
Alone, as though upon a star that swings
Between the silent worlds, through endless space,
I share the majesty of infinite things.
And I give thanks for my mortality,
Warm Life, endeared by the uncertain goal,
Even for stalking Death, whose mystery
Lends vision to the senses of the soul.

And from cold stars, a child afraid of night,
I seek your window's friendly candlelight.

II

The birds once sang; no longer do they sing.
Green hopes that rustled joyfully are still.
Yet, not so long ago, the time was Spring,
Sunshine on meadow, wind upon the hill.
However I long for rest — as years go flying,
New Springs are sweet though seen through ageing eyes;
For a long, long time I have no thought of dying,
And the past grows vivid as the future dies.
For I have widely wandered and have been
Blessed with high tasks and dear companionships;
Warm hearts and noble courage have I seen,
And tender curving of beloved lips.

And these with me autumnal vigils keep
While my old dog lies quarreling in his sleep.

III

Last night you spoke so solemnly, whereat,
Half listening, I chuckled; and you may be
Shocked at my thoughts, for I was thinking that
When you were born you must have been a baby;
Fresh from the heavenly fields, beyond the dawn,
Where wished-for little children wait for birth,
Playing with the wistful never-to-be-born
Until great love shall summon them to earth;
Your face alight with two deep, wondering eyes,
Greeting the strange world with a puzzled frown;
Small groping hands; round, pink, and dimpled thighs;
And little head all soft with feather-down.

You could not know how gently, when I smiled,
In your still-wond'ring eyes I loved the child.

IV

And had I known you in Neanderthal,
In our old world's volcanic adolescence,
No chill convention could have held us thrall,
My worship must have won your acquiescence.
In my flat head, not much more flat than now,
You would have stirred the soul's vague rudiments,
Soft'ning with love my brachycephalic brow,
As now you charm my great intelligence.
Who knows! For these five hundred thousand years
This love, throughout my spirit's pilgrimage,
In body after body reappears —
An ancient cytoplasmic heritage;

And kindles, in successive incarnations,
The soul that passes on through generations.

R. S.

WHY LITERATURE DECLINES

BY ROBERT LYND

I

FEW people nowadays believe in the inevitability of progress as confidently as their grandfathers believed in it. The theory of evolution is still accepted, not only by Bishop Barnes, but by the majority of white men who understand it, and even of those who don't; but we no longer apply the theory generally to the affairs of mankind or see any certainty of an orderly progress in civilization itself. There has been steady progress, it is true, in the accumulation of knowledge and in the perfecting of inventions. There is no reason why science should not add story upon story to the tower of human knowledge till it has outgrown the tower of Babel, and there is no reason why, among inventions, wireless should not go on progressing till it has put men in touch with the inhabitants of other planets. But in other spheres of human activity we feel increasing doubts about the future. Prophets who believe that European society will progress slowly toward Utopia are more than balanced by those who believe that it is already in the first stages, or even at an advanced stage, of decay. And when we come to the arts, which are the graces of civilization, not even the professional optimist can see traces of any law of progress at work. Painting, sculpture, music, and literature seem to flourish for a few generations or a few centuries, and then to wither. Golden ages are succeeded by silver ages. Pegasus loses his

wings and ambles on his feet. Homer is not followed by greater writers of epics, but, after nearly three thousand years, is still without an equal or a rival. Three great tragic dramatists appear in Athens, and there is no other dramatist fit to be named with them till more than two thousand years later Shakespeare begins to write in England. Phidias is still the greatest sculptor, Plutarch the greatest biographer, as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven are the greatest composers of music. Nowhere is there any sign of progress. 'If Art was progressive,' said Blake in his 'Annotations to Reynolds,' 'we should have had Michelangelos and Raphaels to succeed each other. But it is not so. Genius dies with its possessor and comes not again till another is born with it.'

Blake, perhaps, went too far in his denial of progress in the arts. Undoubtedly the Greek drama progressed in the hands of Æschylus, and the English drama progressed in the hands of Shakespeare. At the same time, it is true that in literature we do not inevitably pass from peak to higher peak of genius. Literature is just as likely to take a downward direction as an upward. It is supposed to be the mark of a pessimist to say that anything is going to the dogs, and I should not like to say that literature is going to the dogs at present; but so many literatures have gone to the dogs in the past that it is worth inquiring what are the causes and whether these causes are perceptible to-day.

II

My own belief — and there is some evidence for it — is that literature begins to go to the dogs as soon as Earth becomes restive and declares its independence of Heaven. In the great ages of literature, Earth was, if not a suburb of Heaven, a subject kingdom. Heaven and Earth were places on the same cosmic map; civilized men believed in the existence of Heaven centuries before they believed in the existence of America, and believed in it just as firmly as we do in the existence of America to-day. Possibly their ideas of Heaven were even more mistaken than the modern European's ideas of America. But at least the life of mortals was lit up for them by the presence of the immortals, and the gods presided over human destinies. To me it seems impossible to believe that it is a mere accident that all the supremely great epics, from Homer's to Milton's, were written by poets who not only accepted the heavenly background, but wove it into the theme of their narratives. The gods may not be the most interesting of the characters in the *Iliad*, but the mortal characters seem to borrow a radiance from them, and to take part in larger wars than those of which historians write in prose. Take the gods out of the *Iliad*, and you diminish the heroes. The battlefield of Greek and Trojan would, in the absence of the gods, seem as petty as a lamp-lit town over which hung no firmament of stars. We may not be able to explain why this is so, but we know that it is so. We know that in the presence of the stars we feel an exaltation and liberation of the spirit such as we do not feel in the light of the lamps in a street. It is as though the stars enlarged our world and gave us the freedom of the universe. If we could imagine the extinction of the

stars, we should think of the world as an infinitely impoverished place. Literature, I believe, would suffer an equal impoverishment as a result of the death of the gods.

There is, I take it, no need to prove by evidence the existence of the religious background in epic poetry. It is too obvious to be overlooked, whether we think of the *Odyssey*, as Poseidon drives Odysseus hither and thither, 'a wanderer from his native land,' and Athene pleads with Zeus to permit his return, or of *Paradise Lost*, in which the poet avows it as his object to 'justify the ways of God to men.' Virgil and Dante see life in the same divine setting. 'Sing, Heavenly Muse' — so Milton invokes inspiration as he writes, and the adjective is not meaningless. There is no other Muse but a Heavenly Muse that has ever produced great epic poetry. According to the Greek legend, the Muses were the daughters of Zeus, and thus song has a heavenly descent. Even in the legendary ages, however, there appear to have been singers who disputed the supremacy of Heaven in poetry. There was at least one mortal who not only attempted to sing without the aid of the daughters of Zeus, but who boasted that he could conquer them in singing, and Homer in the Catalogue of the Ships tells us of his melancholy fate. Thamyris, says Homer, 'averred with boasting that he would conquer, even did the Muses themselves sing against him, the daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus; but they in their anger maimed him, moreover they took from him the high gift of song and made him to forget his harping.' There, I think, we have a fable of the eternal dependence of literature for its highest inspiration on a world larger than a world inhabited by none but mortal men and women. Without this inspiration men lose the high gift of song. I do not

mean by this that a man who is intellectually an atheist or an agnostic cannot write great literature. What I do contend is that the literary imagination is akin to the religious imagination, and that literature, while it has its roots in earth, flourishes in its greatest splendor when its branches are stirred by some air from Heaven.

And literature is not unique among the arts in having such close associations with religion. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, in at least as great a measure, seem to flower most abundantly when they are in the precincts of the temple or the church. There are no buildings of the Christian era which, either individually or in the mass, reveal imaginative genius in anything like the same degree as the great churches. The age of the most beautiful painting was the age in which men painted the Madonna and the Child, and in which they did not make them lose their divinity in their humanity. Critics differ as to who were the greatest composers, but ordinary men find a pleasure in listening to the music of Handel and Bach, written when music and religion were closely associated, such as they do not find in listening to the music of to-day. I know that, on the other hand, there are critics who explain that the music of Bach is not spiritual, just as there are critics who explain that the poetry of Milton is not Christian. There are critics, again, who deny that there is anything spiritual in the architecture of St. Peter's. Even if we admit this, however, we shall also have to admit that it is a remarkable coincidence that music like Bach's, epic poetry like Milton's, or architecture like that of St. Peter's, has never been produced by artists indifferent to the religious tradition of mankind.

It may be contended that it is a mere accident that the great poets,

the great painters, and the great composers belonged to an age more superstitious and less rational than our own, and that, naturally enough, these men of genius reflected in their work the theology of their time, as the younger novelists of our own time reflect the psychology of Freud. There has never yet, it may be urged, been an age of reason, in which men free from the ancient superstitions have had an opportunity of producing work to rival the ancient masterpieces. We constantly hear to-day of literature's breaking new ground and creating new forms, as though we had only to be patient in order to find a better Homer and a better Milton waiting for us round the corner. All talk of this kind, I believe, is based on a profound illusion — the illusion of progress in the arts. We shall never have another Homer until we have a great poet who believes in Olympus. We shall never have another Milton till we have a great poet who believes in the war between Heaven and Hell. It is arguable that these beliefs are superstitions, and that the human race will be both wiser and happier for having abandoned them. But literature, at least, will be the poorer. Literature will always have to return for inspiration to Olympus, though it may be an Olympus transformed. The future of literature is in the past. It is in the recovery and resurrection of the vanished faith of vanished ages.

III

When Thomas Love Peacock wrote mockingly of poetry a century ago, as a kind of literature unsuitable to men in an age of reason, he may have written in jesting fashion, but what he said was fundamentally true. 'A poet,' he declared, 'in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilized community.

He lives in the days that are past. His ideas, thoughts, feelings, associations, are all with barbarous manners, obsolete customs, and exploded superstitions. The march of his intellect is like that of a crab, backward. The brighter the light diffused around him by the progress of reason, the thicker is the darkness of antiquated barbarism, in which he buries himself like a mole, to throw up the barren hillocks of his Cimmerian labors.' There you have the truth put in a hostile fashion, but it is none the less truth. The march of a great poet's intellect is, like that of a crab, backward — or would be except for the fact that a crab walks sideward. If the belief in Olympus, or in something corresponding to Olympus, is the mark of a semibarbarian, then a modern poet will necessarily be a semibarbarian. He will probably be more at home in the Dark Ages than at a contemporary meeting of shareholders.

This is not to say that either the great poets or the great prose writers of the future will be occupied mainly with religious themes. Religion in itself, in the ordinary sense of the word, is no more likely to produce great literature than party politics. If you look around the shelves of a theological library, you will probably find even less good literature than on the shelves of a purely secular library. Glance through a hymn book, and you will come on very few poems that you feel ought to be included in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. One of the most astounding facts in literary history is, indeed, that while so many passionately sincere men and women have written religious verse, so few of them have written poems as inspired as the poems that other men have written about nightingales and daffodils. Wordsworth declared that poetry is 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.' Well, here among the hymn

writers you have surely the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, — feelings for which the writers would have been prepared to go to the stake, — yet, as literature, their verses are little better than the sort of verses that could be written in favor of the policy of Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Lloyd George. This does not mean that hymns are not good for their own purposes, which are conceivably as noble as the purposes of literature, or more so. It would be as absurd to complain of the literary quality of hymns as it would be to complain of the literary quality of 'God Save the King.' These hymns move most of us as patriotic songs move us, but they seldom give us the double delight of great poetry — the delight in the thing expressed and the delight in the way in which it is expressed. It may be that the ordinary poet, in writing hymns as in writing patriotic poetry, depersonalizes himself and writes in order to express the emotions of human beings in general rather than his own personal vision of the world. That, I think, is the most reasonable explanation of the mediocrity of most religious verse. When we read Wordsworth's 'Daffodils,' we feel that we have been admitted into the intimate secrets of Wordsworth's soul. When we read Bishop Heber's 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' however, we do not feel that we have been admitted into the inner sanctuary of Bishop Heber's imagination. He has not re-created the world for us; he has only exhorted us. We suspect him of writing, not in order to communicate his vision of life to us, but in order to do us good. He writes as the advocate of a cause, and not in the pure delight of the imagination. It may be said that the real failure of the hymn lies in the fact that Bishop Heber was not a man of consummate genius, whereas

Wordsworth was. And that is partly the explanation. But, apart from this, we have to face the fact that a number of men of genius have written both religious and secular verse, and that, while the secular verse is beautiful poetry, the religious verse is scarcely worth reading. Campion wrote both profane and religious verse, and, though his religious verse is not entirely negligible, how uninspired most of it is compared with 'Hark all you ladies that do sleep,' or 'Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!' Donne, again, though Dean of St. Paul's, wrote with nobler inspiration of love than of Paradise. Herrick, another clergyman, was happier when singing 'Gather ye rosebuds' or 'Fair daffadills' than when singing the praises of his Creator. He did, indeed, write a charming thanksgiving to God for his house — in which he recounts his blessings in detail in such simple lines as

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;

but the charm of the poem lies in the picture it gives us of Herrick in his earthly house, rather than in opening up to us a vision of the world transfigured by the light of Paradise. It is as though all these poets wrote of love and earthly things with free imaginations, but of religion under some conventional restraint. You will find a parallel to this if you try to imagine what would happen if all the living poets of genius sat down to write poems about the League of Nations. Probably most of them believe in the ideals of the League of Nations, but, however ardently they believed in them, it is almost certain that they would write about it conventionally and without inspiration. They would write, not from the privacy of their souls, but like public speakers, bent upon influencing an audience. And no great

literature comes except from the privacy of the soul. Genius, indeed, demands the same freedom and fullness of expression in religious poetry as in secular poetry.

Whenever a great writer tells us as much of the tumult of his soul in a hymn as Shakespeare tells us of the tumult of his soul in his sonnets, we shall have great religious literature. This is no mere prophecy; the miracle has happened in the past. There has been great religious poetry written in one century after another, in which we wander in new fields of the imagination. When we read Henry Vaughan's 'They are all gone into the world of light' or 'My soul, there is a country, Far beyond the stars,' we become sharers in the deepest experiences of a great writer's soul. Here, we feel, are his profoundest confessions, his autobiography. Here he does not disguise his 'powerful feelings' in the language of convention and restraint. He writes of heavenly things, not as an awkward intruder on his best behavior, but as one who is as familiar with them as Shelley with the song of the skylark. We find the same familiarity and fullness of expression in Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, and in those verses in which he turns the eyes of men to the vision of

. . . the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

The religious poets, as a rule, close their eyes to the fact that, even to a religious man, Charing Cross is at least as real as Heaven. They forget that, by making Charing Cross more real, they also make Heaven more real, and that a Heaven that is not related somehow to Charing Cross and the fields of earth is to the imagination merely a vague formula. Literature must be human even when it is divine: otherwise it is not literature, but only divinity.

IV

It is not only in religious poetry, but in religious prose, that you find this deficiency of humanity. The inhumanity of the mass of pious books is, as we say, 'notorious.' Thackeray made fun of the worst kind of them in *Vanity Fair* in his references to Lady Emily Sheepshanks and her 'sweet tracts,' 'The Sailor's True Bivouack,' 'The Applewoman of Finchley Common,' 'Thrumph's Legacy,' and 'The Blind Washerwoman of Moorfields.' It is possible, even probable, that works of this kind have helped tens of thousands of people to live happier and better lives, but no one has ever claimed that they possess literary value. They are argumentative in purpose, not imaginative. They are as little literary either in motive or in achievement as a pamphlet in favor of or in opposition to vivisection. On the other hand, let an imaginative man begin to write of religion in terms of his own experiences, and immediately we are in a world as enchanting as the world of the great story-tellers. Bunyan had an edifying, as well as a literary, motive in writing *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but he obeyed every rule of imaginative literature as he wrote. He founded his books on human life, and on the passions and experiences that were the most wonderful things that he had known. The ordinary religious story tells us that the salvation of a human soul is wonderful, but it does not make us experience the wonder in our own imaginations. Bunyan does this, and he does it, not only because he is a man of genius, but because he can be true to Heaven without being false to Bedfordshire. Like all great religious writers, he is the inhabitant of two worlds. You see how naturally

they interpenetrate one another in that beautiful sentence in *Grace Abounding* describing his conversion: 'But upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my calling, and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, telling about the things of God.' How full of light, of grace, of the loveliness of earth, that sentence is, as well as of edification! No one can read it without realizing that the human background is as necessary to religious literature as the religious background is to literature in general.

I have referred to the position of the hymn and the tract in literature chiefly in order to make it clear that, in emphasizing the importance of the religious background in poetry and imaginative prose, I am not contending that men of letters are, or should become, the rivals of preachers, or that they have any kind of propagandist function. I am merely proposing an investigation of one of the chief tributaries that feed the river of great literature, and raising the question of how much literature owes to the acceptance of a larger world than the world we touch with our hands and see with our eyes. So far as epic poetry is concerned, the facts undoubtedly suggest that great epics cannot be written of a world deserted by the gods. The importance of the religious background is not quite so clear, however, when we turn from the epic to drama, lyric poetry, and the novel. Most critics affirm that modern literature flowered into genius largely as a result of breaking free from the authority of religion, and the movement of humanism is praised because it released the human mind from the despotism of theology and enabled it to think and to express itself boldly.

Literature, these critics hold, is

essentially heretical, the opponent of the standards of priest and presbyter, and Walter Pater maintained that one of the strongest characteristics of the literature even of the Middle Ages was a 'spirit of rebellion and revolt against the moral and religious ideas of the time.' As evidence of the heretical and skeptical character of mediæval literature, he quoted the memorable passage in *Aucassin et Nicolette*, in which Aucassin, threatened with the pains of Hell if he does not give up Nicolette, cries scornfully: 'In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For into Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold, and of wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise, and with them I have nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies, who have friends two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and the silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side.'

That is certainly not an orthodox speech, but it is a speech made in a world that believed in Heaven and in Hell. Again and again, even in those early days, we find the priest and the poet in conflict, but they carry on their

quarrel against a background that contains other worlds than our own. We see another example of this in mediæval Irish literature, in the famous dialogue that took place between Saint Patrick and Oisín, the long-dead pagan hero, who returns from the Country of the Young to Ireland to find all the heroes dust and Christianity triumphant. To Oisín this Christian Ireland is an Ireland in ruins. He weeps for the vanished pagan world that he had known, and Patrick reproaches him for mourning for heathen companions who are now in Hell. 'Leave off fretting, Oisín,' says Patrick, 'and shed your tears to the God of grace. Finn and the Fianna are black enough now, and they will get no help for ever.' 'It is a pity that would be,' replies Oisín, 'Finn to be in pain for ever; and who was it gained the victory over him, when his own hand had made an end of so many a hard fighter?' 'It is God gained the victory over Finn,' Patrick tells him, 'and not the strong hand of an enemy; and as to the Fianna, they are condemned to Hell along with him, and tormented for ever.' 'O Patrick,' cries Oisín, 'show me the place where Finn and his people are, and there is not a Hell or a Heaven there but I will put it down. And if Ósgar, my own son, is there, the hero that was bravest in heavy battles, there is not in Hell or in the Heaven of God a troop so great that he could not destroy it.'

Here, again, we have a passage that seems to suggest that literature has an irreligious rather than a religious temper. But the conflict in this dialogue is not really between religion and irreligion, but between two different kinds of religion. Oisín, like Saint Patrick, has a vision of a world that is on no earthly map. He has the Country of the Young to set against the Saint's Heaven. He cries to Patrick: 'The Country of the Young, the Country

of Victory, and, O Patrick, there is no lie in that name. If there are grandeurs in your Heaven the same as there are there, I would give my friendship to God. . . .’ Not yet has literature reached that stage of post-humanism where the writer has no eyes except for the earth.

V

With the growth of the drama and the growth of the novel in later times, literature did undoubtedly become more exclusively human. But, even when it was reticent in regard to the religious life of man, it was at its greatest when it was written on the assumption that religion was true. Enthusiastic partisans have attempted to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic or a Puritan, or that he had no religion at all. I do not know what his convictions were, but it is clear that his plays could never have been written except out of an imagination steeped in Christian conceptions, just as the *Ædipus Rex* could never have been written except out of an imagination steeped in Greek religious conceptions. That profound sense of sin which we find in the tragedies of Shakespeare is essentially a Christian sense. If Shakespeare had brought gods as well as ghosts on to the stage, he could not more clearly have made the life of man seem no mere trivial accident between life and death, but an event in a larger universe.

Take the religious conceptions out of *Hamlet*, and rewrite the play in terms of Freudian complexes, and you will lose almost as great a proportion of beauty as you would lose if you rationalized *Paradise Lost*. Hamlet’s cry:—

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?

is no mere figure of speech. Hamlet’s actions are again and again governed

by his sense of the existence of another world. There is scarcely a great scene in the play in which the divine background of life is not taken for granted. It is all the more interesting to discover that Professor Gilbert Murray, in his latest book, contends that the tragedy of Hamlet has even a quasireligious origin and that it is the perfection of an ancient myth, as is the tragedy of Orestes—that, in fact, both tragedies are sprung from the same mythical seed. ‘We finally,’ he declares, ‘run the Hamlet-saga to earth in the same ground as the Orestes-saga: in that prehistoric and world-wide ritual battle of Summer and Winter, of Life and Death, which has played so vast a part in the mental development of the human race and especially, as Sir E. K. Chambers has shown us, in the history of mediæval drama.’

This is not to say, of course, that Shakespeare consciously wrote *Hamlet* as a fable of the ritual battle of Summer and Winter, of Life and Death, the conception of which is one of the sources of both religion and literature. But it is interesting to discover that the plot he chose can tentatively be traced back to its origin in a myth of the battles of the gods. If this is true, *Hamlet* has a doubly religious lineage, and it would probably not be going too far to say that without the religious imagination it would have been as impossible for *Hamlet* to have been written as it would for the books of the Bible to have been written. And, if we turn to the work of later men of genius who have used the dramatic form, we shall find that the greatest of them, however heretical, have for some reason or other been unable to dispense with, or escape from, the supernatural. If it is possible to write dramatic poetry as great as Goethe’s *Faust* and Ibsen’s *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* without the assumption of a

supernatural background — be it only for dramatic purposes — to men's lives, how is it that no one has ever done so? My own theory is that without this assumption the doom of man loses most of its tragic grandeur, and that for this reason the dramatic, like the epic, poet is inevitably forced to return to a Heavenly Muse for inspiration. The more we consider the matter, indeed, the more we are compelled to the conclusion that literature, while often in revolt against orthodoxy, is inextricably bound up with the religious imagination. Literature might almost be said to be sprung from a seed dropped from the tree of religion. It would be possible, I imagine, to show good cause for believing that the novels of Dickens, no less than the Cathedral of Notre Dame, bear an essential relationship to the religious questionings and affirmations of mankind.

The religious element in literature, of course, is much more obvious in poetry than in the novel. 'It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth,' said Ben Jonson of poetry, and the practice of the great poets has endorsed his saying. They see the world transformed by a 'light that never was, on sea or land.' They release us from the actual, or lead us through it to the universal. 'Poetry,' declared Shelley, 'defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions.' Modern fiction seldom defeats this curse. Many modern novelists devote themselves entirely to the description of surrounding impressions. They are content to observe rather than to imagine, and, as we read their realistic novels about some uninteresting young man or woman in revolt against the uninteresting atmosphere of an uninteresting home, we feel the world growing emptier. Life at its best in such novels is a Canterbury pilgrimage without

Canterbury, and with the fun left out.

The aridity of most realistic — or, as it might be called, materialistic — fiction, I believe, is largely due to the fact that the realistic novelists are convinced that the world has outgrown Canterbury. Possibly it has, as it outgrew Olympus, but, just as Homer could not have written the *Iliad* without Olympus in the background, and Chaucer could not have written *The Canterbury Tales* without Canterbury in the background, so, in my opinion, a religious background, either expressed or implied, will always be necessary to the production of great literature. It may be a mere coincidence that the greatest fiction of recent times, the Russian, sprang from what rationalists would describe as the most superstitious soil in Europe; but I do not think so. Some people would deny that there is any religious background in Hardy's work, but it is significant that in *The Dynasts* Hardy found himself compelled to imagine an overworld of spirits and angels as part of the setting of human hopes and fears. As we read the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who invented the life force, again we realize the truth of the old saying that 'if God had not existed, we should have had to invent him.'

Everywhere the imaginative man confronted with the mystery of life and death is forced to adopt a religious attitude to life — the attitude of awe before the eternal mysteries. Without it there can be neither the greatest poetry nor the greatest prose — neither the verse of Milton nor the prose of the Bible and Sir Thomas Browne. Great poetry will cease to be written when poets cease to be men for whom the invisible world exists. And if this is true of poetry, is it not reasonable to believe that it is also true of imaginative prose, which is only poetry in its week-day dress?

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS. II

The Journal of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois

TRANSLATED BY PERCY NOËL

September 1779. — Accompanied by General Knox and General Stirling, we crossed New York and the Jerseys. We saw the vast college of Princeton, erected in favor of the Presbyterians, almost destroyed by the troops of both sides. They are reëstablishing it, as if the ravages of war are no more to be feared.

At last we arrived on the banks of the Delaware, which we crossed in order to enter Pennsylvania. The Delaware has its source in the land of the Iroquois; small vessels can go up it as far as Trenton, and war vessels to Philadelphia. Its banks are fertile and varied over the entire extent which we have had occasion to see. We saw fish caught, destined for our supper.

A part of the country is inhabited by Germans, who continue to emigrate from their old country in order to come and live in a hospitable land where prosperity, abundance, and liberty summon all the unfortunates of the universe. The Germans, accustomed to privations, bowed under the yoke of necessity and command, bring here a spirit of economy, perseverance, and docility. That is all their wealth when they arrive. Without repugnance they sell their liberty for a few years to a rich agriculturist. They learn from him how to manage a farm. As to cultivating, there is not much to teach them. They receive a salary which puts them in a position to become land-

owners themselves at the end of their engagement. It is then that they show new industry and extraordinary patience, so that, by force of savings on very small profits which they make at first, they go on to greater gains, extend successively their domains, and at last arrive at a state of domesticity with really surprising fortunes.

Some of our customs appear very extraordinary to these people, although really most simple. In the midst of a large gathering a man asked me if French ladies rode horseback. I replied affirmatively, and added that they mounted like men. All the ladies blushed, hiding their faces behind their fans, and finally were off with a great burst of laughter. They cannot understand how a woman sits down to her toilette before men or even how she dresses before her husband.

We give ourselves over to society as circumstances permit. The time passes in talk at these assemblies; but, as it seems that it is necessary to be met together for some other object than conversation, it is ordinarily tea or a light repast which is the motive for the invitation. The people play rarely, and almost always for the sole pleasure of the combinations; they have even reformed the shabby custom of paying for the cards. Instead of the fateful green baize where greed and idleness attract Europeans, they sit around a polished mahogany table, very clean.

The eldest daughter of the family or one of the young married ladies makes tea and presents a cup to each person in the company. In summer they add fruits and refreshments; they talk, and where there is no news they tell old stories, or the fine speakers discuss some point of sentimental metaphysics. They change seats, come and go, and finally separate without being tormented by the chagrin of having upset a fortune, or the remorse of having ruined a friend.

Americans are naturally curious and askers of questions. I had proof of it the moment I arrived in Boston; while disembarking I was assailed by a crowd of inhabitants in whose number were members of the Council; they hurried to ask me in the most naïve manner the object of my voyage, about the weather, the point of departure, and the state of affairs in Europe. It was the same in most places along our road, and I remember that my hostess in Hartford, after having asked me if I were married, if I had any brothers or sisters, insisted upon knowing the age of my father and mother.

I sometimes stroll a bit, either to rest me of the coach, or better to know the country which we are traveling through. One day, being rather far from the road and not knowing the name of the lodging place where I wished to go, I was afraid of losing my way either in going ahead or in retracing my steps. In this perplexity, overcome by fatigue, I discovered a hut in the wood and went over to it. There I found a man and a woman who spoke Dutch. More like two savages in their hut than two civilized creatures, they received me brusquely, and I could not make them understand that I wished to be put on the road to Philadelphia. I drew away from them very much disturbed, and, marching ahead at random, was preparing my mind to

spend the night in the forest when I saw a small boy run toward the cabin, fall, and cry as if he had been hurt. I went to him, picked him up, and washed his dirt-smeared face. He expressed his thanks. I made him a few presents of no consequence, and as his fall was in no way grievous I let him take the way to the cabin, and I went on slowly, looking behind me from time to time. Undoubtedly the child told his adventure, and in the twinkling of an eye I was rejoined by his mother, who, by means of questions and signs, finally guessed where I wished to go, accompanied me for three quarters of an hour, and only left me when she could show me the lodgings where I was to stop.

What does this adventure prove? Very little, it is true, and I admit that it is neither spicy nor extraordinary. But I am sure that one may draw from it the following moral: The sentiment of natural human kindness is the same everywhere; gratitude is not strange to the human heart, and the surest means of softening a gross and savage being is first to know the value of maternal tenderness.

In the different districts which we pass through, the inhabitants come to wish us happiness; they light bonfires to celebrate the arrival of His Excellency, the Chevalier de la Luzerne,¹ and they offer us hospitality with a really patriarchal simplicity — which we accept in the same spirit.

We soon arrived at a half day's journey from Philadelphia. We found some of the land badly cultivated and sparsely inhabited, but that in which we are now is comparable to the most beautiful places in Europe. I do not know whether the good reception which we receive embellishes America in our eyes, but at any rate in a voyage of

¹ Formerly one of La Fayette's officers, and in charge of the Mission sent to the United States by the King of France. — TRANSLATOR

one hundred and fifty leagues I have seen nothing which would correspond to the rough and savage pictures which I had formed of it. There are many uncultivated parts, but that is due to lack of labor, and the majority are susceptible of attaining a high degree of population and cultivation. Prosperity and abundance reign in all the habitations. From Boston to this point we have not seen a single poor person; we have not met a peasant who is not well dressed and who does not have a cart or at least a good horse. The best of kings limited himself to wish that each peasant might be able to have his boiled chicken every Sunday; we have not entered a single house of a morning without finding cooking there in the iron kettle a fine fowl, beef, or mutton, with a piece of bacon; great abundance of vegetables, bread, cider, dairy products, and profusion of firewood; clean furniture, a good bed, and often a gazette.

The houses of this part of America have already a form and arrangement different from those of the North. The latter resemble more the houses of England. Here you would believe yourself in a canton of Germany or Holland. Besides, if you ever come to America, I recommend Delaware from Trenton to Bristol, where we slept last. There you drink excellent mineral waters, or you take tea on a covered balcony overlooking the river. You see on the opposite bank the pretty city of Burlington; you will be slightly fleeced by your host, and then, following the charming banks of the stream, you will at last arrive at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 10, 1779.* — The *Gazette* of Philadelphia has already let you know that we arrived here September 21, when His Excellency was received by the ringing of church bells and conducted by a company of

cavalry composed of the most notable citizens of the city.

You asked me to write you a few words about the house where we live. Imagine at the western extremity of the town a square surrounded by four streets, covered by an English lawn, and in the midst of it a large residence of good appearance. It is almost opposite the State House where the Pennsylvania Congress holds its sittings, and where the days are passed in blessing France, cursing England, and imagining means to bring the latter power to reason.

From one side we have the view of the town, from the other that of the new prison, the hospital, and the poor-house. Everywhere else these buildings would present a disheartening prospect, but here it is quite different; at least the sight of the latter two buildings has nothing depressing when one knows the order and cleanliness which reign there, and that they are the work of enlightened and compassionate humanity.

The streets are laid out straight as a chalk line and the pedestrians have wide sidewalks. The houses are all built of brick, simple and uniform outside, and probably convenient for those who live in them, although nothing can be more distant from our arrangements, and one finds nothing in them which resembles the small apartments which make our dwellings so pleasant. Many people prefer cities irregularly built. For me, friend of order and symmetry, I admit that this city pleases me very much: it has everything to make it the most beautiful city in the world; but, if you except the Lutheran Church and a few other temples, there is not a single edifice of an architecture worthy of remark. The State House forms a fine enough mass in the midst of a town, but it is a building without taste or elegance. Dr. Franklin compares the

tower to a microscope half out of its case.

A few days after my arrival they introduced me to Edward Drinker, born on Philadelphia soil in 1680. This centenarian told me that his parents' cabin was on the edge of a forest which is to-day replaced by the most densely populated part of Philadelphia. A few scattered huts were then inhabited by Swedes, Dutch, and savages. He recalls that he played with their children and caught squirrels in the thickets which are replaced to-day by a church, and that he has picked strawberries on the site of the State House. Father of eighteen children, he has seen his fourth great-grandson.

This wild and desert ground where Drinker was born is changed into a rich city noted for its commerce, and inhabited by forty thousand souls. The hut where the savage cooked his fish among a few stones has become a quay where five hundred vessels land every year. Ships and frigates have replaced canoes. The Congress of thirteen Republics sits where the natives held assembly around the council fire.

During his hundred years of existence, Drinker has seen the beginning and the limit of British power in Pennsylvania. He has been the subject of seven monarchs, and to-day he enjoys independence under a republican government.

You have surely heard of Lory and Mr. Rittenhouse. This mechanic, who has a great natural talent, made a machine which represents the movements of the celestial bodies in a very exact manner. He is treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania. I left him, counting all paper money, separating the good from the bad, and awaiting the epoch when both kinds will be of equal value. Then I mounted my horse to visit the botanical garden of Monsieur Bartram.

It is four or five miles from Philadel-

phia. We found a solitary house surrounded by fine orchards, decorated on the garden side by a colonnade of rustic taste. It appeared to us to be a worthy habitation of the American Linnæus. But the garden! It was in a state of neglect which caused us real sorrow. We saw there the remains of treasures amassed by him who is no more, but we saw, too, that these plants were half strangled by useless and parasitic herbs. The trees were dead, and those that were not dead were dying. Some plants were drying up from lack of water, and over the whole scene was an air of abandonment which, if I were a botanist, I should call criminal.

We wandered about a neighboring forest, where the same negligence which had just displeased us in the garden added new beauty. The forest is filled with a multitude of trees which are scarcely known in Europe: the magnolia, whose blossom perfumes the air with such a delicious odor; the tulip tree, whose shade, they say, rejuvenates old couples; the catalpa, so brilliant in spring, so faded in autumn; the sassafras, of which they claim that the leaves, the flower, the fruit, the sap, the wood, and the bark embody all known medicinal properties; the laurel of every species, with which we crown the heroes of America, but which still waits for her to produce a poet. In fact, there were spread before our eyes all the forest riches which Pennsylvania owes only to Nature. These trees embellish the gentle slopes of the hills, the varied shades of their verdure forming, with the brooks which traverse them, the most agreeable pictures. The wild vine rises about the trunks and branches of oaks and elms; its interlaced tendons form cradles whose fastness the sun's rays cannot penetrate. But content yourself with these natural beauties; you will find among

the country houses which the war has spared around Philadelphia neither marvels of architecture, elegance, taste, nor convenient arrangements. Everything testifies that they have thought only of the useful; everything that is agreeable they owe to Nature; and, as the country is charming, there is not a hut which is not happily situated; but not a house, not a garden which merits the least attention.

The banks of the Schuylkill are embellished by a great number of dwellings which belong to the richest citizens of Philadelphia. On the right bank of this river is Mr. William Hamilton's house. If ever Pennsylvania has a king, a prince, a doge, or any sort of master, it is here that he will make his residence if he wishes to occupy the most beautiful situation which exists in the environs of Philadelphia. Here he will be able to plant enchanted gardens, and have fountains as beautiful as at Marly, but at less expense; to-day it is quite simply a natural English garden.

We often walk along the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill; we discourse on the combination of circumstances which led us here; we recall the fine climate of France, and the society we left there, which is found nowhere else; we compare it to Pennsylvania, still in its infancy, remembering that Paris is where our friends and acquaintances live. We, forgetting all these advantages, came to seek a coldly beautiful country, where friendship does not go beyond families, where a foreigner at the end of six months is still a stranger, and where a bachelor is called a 'single man' and treated as if he were really isolated from the rest of nature; where religious and national prejudices which are not yet quite effaced exclude all hope of intimate liaison, and where the people cannot yet believe in the sincerity of a French-

man; where party spirit and civil discord oblige us to avoid those whose friendship we should desire in other circumstances.

One day I was given over to these reflections when I saw a little old octogenarian, dressed in a long coat, enter my home. His white hair was covered by a gray hat with turned-down brim; he had a keen look for all his age; he sustained himself with a big stick, and as soon as he saw me he came to me with eagerness, threw back his coat, and clasped me in his arms, and said in very good French: 'Friend Marbois, I am very happy to see thee.' But I tried in vain to remember who he could be. The good Quaker perceived my embarrassment.

'I am Antoine Benezet,' he told me.

I knew at once who he was without further explanation. Who could have lived a month in Philadelphia without knowing Antoine Benezet! But, since he is less known in Paris, I will tell you that he is one of the most respectable men on earth. His parents, who were Protestants, left the kingdom toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV. They established themselves in Pennsylvania, and their children are important merchants or rich landlords of the state. Antoine was then in the cradle. He had no sooner made the acquaintance of the Quakers than he adopted their principles; not those of the White Quakers, as they call those whose code is less strict, but he gave himself over to all the austerity of Quaker principles. He could have made a great fortune in commerce, but he preferred the profession of schoolmaster, and for more than fifty years his time has been employed in teaching little children to read and write, and inculcating in them a small number of precepts which appear to me to be the most complete catechism of morals that one could offer to their understanding.

Benezet has spirit, fire, and, if I dare thus to express myself, he carries his love of humanity as far as lunacy. When, excited by his zeal, he speaks of universal tolerance and of the good that would come to the realm and to humanity by the admission of Protestants to the rank of citizens, he has the most eloquent persuasion.

'I must be permitted,' he says, 'to express myself feelingly on this important subject. One of my uncles was hung by these intolerants, my aunt was put in a convent, two of my cousins died at the galleys, and my fugitive father was ruined by the confiscation of his property.'

He relates these persecutions and the sufferings of his relatives as another person would speak of titles of nobility. He cannot be persuaded that France has become much more tolerant than the majority of the other states of Europe, and he still believes us to be at the same place we were when Louis XIV, a hundred years ago, committed the irreparable crime of revoking the Edict of Nantes. He is of that small number of those who profess Quakerism in all its severity. The gravity of the Quakers has not, however, bereft this good refugee of his French vivacity.

There are in Philadelphia a thousand to twelve hundred Acadians who regard him as their father. The unfortunate inhabitants of that peninsula, separated for more than half a century from France, their mother country, kept the right not to carry arms against her until the war of 1756. At that epoch the English, their masters, suspecting that they had betrayed their neutrality and that they had held intelligence with the French, snatched away the land which they had tilled and dispersed them in other colonies. About twelve hundred of these unfortunates were set down on the banks of the Delaware, and abandoned without re-

sources to the mercy of the Pennsylvanians. Benezet remembered that they had a common origin; although as poor as they, he received them, consoled them, encouraged them, and went from door to door asking bread for them; made the parents of his young Pennsylvania pupils subscribe funds, importuned the Government of Pennsylvania to afford them means of existence, and addressed request upon request to the King and Parliament of England, so that his generous obstinacy forced some help in favor of these unfortunates he called his children.

He is also a protector of the negroes. He was one of the most zealous advocates of the law which has just been enacted to assure negro liberty and to banish slavery in Pennsylvania.

I told you once that I had a friend and that from the age of eight up to twenty nothing had ever impaired our union; that then I quarreled with him and it was I who was in the wrong. I saw him no more. He passed from Europe on to this continent and here died six years ago. I have made a journey to the spot where he was buried; I have been to see an honest citizen of this town who took care of him in his last moments, and whose daughter, I believe, he was to have married. It appeared to me this family loved him sincerely; we have had the bitter consolation of communing with each other about him. This demoiselle told me that he had never spoken to her of me. And how could he have imagined that, separated already by a great interval, the two persons who had been dearest to him would one day have an opportunity to converse together of him?

Jemima Wilkinson has just arrived here, a few religious sects awaiting her with inquietude, others with extreme impatience. Her story is so singular

and her dogma so new that she has not failed to attract general attention.

Following an illness when they believed her dead for a few hours, she imagined that she really had been, and announced that the Holy Spirit sent a new soul to live in her body. It is not quite clear whether this soul emanated from the Virgin Mary or from Jesus Christ himself, and the inspired woman is very reserved in her replies on this subject. Her religion is pure and evangelical. Doctors well drew our attention to some difference between the dogmas which she preaches and those of other sects, but as you are happily in the right path there is no need of describing this new one which has been added to the five or six hundred others in which so many imprudent lambs have lost their way. I prefer to tell you of the impression which this prophetess makes, and how she attracts our worldly attention. This soul from Heaven has chosen rather a beautiful body for its dwelling place, and many living ladies would not object to animate these dead remains.

Jemima Wilkinson, or rather the woman whom we call by that name, is about twenty-two years old; she has beautiful features, a fine mouth, and animated eyes; her hair is parted in the middle and falls loosely on her shoulders. She washes it every day with cold water and never powders it; travel has browned her a little; she has an air of pensive melancholy; she has acquired no grace, but has all those which Nature gives. She comes forward with ease and freedom and at the same time with all imaginable modesty. She has a big gray felt hat with turned-down brim that she wears, and she places it on the desk of her pulpit when she preaches. She wears a sort of frock of white linen knotted under the chin like a peignoir. It falls to her feet without marking her waist; the sleeves

expose only the tips of her hands.

She has six apostles in her suite; there are three men who speak at her meetings, and three women who keep silence. One of these men has fulfilled the functions of chief judge in his province with distinction for twenty-five years. Won over by grace, he joined the suite of Jemima four or five months ago. As you know, in Europe the magistrates hasten to inform themselves about the conduct of inspired people, and ordinarily arrest them at the start. The magistrates at Philadelphia are interested in Jemima Wilkinson, but with other intent; as soon as they found that she preached neither against independence nor against alliance with the King, they found her a spacious church, which the Methodists willingly loaned, and there for several days she has been preaching before a prodigious congregation of people.

I was curious to hear her. I went with seven or eight French officers and, as the people were kind enough to make room for us, we found ourselves near the pulpit. Despite our number and the movement that our unexpected arrival caused in the assembly, she appeared not to perceive us; she continued to speak, eyes lowered, with much freedom and facility.

To us her discourse appeared to be composed of the ordinary things of the Bible and the Fathers; she enunciated so correctly, although without elegance, that I thought she was reciting a prepared sermon, and it was hard for me to convince myself that she spoke from inspiration, or, as the profane say, extempore. Having cast her eyes on us French, she appeared to remark us for the first time. As she was speaking of the attachment men have for the things of this world, she continued thus:—

‘Among those who are listening to me, how few have been led here by the desire for their salvation. Curiosity

attracts them; they have a mind to relate extraordinary things when they return to their own country.'

I swear to you that for the moment I believed her either to be a prophetess or a fortune teller, and I expected to hear her speak of my diary.

'Do they believe, these foreigners in the House of the Lord, that their presence flatters me? I disdain their honors, I despise greatness and wealth. Seek me no more, hear me no more, if you are not touched by grace; withdraw yourselves, profane no more this temple if you are still in the lakes of the Infernal Angel; but if you are disposed to enter in the way of salvation, if my words have softened your hearts, if I snatch a single one of you from the danger that he runs, I have not come too far to bring the light, and you have not traveled too far to seek it.'

She was so overcome by emotion in speaking this way that she was obliged to stop and take out her handkerchief to dry her tears. We were surprised by this apostrophe, but remained perhaps as hardened as before.

Jemima accepts nothing in the way of pecuniary alms. She and her disciples possess nothing but what is necessary to live, and they receive gifts that the piety of the faithful brings them. She lives quietly; her conduct and morals are irreprehensible.

Last year another sectarian appeared at Philadelphia; he preached in boots, short jacket, and his hair in *cadennettes*; he announced universal redemption, from which no one, not even Lucifer, was to be excluded. He did not lack eloquence. He was the vogue for a time, but people soon tired of him. They found that a place in Elysium was not so much to be desired after all if it was to be so common that everyone, without exception, would be received. Besides, a few ministers refuted him and he refuted their refutations,

having their books and his own printed, until finally there was nothing more to argue about, and I do not even know if he is still here.

We are on our way to see General Washington at his Headquarters, now at Morristown in the Jerseys, and we expect the sojourn there will be a very bright one.

Don Juan Misales, with whom we have come, has fallen so dangerously sick that it is doubtful whether he will be able to return.

We have been to see Staten Island, and by looking through our field glasses were able to see at close range the enemy forts. General Washington left us only a moment in this dangerous neighborhood. For me the enemy holds no trap, so I walked a little farther along this arm of the sea: it is surrounded by variegated green hills from which, while on horseback, I witnessed one of those battles which the inhabitants of the air frequently deliver to those of the waters.

One cannot leave the hospitable roof of General Washington without regret, but the death of Don Juan did not permit us a longer sojourn; besides, everything was sad at Morristown because of this calamity.

Congress was present for the funeral ceremonies, at which an unfortunate incident occurred. Our chaplain, according to custom, scattered holy water on the people. An American officer, who received it rather more abundantly than the others, believed himself insulted, and it was not without some difficulty that we made him understand that he ought to be very grateful; that it was a particular favor which the Abbé had conferred upon him, and that we regarded it as good fortune to be so wetted by him.

You are surely interested in my friend Benezet, and you will be happy

to know I paid him a visit this morning. Nothing more simple and clean than his house. There was numerous company. A young person beautiful as an angel was seated in the salon, and she was dressed with neatness, simplicity, and, I would say, almost with elegance, if this term were not offensive to Quaker ears. Her hair had not been tortured by the *coiffeur*; it was drawn back behind her head without powder and covered with a little gauze cap of an extraordinary shape, but which rather pleased me, because nothing unbecomes a beautiful person. She wore a gray satin dress, and her white hands and arms were covered neither by muslin nor by lace. I have never seen a fresher tint, nor more composed, sweeter features, nor a more modest air. The Quaker ladies are not submitted at all to the empire of mode. The form of their coiffure and dress never changes. I assure you that the charms of Mademoiselle Norris are all her own, and she owes nothing to art. She did not rise when I entered, no more than did any of the others, and, as all the seats were occupied, I was for a moment out of countenance.

'Come, friend,' said the young lady, 'come sit thee here on the same chair as I.'

There was only room there for one, and I hesitated a moment to do such a novel thing. Nevertheless the offer was made with such good grace that, led as if by an involuntary movement, I went and took my place beside her. Then they brought us refreshments.

'Wilt thou not drink a glass of punch?' the servant asked me, as she presented it to the company.

I drank some, and had hardly put my glass back on the tray when the young lady took it and drank after me. I was in astonishment over all these preferences, but while I was reflecting on what could be the cause an old man

entered and Mademoiselle Norris relinquished to him her half of the chair which she occupied with me and retired, without the newcomer making the slightest effort to retain her. I saw at the same time that everybody drank from the same glass; it is a very ordinary custom, above all among the Quakers.

They were assembled on the occasion of a marriage, or rather what we should call a marriage contract. All these so-called 'gentle' people are married in their homes, with the exception of Catholics and Quakers, who are usually married in a church. Quakers who are married outside of the meetinghouse with persons of another religious persuasion are obliged to declare publicly that they are sorry to have been married this way in order to be readmitted to church.

The newly married couple usually give over the first weeks of marriage to receiving visits. Two or three young ladies are constantly with the bride and help her to do the honors of her house. Three of the groomsmen fulfill the same functions for the husband. The men's visits are received in one room and those of the women in another, where the time is passed in an infinitely pleasant manner, drinking tea, punch, wine, or other liquors with the crowd of friends, which does not cease to fill the house of the newly weds during the first weeks of marriage.

Chester is five leagues from Philadelphia in an agreeable spot on the banks of the Delaware; to-day, Sunday, we have been there to dinner. The ladies made the trip on horseback, by carriage, and by phaeton, and we the same. There we laughed and drank the champagne sent by Count de Capellis, whose ship, the *Danae*, is anchored before Chester. The party was the usual affair of walking and playing,

and would not be worth mentioning except for a small incident which was not as diverting for the ladies as for me.

We have spoken of the extreme docility and obedience and submission of American women to their husbands; they (the wives) glory in it, and not without reason. Madame de Montgomery was especially proud of it. Governor Morris, on whom the champagne had had its full effect, climbed into a little sulky, and although these vehicles cannot accommodate more than one person, Madame Bingham, a young and pretty woman, had the whim to climb in with him. It must be remarked that Governor Morris had lost a leg in driving a cabriolet and that this circumstance was not of a nature to reassure Monsieur Bingham. He begged the most agile person of the company to run after his wife and make her get down. You will ask why he did not go himself, but I must tell you that Count de Capellis had sent champagne *in abundance*. The messenger succeeded in stopping the sulky where Madame Bingham was installed, and begged her to get out. She refused.

'Madame, it is your husband's order.'

I was struck by this way of saying it, and I said to Madame Montgomery that this was the only country in the world where a husband could address a wife in such an imperative tone. Madame Montgomery was very pleased with this evidence which had arrived *à propos* in support of the thesis which she had maintained; so far she had triumphed, and I was admitting myself vanquished when Madame Bingham bade us farewell by voice and gesture, lashed the horse with the whip, and continued the journey in the sulky.

There were certain arrangements made to dance after dinner; but it was the pure blunder of a foreigner who did

not remember that Americans permit themselves no amusement of this kind on Sunday. A little drunkenness does not matter, but dancing, music, and gambling are profanations.

We are now in Baltimore, the most commercial city of Maryland, which is really an astonishing creation. In twenty-five years fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred houses have sprung up solely as a result of trade, and they continue to be built. The Consul kept us there a day, but we could not profit by it to see the town. However, we met several of the inhabitants, and I perceived here, as at Philadelphia, that there is no happiness except for married people. Nothing is rarer than a bad household. The women are sincerely and faithfully attached to their husbands and have little pleasure outside of their families, but enjoy all those which a retired domestic life can offer. They live surrounded by their children, whom they nourish and bring up themselves. Strangers are well received, but they are rarely admitted into the intimacy of the family.

Accustomed to an extreme deference for women, it is with difficulty that a European accustoms himself to see the husband sovereign master of his home. Some people believe that it is this exercise of authority which keeps their customs so pure in society, and that the equality to which Europeans have admitted their wives has produced first of all looseness, and then corruption of morals. You are right in guessing that I absolutely disagree with this heresy. I am persuaded that the virtue of American women rests on a base more solid than fear and command, and if it could not be preserved except by sacrificing a perfect equality, which appears to me to be the charm of conjugal union, I should renounce it for all my life.

THE PEDAGOGUE IN REVOLT

BY A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

'STILL less,' wrote Charles Lamb, 'have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. These *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. . . . I had thought of the *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty — as springing up with all its parts absolute — till, in an evil hour, I was shown the original copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the library of Trinity, kept like some treasure, to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them after the latter Cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined! corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration were made up of parts, and these fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again.'

Why should a perfectly respectable pedagogue, on the rungs of whose professorial chair the dust of the years is gathering, feel an unhallowed joy in reading these words, perhaps seen before but forgotten; possibly seen in youth and frowned upon, as a pebble causing one's feet to stumble, to be tossed out of the way in climbing the *via sacra* of scholarship?

Now, the words seemed to set something free, to release something long pent up, long gathering. How many times, in toiling over note and variant,

early reading and later reading, in preparation for the solemn task of teaching poetry to the young, have I felt that way, without confessing it to myself or others! Decorum in academic life must be maintained. Yet, for safety, suppressed feelings must come out, in the gospel according to Freud.

Lamb, as usual, is divinely right. His plea for the joy of reception of a poem in its entirety, for that instant flash of meaning from the soul of the poet to your own, bringing an understanding that no amount of comment or exegesis can secure, touches the very essence of poetry. In truest poetry, vital experience, by the transforming power of the imagination and the music of line, is subtly and directly communicated to the listener: it is alive, quickening the life in him.

In this moment of unauthorized pleasure I realize how heavy has been, and is, the weight of learned volumes, of commentary, exegesis, under which both pedagogue and student must stagger in order to fulfill contemporary academic demands. Month by month and week by week they multiply, tomes, articles, pages upon pages upon the reading of a word or phrase, discussion after discussion upon some minute point of fact, as to the authenticity of a perhaps unimportant fragment, or disputed date — discussions often inspired less by passion for truth than by the bitter joy of proving that some other scholar, in a rival university, is in the wrong.

There is a lost sense of proportion in all this. A poem has, in many cases, become less important than the array of facts about it, genuine, or invented in order to prove an hypothesis. Matthew Arnold, in his assertion that poetry is the greatest illuminator of life, says that this is true partly because religion has been materialized in fact. Has not the time now come when poetry also is being materialized in fact? Too often a highly prized poem is as a precious jewel, buried under a haystack of print. How can one even find it again?

Besides the commentaries on variants and facts of date are lengthy volumes, appearing in this country, wherein the lesser man or woman, in this period in which modern psychology has been let loose upon a stricken world, tries to account for every phase of the process by which a given author's creative act is achieved. Not an assembly of all the phrases he may ever have encountered, paragraphs upon which he may have stumbled through his lifetime, will ever betray his secret. No array of facts, no amount of psychological theory, can interpret that mysterious inner alchemy whereby the stuff of common life is transmuted into gold. Long-drawn-out interpretations of an author's personality in terms of the critic's personality are as the conclusions of the measuring worm regarding the size of the mountain on whose side grows the twig whereon it lives and moves and has its little being. Is there no side of a poet's life experience upon which the modern peeping Toms may not spy? Could we not form an association to protect 'mighty poets in their misery dead' from the horrors of post-mortem psychoanalysis?

From the point of view of mass the output is appalling. If huge tomes, giving an omnium-gatherum of all doc-

uments, important and unimportant, significant and insignificant, that can in any way be associated with an author, increase and multiply, where will it all stop? Our American passion for size shows as clearly here as in the forty-story skyscraper. Must we look forward to a twenty-volume treatise on a line of mediæval verse or a single speech in an Elizabethan drama? In prophetic vision I see the mountain of 'high-pilèd books' without 'character,' shutting out not only the light from the poet's mind, but the very light of the sky.

Did not pure Christianity die by this process, smothered by explanatory words? As the simplicity of its great inner meaning grew less clear, did there not come into being a vast accumulation of commentaries, expositions, vainly trying to expound to the intellect dynamic living truths whose force was less directly felt in the passing of the years?

All this was, and is, a sorry substitute for the 'vital spark of heavenly flame,' enkindling human souls to selfless living. In religion, as in poetry, truth distilled from live experience comes to you in its wholeness; apprehension of its meaning requires the whole of a man — feeling, intellect, all he is. You cannot explain the vital, secret processes by which poetry comes into being any more than you can explain the vital secret processes of Christianity.

In my inmost heart, through all my pedagogic years, I have always known this; therefore it is not at all strange that, in the breeze that comes from these refreshing words of Lamb, I feel at this moment like the dying man in Browning's *Paracelsus* who

. . . Sat up suddenly, and with natural voice
Said that, in spite of thick air and closed doors,
God told him it was June.

Here am I who should at this moment be getting ready for my seminar, given this year for the nineteenth time, who have never failed before any meeting to put in hours of preparation, here am I wantonly wasting precious time writing this confession. Is it a touch of spring?

In this primitive mood of freedom

I shall not even ask myself if I am ungrateful in my attitude toward various tomes, treatises, commentaries, — none of them among these very latest, — from which I, in the course of the years, have acquired much information.

I am as one stricken. Should I resign?

THE CURSE OF LEISURE

BY WALTER HENDERSON GRIMES

I

A MERE business man without a record of great success has little right to the rôle of a prophet. But puzzling questions have arisen so frequently that I have been compelled to peer as far as I can into a rather obscure future, and what I discern has caused me to ask many more questions. Frankly, I do not like what I think I see ahead. I hope I am wrong.

The thing that concerns me particularly is, What are we going to do with our leisure time? Where does our leisure come from? Is our leisure a good thing? What are we headed toward? Are we going ahead or going back?

In my town, which I know better than any other town, there are too many merchants, too many hardware dealers, too many banks, druggists, newspapers, coal dealers, plumbers, painters, carpenters, florists, restaurants, lawyers, garages, filling stations, contractors, blacksmiths, doctors, and far too many unemployed. There are not too many factories, but I shall pass this point for the moment.

This city offers a situation unsurpassed for general manufacturing. That is why we established our factory here. Unskilled and semiskilled labor is available in quantity at very small wages. Women will work for almost nothing. Actually I have been ashamed at the smallness of some of the pay checks I have signed. And yet we have paid all that we could afford, and sometimes more. Our employees are fine people, hard-working, industrious, loyal, resourceful. I like them all and believe that they have a similar feeling for me.

A part of our sales are conducted through brokers, and in my trips I find that they complain there are too many brokers, too many manufacturers, too much production. In despair one broker exclaimed, 'There is too much everything!'

A similar story emanates from jobbing houses. Said one dealer, 'When will you fellows get a little sense and quit flooding the markets?'

And at our trade conventions we talk curtailment of production — which is never accomplished, although everyone

recognizes that somebody has got to quit. Then the professional booster and optimist arises and states, ex cathedra, that there is no such thing as overproduction, that what we refer to by that term is really underconsumption. And then we resolve to have a special week each year to be advertised nationally to boost our respective sales.

After that I go home and decide that we must lower costs or die in the attempt. We have cut our labor costs in half without reducing our already small wages. Factory economies have been instituted that have never been heard of before in my experience. Raw materials have been bought with the greatest care. New price sheets have been gotten out based on our improved costs, but we find that our equally harassed competitors have been fired with the same zeal and have done much as we have done.

Everywhere it is the same story: overproduction — or underconsumption, if you prefer the Pollyanna version.

Consider the farm-surplus problem. Is it overproduction or underconsumption? Well, I have never heard of people going hungry in the midst of plenty, and you have n't either. There are too many farmers and they are producing too much. Corn, wheat, hay, hogs, cattle, sheep, eggs, chickens, and all are being produced in quantities which cause prices to be forced down to ruinous figures if they are to be sold at all. Wealth to-day is seldom measured in possessions, as of old, but is regarded as real only when it is measurable in the form of cash in the bank.

II

In the commercial dailies we read nearly every week that we are entering into a period of the most intensive competition we have ever known. But any-

one who is engaged in any kind of business is well aware of the fact that we are not merely entering — we are well into such a period. And why?

Our own experience points to a partial answer. Two years ago it required forty minutes of total pay-roll labor to produce one unit of our goods. Last year we reduced it to thirty minutes, and this year we got it down to twenty and one-half minutes. This we accomplished while still keeping wages at the same rate, but by careful planning and management we were able to produce more goods with the same people at work.

Now I am not so naïve that I think the same brilliant idea has not occurred to every other manufacturer. Others may not have been able to cut labor in half as we have done, but as a rule the saving is accomplished by producing more goods with the same crew at work. This results in an added burden on our sales department, because it must now sell more goods against the competition of every other manufacturer who is producing more goods than previously.

In our business we have come to the appalling situation wherein it costs nearly twice as much to pay for the man power involved in selling the goods as it does to pay for producing them. If every one of our factory employees would work for nothing, so that our pay roll for productive labor would be absolutely zero, the saving would not be enough to get us into the dividend-paying class. Why? Just because it costs too much to sell goods. Salesmen's salaries, commissions, and expenses are not all of the costs of selling. There are brokers' commissions, advertising costs, demonstrations, free deals, discounts, special discounts, circulars, and what not, till it fairly makes one sick.

I know manufacturers in other lines

well enough to know when they are telling the truth, and they all tell the same story. In contrast to this are the published statements of the enormous earnings of some of the big corporations, and when I read them I take a new lease of life, vowing that we too will get our share. Others are doing it; why not we?

Costs are lowered, but more goods are produced, and inevitably we realize that there really is such a thing as overproduction, especially when one produces a commodity as contrasted to a specialty.

Recently the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago published the following paragraph and statistics. The increase of production with less labor is exactly parallel with our own experience, and no doubt was brought about in the same manner.

The efficiency of labor is strikingly indicated by a comparison of the two indexes noted below. Even allowing for capital improvements and better management, the tabulation shows that a marked increase in output has gone along with a reduction in the number of workers employed in manufacturing.

	FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD'S INDEX OF MANUFACTURES (1923-25=100)	BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS' INDEX OF EMPLOYMENT IN MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES (1923=100)
1919.....	84	108.2
1920.....	87	109.9
1921.....	67	85.1
1922.....	87	88.4
1923.....	101	100.0
1924.....	94	90.3
1925.....	105	91.2
1926.....	108	91.8

I should like to know what has become of the labor that has been eliminated. A banker friend said, 'Oh, they are making radios and automobiles, and producing the luxuries of life.' Others have admitted that they do not know.

About six months ago I spent several weeks in a large Eastern city studying production in a big industrial establishment with a view to reducing costs. I found that this plant was running exactly 51 per cent efficient as a producing unit. Because of the layout and inherent peculiarities of the place, there was no chance of eliminating help until other things were accomplished. The loss was due to waste and defective goods that would not pass inspection. The necessary programme of reform was laid out, appropriations secured for proper equipment and repairs, and soon an improvement was noted. By the time I left, the place was up to 60 per cent efficiency, and it has been climbing ever since. A few weeks ago it was in the eighties.

This was all very fine and a source of gratification, but it was accomplished by the production of more goods to sell on an already overloaded market.

At noontime I lunched with the executives of other neighboring factories, and from the inevitable shop talk it developed that two factories were on a five-day week, one was on a three-day week, and another that until this year has enjoyed phenomenal earnings has been operating only eight hours per day, with some departments practically closed, whereas, in the days gone by, it always ran sixteen hours with two shifts.

In each case the answer was overproduction. Four of the five concerns were national advertisers.

It seems inevitable that someone has got to quit producing. Are we victims of our own producing efficiency?

III

How does all this relate to the problem of leisure, one may well ask. As I see it, we have reached a point in our ability to produce where only a part of

our population is required to produce all that the rest of the people will purchase. The words 'will purchase' are used advisedly, for it is practically self-evident that the bulk of the population purchases a greater amount of goods than its minimum requirements. Hence, if our purchases were down to bed-rock economy, we could get along on a whole lot less than we now absorb.

For example, I have several pairs of shoes where two pairs would suffice; two overcoats; five suits of clothes; two suits of overalls. I have a big car, yet I really do not need any. Magazines and books come into the house faster than they can be looked at, and I have too much food, as my waistline will testify. We burn more lights than we need and keep the house too warm in winter.

To me it is perfectly clear that the middle-class American buys more than he needs. If the sum total of his purchases were reduced to his actual requirements, the competition in the commercial world would be correspondingly increased.

To hazard a guess as to what per cent of our population above sixteen years of age is required to produce our foods, goods, and so forth, would be rashness for any but a trained economist. However, let us look at the figures just published, and quoted a moment ago, for the year 1926.

The index of manufactures is 108 and the index of employment is 91.8. Dividing 91.8 by 108, we obtain the figure 0.85. Even my untrained mind realizes that the quotient of an index divided by an index is still an index, but I believe that it can be interpreted roughly in terms of producers. Comparing this figure with the corresponding figure for 1923, we can see that approximately fifteen less persons were required to produce 100 units in 1926 than in 1923.

What has become of those fifteen

hypothetical people? Are they out of a job? Common sense tells us no, for if we had 15 per cent unemployment among our producers we should hear about it in every paper. However, there seems to be a substantial proportion of those fifteen persons who are out of work.

If anyone doubts this statement, let him spend a few weeks in the employment department of a manufacturing establishment. It is no place for a tender-hearted man, unless he has a purpose in having his feelings harrowed and his sympathies worked up because of his inability to give work to all who need it, to those who are unhappy and despondent.

Unless we have greater outlets for our goods, certainly it will become more and more apparent that, as our manufacturing efficiency increases, there will be a larger group with too much leisure.

Let no Socialist, Red, or Radical seize on this utterance as justification for sabotage, soldiering, or restriction of output per worker, because, unless a great number of establishments are able to increase their efficiency, they will eventually go into a receivership or out of business, and this will throw still greater numbers of producers out of employment.

Who are these unemployed? What sort of people are they? I do not refer to the unemployed in periods of great depression such as we had in 1907, but to the unemployed in average times. For the most part they are misfits. There is an indefinable something about many of them which tells me at a glance that they are the last persons in the world I would hire and the first ones I would lay off. I call them misfits for lack of a better term, but any employer will recognize the description. Among the men, some are hopeless 'dubs,' some are trouble makers,

some are shifty-eyed, some are thugs and 'plug-uglies,' some are dissipated, but many are simply unfortunate or too old. Among the women and girls are found some stupid ones, some so fat that the experienced man knows that their great weight is too much for small feet, some repulsive, some obviously vicious gossips who would disorganize a happy industrial family in a few weeks, others who one knows instinctively are not to be trusted. Then there are the amateur prostitutes seeking an enlarged clientele, but the bulk are unfortunates, which means that the source of their trouble is not so apparent that one can name it instantly.

One man told me he had been looking for work for seven months, and once a veritable female scarecrow said to me, 'Well, I dee-clare. It was easier for me to get a man to marry me than it is to get a job.'

IV

What is the future of those possessed of too much leisure, not as individuals, but as a group?

We have had three shutdowns in my experience, and in our town is another much larger plant that frequently turns nearly everybody loose on the first slackening of orders. The manager, who is a good friend of mine, tells me there is no other way to avoid bankruptcy. Competition has forced its prices down to the point where there is virtually no profit. It swaps dollars, hoping everlastingly for better days. Most of its labor is skilled and semiskilled. When the lay-off comes, common and semiskilled labor go. The skilled labor is retained.

I have watched with considerable concern these good folk we have laid off, to see how they survive, for I have always felt a moral responsibility for the man who has cast his lot with us.

Those who get along best are those who own or rent small tracts of land, have good gardens, raise chickens, keep a cow or two and perhaps a pig. One of my former employees has five acres, and this possession renders him absolutely independent for long periods of time.

Those who do not 'get by' are more of the city type, who must buy everything that they consume. The grocer carries them a few weeks, finally cuts off their credit, and they drift away, seldom to return. Of course the grocer loses his money.

The present tendency toward decentralized manufacturing, as practised by the Ford Motor Company and a few others, is a step toward taking advantage of a situation where labor is not dependent on its daily wage for existence. If a shutdown must come, it is not such a hardship for all concerned; those laid off can exist for considerable periods without becoming debt-ridden, and they do not drift away as rapidly as they do in the cities.

My experience in city and country manufacturing leads me to prefer the latter every time, except where highly skilled labor is required in quantity. A worker who has been a farmer is the most resourceful person one can find, because the long years of isolation have developed a self-dependence unequalled in any other group. To one who has had opportunity such as I have had to observe both city and country manufacturing the contrast is astonishing, and labor costs are 50 per cent less in the country than in the city.

However, the worker who is self-sufficient, who produces most of his living, except perhaps shoes and clothing, and frequently has something to sell besides the labor for which he has been hired, is not the potential consumer as is the city type of worker, who must buy everything.

Further evidences of the drift toward the utilization of the self-sufficient type of employee are frequently visible. It is apparently brought about by competition, but from it a vicious circle of events may result. Whenever a family or person develops a less highly specialized form of living and does more for itself, it will buy less from others. Manufacturers, shopkeepers, and farmers will alike share in the reduced market, and competition for the remaining trade will be heightened. Efficiency will increase; it must increase under such competition. The production per worker will increase, but there will be still more leisure available for those who do not want it.

Without the intervention of outside forces, such as enlarged foreign demand, wars, or wholesale destruction of producers, I foresee the gradual but considerable development of two sorts of what might be called peasantry. The buying power of both groups will be somewhat limited. The first group I think of as that of the industrial peasant, who is well fitted to survive. This is the group who work in industry when possible, but take their living off the very small tracts of land. They are self-sufficient and independent. Perhaps we should call them country gentlemen, but they are not true farmers. They produce for their own needs and sell only a part of their labor. As a potential market they are not a large factor.

The second group, which I shall term the true peasants, are those who cannot make a go of life in any place independently and whose struggle is for existence itself. The misfits who seldom get a job may go back to the land, if they ever came from there. They cannot exist in town, they are incapable of handling farms. What can they do? In Europe they are usually peasants or retainers, working for five to ten dollars

per month and a place to live. Many of them spend their entire lives in that fashion.

A distinguished European told me last month that his greatest surprise on coming to this country was to hear all the talk about getting ahead, whereas in his native land fully half the population were satisfied if they had shelter and enough to eat. It is hardly possible that America will ever come to such a situation, but the conclusion is inevitable that there are forces at work that tend in that direction.

The downfall of civilization predicted by the world-famous prophets of gloom may or may not come about. If it does occur, it will probably take the following order. One by one the weaker members of our industrial units will be forced out of existence, and those persons previously engaged in such enterprises will seek employment elsewhere. A larger proportion of the people will become more and more self-sufficient by reversion to a less specialized form of life. Those who cannot adapt themselves will attach themselves as retainers or peasants, as they do in Europe today, to larger landowners and live on next to nothing, or they will be public dependents.

Even as the saturation point in the automobile industry will be first found in the used-car market, so in life it will be found in the discarded individual and the empty factory.

As I said in the beginning, I hope that I am wrong. It would give me a real sense of satisfaction to have every point refuted beyond the possibility of a doubt. For once in my life I should like to be shown that I am absolutely and hopelessly in error. These are, however, not the reflections of a moment only, and they have been discussed with men in many walks of life. Very few disagree with me, but still I hope I am wrong.

BUTTIN' BLOOD

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

THE canvas-covered tobacco wagon had been jolting over the frozen track of Little North Road since before dawn. On the seat huddled two small figures, almost submerged in a welter of old quilts. Silent they sat, swaying instinctively to the pitch and roll of the wagon, as the steel tires climbed screechingly from rut to rut.

The larger, a white boy, held the sagging reins loosely in one hand, allowing the mules their own way. His eyes were fixed abstractedly on the road ahead; his shoulders bowed, as if under weighty responsibilities.

The clink of the breast chains, in soft accompaniment to the *clack-clack* of the mules' shoes on the frozen ground, and the rumble and creak of the heavily loaded wagon came vaguely to him as homely, comforting sounds, in the deserted stillness of early morning. And the intimate mellow-peach fragrance of Virginia sun-cured tobacco, together with the everyday mule-and-harness smell, drifted over him comfortingly, too.

With a sigh, he roused from his reverie and quickened the lagging team. Glancing at the small head resting on his shoulder, muffled in an old slouch hat brought down about the ears with a fragment of blanket, his face softened into a whimsical smile. With a vigorous shrug, he shouted:—

'Wake up, Nubbin! Sun's up, nigger!'

The little form straightened with a

start. An ashy-black hand came out from the chaos of covers and pulled off the headpiece. Slowly he rubbed his face, scratched his head, and rolled his big eyes at his companion.

'Huccome you "niggah" me?' he demanded, frowning. 'I got big graveyard in de woods full o' white boys what call me "niggah."'

The white boy threw back his head and laughed; then, turning suddenly, with an explosive 'Baa!' butted his coonskin cap roundly against the black ear.

'Ba-a! Phut! Phut!' went the little darky, jumping from the seat; and, bridling like an angry goat, sent his bullet head thump against the white boy's ribs.

'Ouch! I give up! I give up!' capitulated the latter.

'You ain' gwine call me "niggah" no mo'?'

'No! No!' acceded the white boy, shrinking into his corner. 'Cross my heart — and double cross,' and his mittened hand made youth's inviolable sign of the double cross.

'Dat's mo' like hit — an' you 'member hit too, Luther Patten,' grinned the negro. With a final admonitory 'Baa!' and a half-dancing shuffle of his big-shod feet on the wagon bottom, he dived to the seat and snatched the quilts about him.

'Huccome you don' git col' like me? Huccome don' no white folks git col' like niggah?' he asked querulously.

Luther smiled at the forbidden word; but of course it carried a vastly

different meaning when used by Nubbin's race—an intangible, shadowy difference to the white mind, but to the black a difference as clear-cut as a cameo.

He answered with an imitative question:—

'Huccome nig — colored folks' heads harder than white folks?'' Wrinkling his brow, he pondered, 'I rully do wonder what makes yo' head so tough. Don't it hurt you, Nub, buttin' ol' calves and things? Just buttin' a pile of bags hurts me somep'n awful. I don't reckon,' he continued resignedly, 'I ever will be a butter. But,' he added, brightening, 'I can drive tobacco to Richmond—that's more'n you can do.'

'Hunh!' disparaged Nubbin. 'Drivin' ol' bacca down ain' nothin', but buttin' is buttin'.'

Pausing, he continued as if in soliloquy: 'But I ain' no buttah a-tall. You des oughter seen my gran'pa. He war de buttin'es' one in de county—in de whole worl', I reckon. He kill hese'f buttin'—'

'Killed himself buttin'!'

'Yeah. A white man offer 'im two dollah ef he butt de sto' do'. Well, de wo'd was n't more'n outhen he mouf 'fo' gran'pa had back hese'f back, an' wid a shake er he haid 'way he went, buckin' an' jumpin', scerse touchin' de groun'; an' when putty nigh de do' he give a "Baa!" an' des nachully sailed th'u de air, an'—blam! He hit it, an' went clear th'u it, mon, up to he shoulders.

'Dey had a hard time gittin' 'im out, an' de man put de two dollah in he han', an' say he war de buttin'es' niggah in de county; but gran'pa des give one puny "Baa" an' pass out, right dar. De hole stay in de do' fo' fifty—fo' hund'ed year; an' 't would be dar yit ef de sto' had n't bu'ned. I reckon I got buttin' blood.'

Luther sat musing, without comment.

After a silence, Nubbin continued prophetically, 'One dese days I gwine be de buttin'es' niggah in Louisa County—maybe in de whole worl'.'

He added the last words softly, as if almost afraid to utter a vision so overpowering. Sighing, he pulled the quilts to his chin, squirmed closer to Luther, and drifted into reverie. No word broke the silence, as the wagon rocked on down Little North Road.

Suddenly Nubbin exclaimed, 'D'ar Jesus! Look who heah!'

Abreast of the wagon, just out of sight, trotted a diminutive black-and-white beagle. With his mouth lolling in a satisfied grin, he jogged placidly along, seemingly intent on his own affairs.

'Git! Git home, you ol' sneaker, 'fore I tan you!' yelled Luther, hurrying to dismount.

But the short stubby legs of the hound had suddenly developed surprising speed. Before either boy could find a loose clod in the roadway, the dog was facing his enemies well out of range. Slowly he sank to his haunches, head cocked to one side questioningly. A barrage of frozen clods forced him to dive into the thick woods, where he vanished.

The victors meandered back toward the wagon. They skipped, galloped, and pushed each other into ruts. Nubbin, in his cracked man's shoes that seemed merely to dangle on his small splay feet, half shuffled, half waltzed, a man's big sack coat flopping grotesquely about his knees, the long sleeves completely hiding his hands.

Suddenly he became a buzzard. Holding his arms out rigidly, the sleeve ends dangling like broken pinions, he sailed and circled, swooped and banked down the road. Another, less natural buzzard materialized behind the first, following its track, reproducing its every movement. The

buzzards came up to the wagon with such a grandiose sweep that the drooping mules were startled from their dozing.

Jolting along again, the boys chuckled and giggled. They certainly had scared 'at ol' Spot dog. Guess he was home by now. But wa'n't he some kind of a rabbit dog, though! And did n't he have sense? And he was a nice ol' dog. A hundred dollars — no, ten hundred dollars would n't buy 'at ol' Spot. No sir-re-e!

II

As the morning wore on, Nubbin's imagination began to picture the contents of the big lunch basket under the seat. Frequently he wiped his lips, but they would not stay dry. Feeling that he had reached the limit of all human endurance, he leaned far over the dashboard and carefully scrutinized the sun.

'Unhu-n-h! Gittin' close tow'ds dinah time,' he asserted.

Luther cut a mischievous eye at him: 'You're crazy! 'Tain' 'leven yet. Don' guess we'll eat till we get to Coleman's store.'

Frowningly, Nubbin expostulated: 'You nevah could tell time by de sun — an' you know hit.'

The argument was waxing vehement when a man on horseback drew up to inquire after Mr. Patten. Luther was much obliged to Mr. Thorpe: Yes, his father was a lot better, but a broken leg was a tedious thing. Yes, sir, they were taking the tobacco down. Yes, Luther knew the roads — he'd been down before with his father. Anyway, they hoped to pick up other wagons after they turned into the Big Road — at least find them about sundown at the Deep Run Camping Ground.

'Well, you're a pretty spunky boy, taking the tobacco down with just

that little nigger. Yo' pa ought to be proud of you,' praised the man.

Luther flushed, but belittled the undertaking. Nubbin rolled his eyes at the white man.

Thorpe asked if Luther was n't afraid he'd lose his dog in the big town.

'Dog?' asked the boy in surprise. 'What dog?'

'Ain't that yo' lil hound under the wagon?'

With a flurry of quilts the boys were out on the ground. Slowly wagging his drooping tail, Spot looked up beseechingly from under his lids, and, rolling gently over on his back, held up his front paws, crooked at the joints like little hands.

'Now ain't dat de beatin'es!' Nubbin exclaimed, mouth spreading in a wide grin. 'Tain' no use whup 'im now,' he interposed hastily, as Luther flourished the whip. 'He too fur fo' drive 'im home.'

'The nigger is right, Luther; you'll have to take him along,' chuckled Thorpe.

'Oh, darn the ol' dog!' exclaimed Luther. He sprang to the seat and started the team so abruptly that the little negro was caught with one leg over the dashboard. Scrambling in, glaring white-eyed at his partner, he tucked the covers about himself in silence.

Finally Luther drew in the team beside a small brook, and ordered Nubbin to unhitch and water, while he built a fire. With the coffepot steaming away, and the heaping lunch basket before him, Luther's irritation melted. Nubbin, happy at his friend's softening mood, and utterly unable to watch quietly the arrangement of the mouth-watering buttered biscuits, spareribs, sausage, and apple puffs, shuffle-stepped in circles and, patting his hands, eyes half closed, sang softly in jig tempo: —

'Sif' de meal an' gi' me de hus',
 Bake de bread an' gi' me de crus',
 Ho mart de Juba, Juba.
 Juba dis an' Juba dat,
 Eat de lean an' leave de fat,
 Ho mart de Juba.'

Spot was in the near background, keeping one eye on the basket, the other alert for any wild thing he might nose out of the brush piles. Suddenly a rabbit jumped from under his very feet! The basket was forgotten, the boys' yelling commands unheeded. Fainter and fainter grew the dog's yaps, as the rabbit lured him on into the tangles of the deep woods.

With intermittent discussion of rabbit dogs in general, — but particularly of ol' Spot and his qualities, — biscuits, sausage, and puffs disappeared with alarming rapidity. Nubbin's jaws stopped working only after Luther had tied tight the basket cover cloth.

The boys' prolonged calls and shrill whistles brought no Spot. Though thoroughly anxious, they could wait no longer. As it was, the sun would be low before they reached Deep Run Camp.

Both were silent as the wagon rolled down the long hill behind the trotting mules. Time must be made up on every down grade now.

At the foot of the hill, a small black-and-white animal slipped out of the woods ahead of the team and, giving one self-assuring glance toward the wagon, trotted unconcernedly down the middle of the road toward Richmond.

'Look!' exclaimed Luther.

Nubbin chuckled. 'Dat ol' dog!' he said admiringly. 'Ain't he de beatin'es?'

The other boy chuckled, too: 'Ain't he some kind o' smart ol' dog, though!'

The wagon lurched on, and finally turned into the Big Road. Surely there should be other wagons now! But

none were in sight. Perhaps they'd come up with one at the Forks. Gazing down the long, deserted road, Luther's thoughts insistently turned to depressing possibilities. Suppose there were no wagons at the camp? His back crept. Deep Run was so ha'nty in late evening — with its black creek, winding like a monstrous snake into the blacker depths of the slash. And Nubbin was n't much comfort — he was too scary. They must hurry on.

Evening approached, and still no wagons. Of all the tobacco that must be going down, why could n't they pick up one single wagon? Both boys tried valiantly to keep the talk going, but after each fresh effort the periods of silence grew longer.

The sun was down before they became aware of it. The world went suddenly all dusky and fearsome. Luther was glad to feel Nubbin snuggling close to him again. He thought they should be close to Deep Run, but was n't sure. He whipped up the jaded mules.

The way grew unfamiliar as dark settled over the road. The wagon seemed only to creep.

Nubbin shuddered: 'T is gittin' so dark! Le's stop heah 'fo' we git in any mo' ol' black woods.'

'Oh, we pretty near there now!' encouraged Luther. 'T won' be no time 'fore we see a fire,' but his voice trembled slightly.

He was tired — so tired with responsibility — and the mules were tired. Was it maybe three, or four miles yet to Deep Run Hill? Persistently he beat away the thought that the camp ground might be vacant. The thing was to reach it!

Then, pulling up a grade that seemed interminable, the off mule fell to his knees.

'Oh, Jesus!' whimpered Nubbin. 'Ol' Rock down! We can' go no fudder.' He began to sob.

But Rock regained his feet and the wagon strained on again.

'You shut up, you ol' cry-baby!' admonished Luther seathingly. 'I bet I won't bring any more ol' cry-babies with me!'

'Oh, I's so skeered! Hit all . . . so dark . . . an' skeery. . . . Oh, please! Le's stop . . . an' buil' a fiah . . . Luther . . . please. . . .' The little black head went suddenly under the quilts and down on Luther's lap, the little arms grasping Luther's leg.

Suddenly the team quickened its pace, the wagon rolled more easily. The seat slanted forward and the mules broke into a tired jog-trot.

'Man, we're here! We're on the big hill!' Luther shouted.

They tossed down the slope, Nubbin holding fast to Luther. Then Rock nickered, and a flickering light showed ahead.

Big Buck Smith, the boys' idea of a veritable paragon of a tobacco man, welcomed Luther, and the roaring fire welcomed Nubbin. Buck's frank, bluff praise embarrassed Luther almost to speechlessness:—

'So you an' the little nigger jus' set out to carry the Ol' Man's 'bacca down, did you? Well, now, ain't that the beatin'es!' and he slapped Luther so bearishly on the back that the boy swallowed his breath. 'Well, you jus' foller ol' Buck; he'll p'int you down—a-rollin',' and he bellowed such a loud, assured guffaw that Luther felt the Devil himself could n't scare him now. Nubbin's white teeth glistened bravely across the fire.

Luther was treated almost as a man; and he swaggered a little as he spoke knowingly of the roads, the weather, and the color of this year's crop 'up our way.' Nubbin swaggered too—silently, in reflected glory, as he strut-tingly ordered Spot hither and yon, to the little hound's great discomfort.

Buck even passed his plug of tobacco over to Luther.

'Don't believe I'll chew right now,' he declined casually. 'Maybe I'll take a bite later on.'

Nubbin looked at him so searchingly that his eyes fell.

After the cheering supper about the big fire, his last bone sucked, Nubbin rubbed his face well over with the pork grease on his hands and, rinsing them thoroughly in the residue, cocked his old hat more assuredly and drew forth a small battered harmonica. Softly, tentatively, he sounded a chord or two. Buck looked up. Could the nigger play anything?

'Play anything!' bristled Luther. 'Why, he can make a ol' harp fairly talk, man. Play 'im "Nelly Gray," Nub.'

Lovingly the little darky's hands wrapped themselves about the harmonica; slowly his eyes closed; gently his big shoes began patting a subdued accompaniment, as the strains of the old ballad rose softly, then swelled into the double-tonguing roll of the born master. Through 'Minstick Town,' 'The Bob-tailed Nag,' through ballad and reel, breakdown and jig, moaned and laughed the battered harmonica.

Without pause it swept into the finale, the time-honored air of the tobacco trains, the men humming the chorus:—

'Car' my 'bacca down,
Car' my 'bacca down,
Car'y it down Richmon' town,
Car' my 'bacca down.'

'Nigger, you sho' can play!' exclaimed Buck, as they rose to go to their wagons. 'But a player like you oughter have a good harp—a big one. Maybe,' and his eyes twinkled, 'Santa Claus will bring you a new one.' Then, turning to Luther, he laughingly added, 'I'll bet that nigger is no 'count for nothin' else.'

Luther seemed puzzled for a moment, then burst forth proudly: 'He can butt.'

The men roared with laughter. Buck gave him another of his bear slaps.

'That's all right,' bridled the embarrassed boy, climbing into his wagon. 'You jus' wait'll you see him butt sometime! He's *full o'* buttin' blood.'

Cuddled together, wrapped and rewrapped in quilts, the boys nested upon the soft tobacco in the shallow space under the canvas top, and soon droned themselves to sleep.

III

Luther's wagon was second in the little train that crawled slowly into the Big Road next morning as the sun began lightening the shadows of Deep Run Hollow.

First was Buck Smith's big four-mule team: rugged, powerful animals that could, hour by hour, eat up the miles with four thousand pounds of sun-cured behind them in the scow-shaped, handmade wagon of hickory and white oak. The oval canvas top, in natural accord with the rising bow and stern of the body, was more sway-backed, more rakish than the others. Big bundles of fodder bulged under the rope on the rumble behind; buckets swung underneath; a smutty fry-pan and coffeepot and a bright axe and lantern rested in their slots and hooks. Red, brass-mounted cow-tail tassels swayed and sparkled from the headstalls of the big mules, who, even under heavy strain, tossed their heads proudly. A small bronze bell tinkled comfortably from the hames of each leader—leaders who by mere word of command, even mere inflection of tone, would steer the ponderous wagon as easily and surely as a fur-gloved horseman could guide his pair of trotters.

'Some kind er ol' team!' murmured Nubbin, overpowered by admiration.

Awaking sharp echoes from the woods and hollows, the little train filed rumblingly down the Big Road. Gradually other wagons joined the column, one dawdling at a country store; another waiting at a crossroad; another, warned by the tinkling bells, hurrying in a trot down a deep-cut side road. Wagons of all shapes and sizes, carrying the tobacco down! Wagons thoroughly red from tire to top, as if painted, from the limit of the sun-cured belt; others yellow with the mud from Green Spring country; one blackened with the loam of Locust Creek; another from the sandy river flats of the South Anna—even a pariah of a produce wagon, with its butter and eggs. A giant serpent of wagons slowly winding its way down the road to Richmond.

And men! Black, and yellow, and white men! Old and young men, who yelled one to another above the rumble of the wagons. And a sprinkling of boys, a favored few, bound on a glorious sight-seeing orgy. Many would be the Munchausen tales carried back to their less fortunate brothers. Log schools, churchyards, and tobacco barns would be stirred to their amazed depths ere spring ploughing began.

Luther's team held its place by dint of both boys walking. Sometimes, on the long steep hills, they became fearful as the gap widened between them and the big team; but Buck would wait at the top to blow his heavy mules.

Hours of plodding; then dinner by Great Stony Creek! Coffeepots clattered and axes rung. A line of little fires soon puffed their smoke aloft, like signals. Luther and Nubbin toasted biscuits and sausage; absorbed tobacco talk; made friends with new boys who came up in diffident admiration

to see these young paladins who could take the 'bacca down. The boys were sorry when Buck called, 'Hook up, men, I'm a-goin'!'

By mid-afternoon the men were jaded from miles of walking to ease their fagging teams. Luther would long ago have ridden but for his pride; Nubbin would have brazenly mounted, pride or no pride, but for Luther.

At one of his halts on a hilltop Buck called and beckoned Luther; Nubbin followed closely as his partner joined the big man in front of the team. Pointing to a smoky haze in the east, Buck grinned delightedly: 'Thar she is, boys! Richmond! We'll be in 'fore sundown.'

The road grew smoother — Nubbin marveled at its smoothness. He marveled, too, at the sudden change in the men. Their plodding steps had become youthful; their seats in the saddle or on the wagon more jaunty; their voices brighter. Even the teams were infected with the change. Their step grew more lively; they even broke into occasional trots.

Soon all the men mounted. Nubbin was relieved beyond words, as he limped to the wagon. Luther resented his not entering into the spirit of their approach to Richmond, but perhaps he was just tired out.

Presently Nubbin asked, 'Ain't hit tur'ble skeery, wid all dat ol' smoke an' all dem ol' big houses, an' folks, an' things? What do hit look like — 'zactly?'

Luther could n't explain exactly what it was like; but it was powerful big, and everybody was hustling, and big policemen in funny hats watched you. Nubbin shuddered and, inching nearer the white boy, relapsed into silence.

At last the city! The first outlying saloon! — planted there to catch the wagon trade. Most of the train pulled

to the side and stopped — a dram at Reiley's was almost a ritual. The wagons strung out like a fleet of rusty ships at anchor. The few people on the cinder sidewalks stared with interest. Tobacco was sure coming down!

'Is dis de great Richmon?'' inquired Nubbin, with a vague mixture of relief and disappointment.

Luther sniffed. Pshaw! The unpaved streets and sparse buildings of this outlying section were nothing! Just let Nubbin wait! The sights downtown would pop his eyes out. Why, they scared even Luther — at first.

Nubbin wished they were safely in Captain John's high-walled yard, which he had heard so much about — a yard where there would be lots of wagons and lots of men, but country wagons and country men.

The laughing drivers yelled or slapped one another good-bye, for here the train split up into sections — some for Captain John Hundson's, some for Shockoe, some for Shelburn's — for any one of a half-dozen sales warehouses.

Going downtown, Nubbin made not a single comment on the sights which Luther pointed out, nor a single reply to his banter. He kept his head over the side of the wagon, occasionally catching his breath audibly. As they turned into Governor Street the electric lights went on. Nubbin flinched and looked at Luther questioningly. Why, the light was almost as bright as the sun — you could n't look straight at it!

The wagons rolled in a clatter down the ancient cobbled hill of Governor Street, back of the Governor's Mansion, the men lolling jauntily in their saddles or sitting in the wagons with knees acock, hats turned back. The mules were almost galloping.

Buck Smith gave a loud whoop, and in his deep voice imitated a fox horn's

Toot-te-toot-to-to-o-o! A door slammed in a house on the corner, a window went up; women were on the porch, at the windows, waving. Luther thought he heard a shrill voice cry, 'O you 'bacca boys! T'night!' He wondered why Buck acted so foolishly, made so much noise; why the women came out in the cold, half dressed.

With utter nonchalance, Buck swung the four big mules and the heavy wagon downhill, around corners, through narrow streets, as calmly and with as little effort as a woman takes a stitch. Lounging in the saddle, he ordered his chariot by easy word or slight check of the leader line.

Luther was frightened. His arms were cramped, his teeth set. Nubbin huddled in the foot of the wagon, openly sobbing and praying. Spot, jolted off the seat, yelped in abject terror.

At last, with a swoop and a swing, Buck's long wagon rolled accurately through the centre of the big gate into the wagon yard of Captain John Hundson's warehouse. Luther, breathing relief, guided his team through after Buck.

Darkness came quickly down upon the night camp in the wagon yard. Red fires grew, vague forms, like misty giants, loomed and vanished again. Nubbin felt an eerie strangeness in it all. Even Luther was glad to join Buck Smith by his fire. But the cheerful champ of teams and laughter of men, the flash of bright tin cups and the clink of pots and pans, the aroma of boiling coffee and sizzling spareribs, soon lifted them and thrilled them with the all-pervasive, buoyant spirit of the occasion. Was n't to-morrow the long-thought-of day of sight-seeing, of swaggering about the lower town with a pocketful of money, and of reunion, with toddies and gossip? Was n't the 'bacca down?

After supper, with the pipe smoke rising in the frosty night air, the *plunk-plunk* of a banjo came from the far side of the yard, where the negro drivers had instinctively herded together. Buck Smith yelled over that there were three fingers of rye to swap for a song.

The banjo awoke, and quickened to a run of chords. Then a black smooth baritone began singing:—

'Road it mighty muddy,
Way it mighty long,
But a-soon I'll git my toddy,
Fo' de mule he mighty strong.

'Wo'kin' all de summah,
Like niggah in de fiel',
Jes' to git some money
Fo' city folks to steal.

'Car' my 'ba-ac-ca down,
Car' my 'ba-ac-ca down,
Car'y it down Richmon' town,
Car' my 'bacca down.'

IV

After their tobacco had been unloaded next morning, the boys strolled through the warehouse. With shoulders bent and hands clasped behind them, with jaws working, they passed up and down the long aisles between the piled flat baskets; two of a long line of men, walking and acting one like another; pulling out bundles to bury their noses deep in the peachy smell; spreading open the mahogany and chocolate leaves to note their color and feel; pinching off a piece here and there to roll it on their tongues.

The negro boy aped Luther's every action—even to pretending to taste samples. Both frequently spat brown licorice juice, like amber. Spot walked bow-leggedly behind, sniffing at the baskets and sneezing often.

Wandering into a storage wing, they were accosted by a thick-chested black hogshead-roller, his pig eyes taking in

the small hound. 'White boy,' he said threateningly, 'ef you wants dat pocket-size dog evah see home ag'in, you bettah lock him in de Cap'n's safe.'

Spot growled.

'Oh, you's a fighter, is you? You wait, I gi'e you somep'n t' fight.'

Laughing nastily, the big negro slouched away.

'What de mattah wid him?' questioned Nubbin apprehensively.

'I don' know,' replied Luther, his face flushed, 'but he better not be tryin' to bully men around here. I'll — I'll — I bet he'd be sorry if Cap'n John heard 'bout it.'

Just then there was a flurry at the end of the warehouse — Captain John had come!

Captain John, red of face, debonair, military, the idol of his customers, and their best friend!

His arm about Luther's proud shoulder, one of his new dimes in Nubbin's pocket, he ambled beamingly down the aisles, shaking friendly hands, slapping friendly backs.

Luther's tobacco would be sold first! Yes, sir! The son of the Captain's old friend should get his check first and be free to enjoy the day. And the Captain wanted the buyers to bid the limit on this boy's tobacco; he'd brought it down alone, with only a little nigger — and there was no better tobacco grown in Virginia.

Captain John had a way with him, and when Luther's tobacco had been sold the boys were jubilant. The top price for sun-cured, the auctioneer had said! Would n't the home folks be tickled!

Did any fellers ever have such a trip — such a time! Chattering, whistling, they skipped arm in arm across the cobbled yard to feed the mules.

Luther must go over his mother's list

before the exploration of Main Street began. They perched themselves in the warming sun on the edge of a platform projecting from the far door in the unused wing of the warehouse, while Luther sedulously checked the items with a smudgy pencil stub. Nubbin was swinging his heels impatiently against the timbers. Spot was sniffing about in front, looking for stray bones.

Softly, very softly, unheard by the boys, the door behind them slid back. The small-eyed, ugly black face of the hogshead-roller leered out for a moment, then furtively drew back. A peculiar scratching sound, like animal claws on a wood floor, came from within. Spot suddenly froze, head cocked aside, one forefoot raised. Nubbin half whirled about and looked over his shoulder.

A huge brindle dog filled the open doorway. Slowly his powerful head swung, slowly his vicious red eyes shifted from the boys to the poised figure of the little hound just beyond. A bullying growl issued from his throat.

With a terrified yell, Nubbin rolled desperately over backward to the far corner of the platform; squealing, Spot darted for Luther's feet. The brindle dog snarled and charged.

Luther felt the blunt, heavy weight of the grotesque body as it struck him a slanting blow. Bowled over, he lay a moment confused and terrified. But the distressed muffled yelps of the little hound electrified him.

'Get a stick! Hit 'im, Nub — kill 'im!' he screamed. Running and dodging fruitlessly about the entangled dogs, he looked for a board, a stone, any weapon with which to drive off the bully, while he yelled boyish oaths and sobbed with fear and rage. He pawed at a protruding cobblestone which would not come free. Then a choking

gurgle from Spot sent a shiver of fury through him.

Desperately he jumped at the brindle and swung his heavy-soled brogan into the dog's ribs. Once, twice, he kicked with all the power of his reckless fury, sobbing, mouthing: 'Le' 'im go! Le' 'im go! You ol' heller! I'll kill you! I'll . . . kick . . . yo' ol' . . . heart . . .'

With a snarl the mongrel whirled from the little dog and struck at Luther's leg. Before the boy could move, quick as a snake, the brute recovered and sprang for his throat.

Instinctively Luther stiffened and threw up a guarding arm, but he was staggered by the heavy dog's impact. Stumbling, borne backward, trying in vain to keep his feet, he screamed in terror, as the beast's hot breath came in his face and he felt himself tottering, going down, under those terrible teeth.

The little darcy had been dancing up and down as if stung with hornets, his clenched fists beating the air, his lips stretched from his teeth in a tear-streaked grimace of horror, his shrill voice screaming:—

'He'p! He'p! Run heah, somebody! Run heah! . . .'

When he saw the brindle bring down his partner against the brick wall, he made a spring as if starting to his assistance. But the prospect of facing those savage fangs was too much for him. Holding up his ragged arms in supplication, he shrieked: 'O Gawd! O Jesus! Have mercy! He killin' 'im. . . .'

A cry from Luther of 'Help, Nub, hel-l-p!' reached a new spring in his consciousness. Fear, dreadful fear, had held him; but the appeal in extremity from his friend, his own Luther, snapped the leash. The blood of the Congo, the spirit of lion-hunting forbears, — and a butting grandsire, — quickened like

magic within his little body, within his soul. He went berserk.

With a sobbing snarl he threw his hat viciously to the floor, and sprang jumping, bouncing down the platform. Bleating an instinctive sharp 'Baa!' his slim body left the edge of the platform, and, like a tattered arrow, shot through the ten feet of space — straight for the brindle's head. Against that head struck the crown of a negro of buttin' blood — small, but of famous lineage; the grandson, indeed, of the buttin'es' niggah in de county.

V

When Nubbin came up out of the blackness of long oblivion, he thought he must be in Heaven. Before his tired eyelids could lift, he seemed to hear a voice in the far distance say: 'He's th' — buttin'es' — nigger — in — th' — world.'

It must be Heaven! On opening his eyes he was sure of it: a long-white-whiskered, white-haired old gentleman was pressing his head.

'Gab'r'el!' he thought. 'Rammin' home de golden crown!' But the crown-ing hurt terribly.

'Hit's too tight! Too tight!' he moaned, closing his eyes.

'Lie still, son! I'll soon be through.'

He felt a sharp prick in his arm. Gabriel was trying to hurt him.

Dimly, amid much talk, he heard a tearful young voice, a voice that sounded like that of his beloved earthly partner. Luther was in Heaven with him! That was good!

'Doctor, is he dyin'?'

'Dying nothing! When the hypodermic takes effect I'll finish stitching his head and strap up that shoulder. . . .'

What funny talk for angels! But of course Heaven was a funny place. Anyway, he could take a nap — Luther was there.

When his eyes opened to full consciousness, they glanced about the walls. Big railroad calendars, a long black stovepipe, and an old buggy harness did not seem appropriate decorations for the walls of Heaven. Trying to turn over, he cried out.

'Does it hurt so bad, Nub?' asked an entirely earthly voice.

'Who dat?' he questioned feebly.

'It's me — Luther.'

Rising, the white boy leaned over the figure mummied in shoulder and head bandages. 'You feelin' better?' he asked, stroking the black paw.

'You talks natchul,' Nubbin remarked doubtfully.

'Why should n't I? That ol' dog jus' chewed my overcoat collar. He hardly scratched my throat. But if it had n't been for you,' his voice broke, 'I reckon—I'd been—mos' killed.'

Nubbin's eyes were drawn back to the old harness.

'Den dis heah ain' . . .' he began, but his question was interrupted by a hot, black nose against his cheek. With an effort, he looked into the face of what resembled a blear-eyed, disreputable old man with a soiled stock about his neck.

Smiling faintly, he asked, 'He hu't much?'

No, Spot was n't dangerously hurt, but there was a bad gash in his neck, which Luther had bandaged.

Captain John, Buck Smith, and a dozen others came admiringly into the room.

Buck Smith stood beside the boy's cot and, leaning over, closed the slender black fingers about a narrow red-and-gold box from whose elaborate decorations stood out the words: 'Full-Concert Harmonica.'

Turning from the pinched face to the crowd, he said:—

'Men, thar lays the buttin'es' little nigger in the world.'

Slowly Nubbin seemed to awaken to the reality of his own familiar world, to the actual meaning and significance of those precious words. His eyes opened wide; they rolled from Buck Smith to the nodding men, then back to Buck.

He moistened his lips; his little hand squeezed tight on the new harp. Then, slowly, like sunrise, a beatific smile lighted his ashy face. He sighed, as if unloading a great burden, and, closing his eyes, murmured:—

'Yas, suh, I got buttin' blood.'

A DAUGHTER OF HAWTHORNE

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

I

My sister Rose, last-born of Nathaniel Hawthorne's three children, lived seventy-five years; nearly two thirds of that span passed in the seclusion of her own family; the remainder, emerging to unsought distinction in the love and honor of many. The latter part of such a career arouses interest in its beginnings; and, since I am now the only surviving person qualified to portray her earlier phase, I feel myself under a certain obligation to attempt this sketch of my sister's infancy and girlhood.

No one familiar with her as a girl could have foreseen what her maturity was to be; the change was abrupt and strange. Conditions for the departure were no doubt present, but hidden — even perhaps from herself. Yet her close may have revealed her true nature more accurately than did her youth: the chemistry of growth is occult.

She was born in May 1851, in Lenox, on the Berkshire hills: a child of Spring, and Spring never perished from her nature. She was hearty, vigorous, and impetuous, blue-eyed and rosy, with the auburn hair of that temperament. 'A bright and healthy child,' wrote her father, two months after her birth, 'and neither more nor less handsome than babies generally are. I think I feel more interested in her than I did in the other children at the same age, from the consideration that she is to be the daughter of my age — the comfort (at least so it is to be hoped) of my declining years.' He was forty-seven, and was

to die when Rose was in her thirteenth year.

She took her stand at once as a personage of dignity and importance: she was aggressive, quick-tempered, joyous, and confident. A breeze of purpose went with her; she was passionately affectionate, but independent; imperious, but generous. Her disappointments and indignations were frequent, but she could never be long dejected; she felt the richness of the world, and her thirst for high adventure would not be balked. She saw love in the faces of those about her, and supposed that earth and air were made of nothing else, and that it was her birthright.

She came at a happy hour of the family fortunes, after *The Scarlet Letter* had made its mark and the drab life in Salem could be exchanged for the freedom of the hills. Rose's petals expanded in the breezy sunshine; sky, mountain, lake, and forest were her familiars; goodangels had been her godmothers. Her father, in a happy vein, forthwith wrote *The Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*; and all went well. After two years the family removed to Concord, and thence to England, where, and on the Continent, seven more years were to pass. Rose at fourteen, though never outside the family circle, had seen more of the world than had most of her age — England, France, Italy, Portugal, and Madeira; had even, at Lisbon, had the entrée of the little Portuguese Court there, and had stamped her foot when an attaché had failed to comprehend her orders, and

shouted, with flashing eyes, 'Understandey?' The princess rôle suited her very well.

But she was only five years old then. Later she felt the mightiness of London and the exhilaration of Paris; and in Rome and Florence she gamboled in the Coliseum and the Palace of the Cæsars, picked up treasure-trove in the Forum, found green lizards for her brother, who was her constant companion at the time, and was making a natural-history collection. They climbed over the ruins of twenty centuries, and walked over the Campagna on the broad pavements on which Roman armies had tramped homeward from their victories. On rainy days they would visit the sculptures and pictures of the Vatican, or stroll about the vast jeweled spaces of the great Church, observing the mystic performances of the priests before the altars and listening to the enchanted music that wove invisible patterns in the upper air. Especially interesting were the confessionals, little booths set up here and there, into which would enter tortured sinners, emerging after a time with brightened faces and lightened steps. And the priest, wiping his shaved brow, would glance after them with a placid smile: one more reverse for the enemy of mankind! My sister and I never discussed religion; we were in a state of holy awe on the subject; and, though we had gathered the impression that the Roman Catholics were somehow in error, we did n't know why, and were affected by the warm splendor of their performances.

Rose, I think, was less touched by form than by color, and the long array of antique sculpture in the Vatican did not hold her as it did her companion, though she 'liked' the great Apollo, his patrician air of beautiful disdain. The child was an innate patrician; seemed to have a private understanding with

royalty; had a sympathetic enjoyment of high ceremonies, and was extremely fastidious in her tastes. Ugliness, dirt, disharmony, revolted her, and she averted herself from them with a haughty disgust. In view of her after career, this trait of hers must be emphasized.

II

Her father was an imaginative writer, her mother an artist, and Rose inherited creative ardor, but lacked the ability to give her aspirations satisfactory projection. She painted, she wrote, she played the piano and sang; but the restraint of rules was irksome to her in all things. Her conceptions, as Browning might say, broke through language and escaped; in all her girlish products there were an impassioned surge and exaltation, the purpose flagrant, but the rendering obscure. The gift of expression in art, much as she could appreciate it in others, was beyond her own control. Something else was needed to satisfy her soul and release her energies. She was to be a woman grown before the solution to her riddle appeared.

She did not find it in society; she was very critical of others, and would endow this or that person with virtues which they lacked or with faults of which they were innocent; vehemently repenting, afterward, her errors of judgment, but prone as ever to repeat them. She had no girl confidantes; and, in spite of her beauty and charm, she disturbed rather than won her male acquaintance. She might drape them in imaginative glories, or condemn them unheard and misunderstood; the ground failed beneath their feet and they were fain to retire, mystified; there would be no enlightenment on her part. One might almost say that she never really met people at all, for all her impersonal cordiality and resource. If she ever had

a love affair, it was in some region of the imagination beyond the scope of daily life. She could have been a queen of love; but she bandaged her eyes with rainbows and could not see realities. She was prone to pregnant silences when others were chatting, but her eyes would speak. She took more from her father than from her mother.

The freedom and scope of natural scenery and things delighted her; here were a beauty and breadth not subject to criticism; they afforded space for her ideals. During our stay at English Leamington, one spring, she and her brother would walk up an acclivity, a mile or two outside the town, where grass and foliage were profuse and free as when Chaucer sang, and there were hedges of hawthorn bordering the rustic paths. We gathered armfuls of the thick-growing red and white blooms, and Rose would carry them home through the sober streets, her rosy face smiling through the clusters.

Imagination so possessed her that in her childhood she mistook its creations for facts, and would come out of her retirements with marvelous tales of what she had seen and adventured; her wise father and mother were too wise to insist upon discrepancies between truth and fable. During our sojourn at the haunted castle of Montauto, outside Florence, Rose and her companion loved to wander through the great empty rooms, with their dim lights and soft shadows, listening for secret sounds and seeing gliding figures. In the *podere* — the estate appertaining to the house — we would wander hand in hand among the vines and fig trees, fauns and nymphs treading soundlessly at our side. If we recognized our own make-believe, it only added to the charm. The credulities of childhood may bear good fruit in later years.

On a visit to her free hospital sixty years after this, I recalled to her these

child experiences. She sat on the wooden verandah of her house of love and charity, the clear American sunshine falling upon her: a devout Catholic, a band of white folded across her forehead, black robes falling about her in long folds, a rosary on her breast. Her cheeks were still rosy and her eyes blue, her lips tender and resolute. 'I was chasing will-o'-the-wisps in those days,' she said, with a smile and a sigh. If it were a sin, her father-confessor would gently have absolved her. Her mother supplied his rôle in the early years; when Rose had done wrong, she was not rebuked, but her mother would draw her into seclusion, leading her, in silence, into contemplation of the Good and True, until the barriers would give way and tears came forth. The Lord of Heaven Himself might look through the mother's face in those moments.

In Concord, in her teens, she did not attend Sanborn's famous boys' and girls' school; and the decline and death of our father ended her childhood, and left her perplexed and taciturn. She had never before faced irreparable loss and grief, and deep emotion, in her, had not learned how to give or to receive sympathy; and religious consolations seemed, perhaps, too conventional for her need. We cannot lift the veils that cover these human withdrawals. Her abounding health and energy, incongruous with her spiritual mood, puzzled her; soul and body were at odds. The music, dancing, and light-hearted chatter of the Concord young people discomposed her sense of social values; she would be present at their merrymakings, but without hearty merriment; the feelings that really dominated her were incommunicable.

By a fortunate chance, Dio Lewis's seminary for young ladies was opened in Lexington (neighboring Concord) at about this time, and Rose and her sister Una went there. It was, really, a

school of physical exercise, according to Lewis's system, affording young women their first opportunity in this country to cultivate their bodies and live by rules of health. Only young 'ladies' were admitted; all went well; a delightful and wholesome organization was created. The girls wore a distinctive dress suitable for outdoor hikes and sports; they prospered greatly and were happy; it was a remarkable anticipation of a freer age. Una and Rose were greatly benefited, and Lewis made a small fortune; but after two years the big old frame building which housed them (it had been a hotel) burned to the ground; it was never rebuilt, and for fifty years the physical education of American young women was allowed to lapse. Mrs. Hawthorne, with her three children, removed to Dresden, in Saxony, and a new era began, by the end of which Rose had entered her twentieth year.

In the German city things wore a more practical aspect; the American and English society in these foreign places felt more freedom than at home; there were good music, good pictures, pleasant outdoor life, open-air concerts in the *Grosser Garten* and *Sächsische Schweiz*, hard by. Rose began to understand the society idea; but before three years the Franco-Prussian War took me to New York and the mother and daughters to London, where they were to meet the Brownings and other old friends — an agreeable interlude, until the mother's final illness began, the gravity of which I did not realize until a cablegram told me she was dead. A young fellow whom we had known in Dresden happened to be about leaving for London, and would escort the two girls back to America; but, after what seemed a very brief interval, a short letter from him informed me that he and Rose had become man and wife.

III

George Lathrop was even younger than his wife; neither of them was yet twenty years old. But the episode does not belong to the theme I am here treating; it was an error, not to be repaired. Its significance here is in the fact that it obliterated whatever dreams of a happy marriage state Rose might have had (based upon the flawless felicity of her father's and mother's union), awakening her, instead, to the rôle of endurance, difficult for her temperament of buoyant independence. Pride helped her, and her native habit of reticence in vital matters. Not until some twenty years later did she become a widow; a son had died in infancy.

Strong natures are perfected by strong measures. Rose was relentlessly tested. Beautiful, gifted, impetuous, imperious, and fastidious, the way to perversity was broad before her. Her friends were overprone to indulge and defer to her, and generous impulse could not protect her from selfishness. She might have made a brilliant figure before the world, but the heights above the world are reached by suffering.

Midway on their path, these young people were converted to Catholicism, surprising their friends even more than by their marriage — a daughter of the Puritans to embrace the faith pre-eminent for church authority, which had driven the Pilgrims to New England! Rose herself believed that the heaven had long been working in her, and that her childish experience in Rome had given hints of what was to come. We often interpret our present by our past. Her zeal was great; she had found a way to use her highest energies. But some few years were yet to pass before she found the means for the total self-surrender and devotion which were indispensable. Her first step was to seek a nurse's certificate in a hospital. There she

worked for a year, overcoming all the obstacles and tests which are designed to prove to the utmost the sincerity and constancy of the applicant. With the winning of her diploma, her future was in her hands. She knew the stories of the saints and martyrs of the Church, and nothing less than the extreme would satisfy her thirst for self-sacrifice. Whatever was most abhorrent to the instincts of the flesh, that must she embrace; whatever was most hopeless and forlorn in human fate, that must she love and assuage. All that had given joy in her life must be banished for the sake of a purer joy. In no figurative sense, but literally, must she accept the stern injunction, 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and follow me!'

She did not beguile herself with ecstatic emotions; she realized what she did; she had abundant common sense. But she was resolved that her regeneration should be unflinching and permanent. Nor would she seek the solace of mortal sympathy, but would pass through her fires, like the martyrs of the Church before her, with humility and cheerfulness. How be other than cheerful, since the indulgences of earth become a stench in the nostrils, but the fragrance of Heaven is immortal? She held no pose of sanctity, but was a plain working woman, diligent and faithful in the duties she had undertaken. Work, in increasing measure, was always to do, and she did it to the very end.

No other disease is more painful or repulsive than cancer, more hideous to see or torturing to endure. When the sufferer's poverty prevents him from commanding medical care and leaves him to perish unattended, human misery can hardly go further. Rose's plan was simple: she would attend those only who were paupers and had been given up as hopeless cases by the

doctors. They came to her, not to be healed, but to die. But till death came they received every attention and tenderness that love and skill could give, and breathed an atmosphere of human love, to many of them an experience without precedent. Rose had a little money of her own, and she spent it in renting a floor of a building in the slums of east New York and supplying it with cots; she could not pay for help, and at first she worked alone. By and by another young woman visited her, and became her voluntary assistant and her friend. Other persons, learning of the strange enterprise, made occasional contributions. Presently she was able to enlarge the accommodations and to care for more patients. As time went on, other unselfish helpers came, but not all found courage to remain. The enterprise, too, teetering continually on the brink of collapse for lack of means to carry it on, seemed to survive by miracle only; but always, even at the last moment, money would be sent it from unknown sources to supply the desperate need; the workers prayed, and their prayers were answered — they could assign no other reason, and they held faith in the efficacy of prayer. But by slow degrees the almost incredible fact of the hospital became known to one and another, and, personally confirmed, the supplies became larger and more frequent. A larger building was rented, and at last it became practicable to acquire a refuge for the moribund paupers, in an airy and wholesome New York suburb; more recently it has been redesigned and constructed on a broader plan. Long before this the Mother Church had taken cognizance of the Home, and a date was appointed for the formal consecration. Rose looked forward with joy to this consummation of her hopes; but when, one night, she had composed herself to happy sleep, she

did not awaken the next morning when the Sisters came to call her. Mother Alphonsa was gone; but she had lived long enough to see her work well done, and promising to endure, perhaps, as long as the need which it relieved.

IV

Circumstances took me far from her neighborhood in the latter years of her life; I could visit her but at long intervals. It happened usually in spring, cool sunshine falling on the porch we sat in; and our talk was not about the Home, nor about her joining the Church; and but once or twice did she lead me through the wards, perhaps wishing to spare me even a sight of what monopolized her whole existence. But we chatted of old times, and of the children who had arisen in our later age, whom she ardently loved, and who loved her. Once she gave me some little books of the Lives of the Saints; and once, when I was departing for India, to investigate the plague and famine there, she put about my neck a tiny metal effigy which had, she said, been blessed by the Holy Father, and would shield me from harm.

Upon the whole, I found her, in this later phase, naïve and childlike, like the little girl who had been my playmate, but with a difference. The passions of her nature, doubtless as urgent as ever, centred no longer round her personal fate and interests, for in her own view she no longer existed. She lived, labored, and prayed only for those incarnations of mortal misery which she had drawn about her. Formerly she looked forward to the splendid carnival of human life, to a career in art, in society, to a bountiful and happy marriage. Those aspirations had been uprooted like weeds in a garden, and she had planted in their place

flowers of deathless root: the lights of Carnival were quenched in the dawn of a purer festival. As she sat before me in her black robes, she was not sad to look at; cheerfulness emanated from her like a fragrance, as I remember it in her mother; and, like her, she was low-voiced, tranquil, and fearless. As with her father, too, her face would now and again be traversed by lights and shades of eloquent thought and feeling. But within all was the vivid, innocent sister who had been my companion long ago.

Does it seem a pity that a nature so finely organized to give pleasure to the world and to receive it should willfully confine itself to such as were poorest and most barren of human creatures? Is it not better to establish and illustrate the beauty of the life of the world than, for such an alternative, to turn one's back upon it?

Persons competent to answer such questions must needs do so in terms which to us are incomprehensible. They have learned, at a price, things which we do not know. They have felt a joy and seen a beauty in whose existence we are impotent to believe; and for the least of these, having once tasted them, they would not exchange the kingdoms and the glory of all the earth. Such divine beauty and joy are all about us, always; but we cannot be aware of them, for, though the veil be transparent, our eyes are blind.

The seers, on the other hand, are shy and humble, and stammer and retire when interrogated. They are not proud of their knowledge, but feel themselves to be the very paupers of Creation. 'What am I in the pure and lovely light of the Holiness of God?' It is vain to argue with such persons; but, if you examine them narrowly, you may find upon their hands and feet the marks of the nails.

LESSON

You were immersed in your 'funny paper,' —
 'Toonerville Trolley,' if I remember,
Or solemn jest of some other japer, —
 Monday, the second of September.

'Labor Day.' And the next day brought you
 School (and the sandy floors need sweeping);
And what have these days of summer taught you,
 These days in Sunset Beach's keeping?

Well, we roamed in the swamp of the lumber
 Yard in July when the frogs were shrilling
And huckleberries were past all number
 And pails too far to the bottom for filling

And an old red rotted 'funny' blew over,
 Manna to tired little girls sweat-reeking,
The very moment that I, the lover,
 Found the treasure I'd been so seeking.

Ophioglossoides. Mouth-of-the-adder.
 I looked at you on the dented sleepers
Of the old yard rails — and the delicate madder
 I held. And the arrowhead. And the peepers.

These are your moments, I thought, my darlings;
 Each to each, the manna he chooses.
Orchids will follow as plenty as starlings:
 Vain is the flower that the spirit refuses.

DOROTHY LEONARD

A LONELY LOG

BY CAPTAIN EUSTACE MAUDE

THE Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end;
Tarry not and fear not, chosen of the true;
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.

— ROBERT W. SERVICE

I

AFTER years of waiting and reading all the books that bore on single-handed cruising, I found in the spring of 1925 that, by the greatest economy, I might be able to get to sea. The preceding fall the Half Moon had been purchased, so I took her over to Vancouver in April, where she was changed from a sloop to a ketch rig, fitted out with new rigging, standing and running, and a suit of No. 8 army-duck sails, a wheel in the place of a tiller, and the cockpit decked into a three-by-five-foot opening, engines overhauled, boat pulled out and copper-painted. Without having incurred any useless expense, I found that if I did not want the sheriff for a shipmate I had better get to sea. So on the twenty-third of April I wired my people and told my friends in Vancouver I was leaving on the twenty-sixth with Portsmouth, England, as the objective. Up to this date I had kept my own counsel, as opposition was expected. One kind friend said he would like to send me to the Mental Home at New Westminster, but evidently relented, as he presented me with a sea anchor to help me on the way. The Press gave a 'Cheerio,' and with many a hearty handshake and wishes for good luck, armed with my mascots, a red butterfly and a piece

of heather, I left Vancouver on the twenty-sixth of April for Mayne Island, my home port.

During my stay in Vancouver I lay at Mr. Thompson's boathouse, at the entrance to Stanley Park. He helped me in every way he could, and I shall always feel grateful to him for his kindness. At Mayne the deck was painted and a few supplies taken in and good-byes said, and I left on the thirtieth for Victoria, where I took in my water and gas and was assisted by Harold Payne and my son George, who both put in a lot of good work finishing getting ready for sea. On May 2, with a kindly send-off from the people on the wharf, I left for the William Head quarantine station, where I anchored for the night, leaving next morning and proceeding down the Straits of San Juan under sail, anchoring that night in Callum Bay. Next morning to Neah Bay to send off a wire and farewell letters, and fill up with gas and water, soft bread, and a few vegetables. Neah is a fishing station, and later in the year has a large fleet of trollers for salmon operating at the mouth of the Straits. Leaving Neah, I passed Cape Flattery at 2 P.M. on the fourth of May, 1925. There was a good breeze from the north, and by midnight I had made an offing of thirty miles, which increased to fifty by daylight.

I sighted the Canadian Rover on the fifth, bound in. This was the last ship I sighted for the next forty days.

During the afternoon the wind and sea increased, which enabled me to become acquainted with the Half Moon. She was a fine little sea boat and carried her sail well; not a racer as to speed, but then she was loaded down a little too much by the bow. This, of course, I could remedy as I used my water. During the night, whilst lying in my bunk, I woke with a feeling of pressure and found that the battens, holding some cases of groceries, books, and clothing, had given way, and the cases had worked over to the lee side where my bunk was. At first I tried to buck the load off with my back, but it was no good. Turning over, I found I could get an arm out, and gradually work the stuff so that I could wriggle out of the bottom of the bunk, after about twenty minutes' work. It was not a very pleasant experience, as, if some of the heavier cases had jammed, they would have held me tight.

My accommodation was rather limited, as the boat was only twenty feet on the water line. I stowed nothing before the mast, which took off seven feet; then a cabin six feet long by seven feet wide, having a bunk on either side. Between the bunks on the floor were stowed water and gasoline in cases, the usual oil container. The same cargo filled in the starboard bunk, on top of cases of groceries, flour, books, and clothes, leaving the port bunk closed in, except for two feet at the lower end, so that you had to crawl in from the bottom, before the flywheel on the engine.

Three feet by one and a half was my saloon, dining and recreation hall; then came four feet, with engine and a gangway on the starboard side to hatch; on the port side, oil stove for cooking, sextant, and books. Aft this on deck was a small cockpit, with

just room in the aft end for an arm-chair and leg room forward, and this was where I steered from.

Our course, which was the track recommended to strike the northeast trade winds, took us from two to six hundred miles from the shore. As the sailing vessels were few and far between, we did not expect much company. The weather for the next fortnight was what we log as 'o. c. q. r.,' being overcast, cloudy, squally, rainy, with fresh and strong breezes, keeping us busy. On the twelfth I found that I had two stowaways in the shape of ants. They must have come off the vegetables at Neah Bay. They at first would not eat sugar, but after three days tackled it. They always appeared for dinner and supper, but were evidently not early risers, as they missed breakfast. They were christened Jack and Jill, and I was confirmed in my diagnosis of their sex by noticing that Jill was by far the most inquisitive, covering double the distance that Jack traveled. I believe that after a time they followed me, for if I went into the cabin they would appear there. They were with me over sixty days. Jack I saw on the fore part of the cabin hatch one day when I was reefing, and no doubt he got washed over, and Jill disappeared shortly after.

On the fifteenth, I found that of the three lantern glasses two had been broken, so I lashed the lantern and never took it down. It left me without a light on deck, but the few ropes I had to handle I got to know by feel, and my reef points I had marked with one whipping on the first, two on the second, and three on the third, so I had no trouble with them in the dark.

On the sixteenth of May I tried the sea anchor. The boat lay to it, but often in the trough of the sea, and I passed a very uncomfortable night. After that I always lay to with the peak of my

mainsail, the jaws of the gaff, about a foot above the boom. My sail had a square head, only about thirty degrees peak, so that it was snug, but there was a bag of loose canvas at the foot which might have been filled by a sea, so I had to put in a diagonal reef to handle it.

The Half Moon, with this sail, lay to like a duck, dry and easy. Sometimes after hard sailing from wind and sea, when I was getting worn out, I would lay to for a rest. When it was dangerous to leave her sailing herself, from the wind being too far aft, I would heave her to under this sail. Having no weights on the ends, she would ride very easily — a change from being hunted by combers, from endless helming, and from continued looking back to see what was coming. To leave this behind and lay to, slipping into the cabin for a square meal and rest, was like stepping into paradise.

Many people have asked how a boat sails herself. In the first place, a long straight keel is necessary, a good draft of water, and about one-third beam to her length. Such a boat, in any moderate weather, can be trimmed by the sails and helm to keep her course within half a point from close haul to wind, two points from the quarter, the head sheets being trimmed a little finer than the aft ones, so that if she comes to they will pay her off. I used at first to keep my hand on the wheel when setting her on her course, and very often, quite unconsciously, gave her a little helm. After a time I would trim her as I thought suitable on her course, then sit down and watch for a couple of minutes, then give her, if necessary, a pull of the sheet or a spoke of the helm and let her try again. In this way, very often, she was on her course in ten minutes, though occasionally it would take half an hour. My rudder, which was of Norwegian pattern, was so balanced that it stayed

where put, but I always put a twiddling line on it at night, as I found that in the dark, working in the cockpit, it might be pushed over without my knowing it, and spoil the trim.

II

May 19.—Latitude 40.10 north and longitude 130.10 west; the wind was on the quarter, and a heavy swell. I had just finished breakfast and was washing up, facing to windward, when a big roller came along. Lifting the stern of the boat, it swung the boom over to windward and caught me on the back of the head at the base of the skull. The thought flashed through me that, if I slacked my knees, I should fall inboard. This was the last I remember. Some time after, I came to, lying in a heap in the cockpit. All I could see was a blue haze, and I was stiff with cold. One arm that I had been lying on was quite numb. Gradually I got it to work and, feeling my way, managed to crawl down into my bunk, remaining there till evening, when I got on deck and roughly set her on her course by the sun. I could not see the compass.

For the next five days, though I took all the medicine in the boat, I suffered from severe headache and could get no action from my inside. My sight was slim; only after a time could I make out east and south on the compass. The other points seemed too complicated. On the fifth day I heated a little soup and put in four heaping teaspoons of curry powder, and swallowed it. Then I lay down on my bunk with blankets over me, and in a few minutes I began to sweat; in a couple of hours I began to feel ever so much better. Continuing this treatment in a milder form for a couple of days pulled me round, though I had a nauseous headache whenever I had to

face the sun, and a lump on the back of the head about half the size of a Bartlett pear. As I lay, I thought how much clearer the compass might be marked. Mine was by a good maker and has north denoted by a spearhead made with little scrolls. The easterly points are fairly legible, but the westerly half is a collection of straight strokes which are hard to separate in a dim light. West is double V — no double U about it. On the twenty-fifth, I was able to find my position, which was a hundred miles farther to the west than I ought to have been, but I had kept her rather offshore while I was in this fix, not able to take sights or sometimes see the compass.

May 28. — The water is now getting warmer, and to-day, with a light breeze, we sailed through fields of Portuguese men-of-war, lying in long swathes like mown hay as far as one could see, the swathes about fifteen feet broad with thirty feet between of clear water. There must have been myriads of them, and all drawn up in this order with the top of their sails dropped. No collision, though there was a slight swell, and the line of the swathe not six inches out. As I broke through them they peaked their sails, evidently with the idea of re-forming. I could only guess that they had probably gathered for the purpose of mating. The other day I passed a lot of yellow seaweed about the size of a man's hand, the fingers having a small crablike animal enveloped in each tip. As I passed, these would detach themselves and swim for the boat. I paid no more attention to them until I got into harbor, when I found they were barnacles and that my quarters were covered with them. As we sailed by them at three knots, these infants would make up their minds a living was in sight, and go for it. If we are descended from them, as the scientists

say, we certainly have degenerated, as we have no such qualities at a like age.

May 31. — San Francisco lay about two hundred and fifty miles to the east. We were rather farther out to sea than we should have been, but we had made the westing whilst I was laid up.

The weather all through the trip was abnormal. The summer of 1925 was a very hot one on the Pacific coast, and it made the summer winds much stronger and more irregular on the sea. The Sechart whaling station on Vancouver Island closed prematurely on the first of August — catch, one whale; the reasons stated that there were heavy storms and fogs. On the fifth of June I struck the northeast trade and ran on till the tenth, when I found that my strength was hardly sufficient to set the sails, and had no appetite and constant headache. Going south, I was facing the sun all day, which made me quite giddy, so I determined to make land. The question was whether to go to the Mexican coast or to British Columbia. I decided on the latter, though it meant, of course, a much longer passage, but then I should be back in my home port. The turn was made at latitude 27.30 north, longitude 130.30 west, a point about a thousand miles west of Guaymas, Mexico. Of Guaymas I had many pleasant memories, as we were there in H. M. S. Scout in 1866, during the French occupation of Mexico.

June 15. — A large whale, swimming on the surface of the water with just his nose showing, passed about thirty feet across the bows. He seemed to be about sixty feet long and paid no attention, though I seized two enamel plates and knocked them together, chipping off the enamel. The boat gave three or four big dives as he passed.

June 19. — Misty morning. Reset sail, had a good look around, and went to get breakfast, which I had just

finished when I heard a steam whistle and there, a hundred yards off, was a big steamer, the Mauna Ala, Captain Hall. He hailed me to know where I was bound and if I wanted anything. I replied, 'No.' In fact I was so taken aback, as I had not seen a man or vessel for forty-six days, that I even forgot to ask for a paper or some fruit. Wishing me good luck and saying he would report me, he steamed away. Good luck to him for stopping. He made me about eight hundred miles southwest of San Francisco.

June 20. — I felt better and began to eat, and I did not have to face the sun all day.

June 22. — I was washing up after supper, with my hands in the water, when I saw a shark about nine feet long swim slowly by, a couple of feet from my hands. It did not take me long to retire. Unlashing the boat hook, I waited a short time, when he came by in the same place. Aiming for the back of the fore fin, I drove at him with all my might and was brought up short, as if I had driven at a hard dirt bank. The shark turned sharp round and crossed, going off on top of the water, splashing for all he was worth for about sixty yards, and then disappeared, leaving me with the skin rubbed off the palms of my hands from the boat-hook staff.

III

June 25-30. — Very stormy weather with a very close atmosphere, making only thirty miles on course in five days. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, I had been watching the ocean for two hours. There was a sea from the north, the direction of the wind; and from the west, or a little to the southward of it, a cross sea — running, I should say, twenty miles an hour in a well-defined stream — came hissing along. Three

times this sea shot across the cockpit, the after part luckily clearing me, and going so fast that it did not leave more than half a bucket in the cockpit, though one sea was certainly eighteen inches in depth as it crossed. I had started to go below, and was halfway down the ladder, when a sea struck the boat on the port beam, driving her a distance of thirty yards to leeward, leaving a sheet of foamlike wake on the weather beam. Everything on the port side was fired across the cabin and hit the starboard side. A big navigation book went into a space about its own thickness over a tank on the opposite side and eighteen inches higher than where it started. I think if the sea had hit the deck house it would have cut it off at the deck.

This was the same day and time of the Santa Barbara earthquake, June 29, 5.40 P.M. Half Moon time about one hour earlier, about 4.40. For half a minute after, there was a calm and no sea, the boat on even keel and perfectly still; then the racket began again, blowing and plunging, so I got my supper and cleared up for the night, which meant putting everything in its place so that I could put my hand on it in the dark. Then a look at the barometer, and I crawled into my bunk and was asleep in a couple of minutes. My only change from deck to bunk was to take off my oilskins. Otherwise I turned in all standing, boots and all, during the trip. As the lawyers say, 'Time is the essence of the agreement.' The Half Moon, though a good boat, now and then required the agreement to be carried out without any loss of seconds on the part of the crew.

Daily routine: shake out reefs and reset sails and have a good look round the horizon for ships; pump out, clean lantern and stove, and serve out allowance of water; 6 A.M., cook breakfast; 6.30, breakfast; 7.00, wash up and

clean cabin; 8.00, wind watches and take sights; forenoon, make repairs; 11.30, start dinner and get sextant; 12.00, noon sight, then dinner and work out reckoning and repair gear or read; 6.00, supper; sunset, in one reef of mainsail, pump out, see that all gear is clear and ready for the night, trim sails, read; to bed at nine, having a look at compass every two hours during the night.

Provisions for the trip were as follows (asterisk denotes 'all expended'): —

	<i>Taken</i>	<i>Brought back</i>
Coal oil	8 gals.	2 gals.
Gasoline	50 gals.	50 gals.
Water	50 gals.	2 gals.
Bacon	50 lbs.	25 lbs.
Milk	48 cans	18 cans
Jam	96 lbs.	50 lbs.
Mutton	48 lbs.	18 lbs.
Tomatoes	6 cans	(all blown)
Biscuit	112 lbs.	100 lbs.
Tea	12 lbs.	2 lbs.
Cocoa	6 lbs.	4 lbs.
Coffee	6 lbs.	3 lbs.
Olive oil	2 bottles	$\frac{1}{2}$ bottle
Eggs (greased and packed in two coal-oil cans of lime)	24 doz.	7 doz.
Sugar	30 lbs.	10 lbs.
Sardines	48 cans	18 cans
Prunes	10 lbs.	*
Flour	50 lbs.	*
Lime juice	1 qt.	*
Rum	1 qt.	$\frac{1}{2}$ gill
Soap	6 cakes	5 cakes
Butter	12 lbs.	*
Bread	12 lbs.	*
Potatoes	10 lbs.	*
Onions	10 lbs.	*
Baking powder	2 cans	$\frac{1}{2}$ can

My provisions lasted well. I was overstocked with biscuit, jam, and bacon; short on flour, potatoes, tomatoes, and lime juice.

My tomato cans bulged from the motion, and the last eighteen tins of milk, when opened, would pour a little thin yellow liquid and seemed to be solid in the middle, so I chucked them over. Thinking about it since, I believe they were churned into butter, which I

never thought of at the time. I had one quart of Jamaica rum. Some time after my accident I took a small glass, but it made me so noisy that I reduced the ration to a teaspoonful and had half a gill left when the trip was finished.

The engine was not used at all, so there were fifty gallons of gasoline on the boat when I returned. My cooking was done on a one-burner Perfection stove, which was screwed to the locker abreast the engine. A small wire was run round the standard on two sides, about eight inches up; this held a plate to heat. On the top plate, which was round and perforated with holes, three pins about six inches long, with a shoulder in the middle, were used. I put on my pan or kettle and dropped the pins in round it so that it was well secured.

For breakfast: light lamp, put on cast-iron frying pan, and in it a tin kettle with a pint of water. Then mix bread: six heaping dessert spoons of flour, half a teaspoon baking powder, and stir into a stiff batter. By this time the kettle has the chill off and the frying pan is hot. Take off kettle, grease fry-pan, put in batter, with the lid over, turning it once. In ten minutes there is a nice round of bread. Take out bread, grease pan, then take off pan and put alongside stove, on kettle. The frying pan is hot enough to cook bacon or eggs.

I put great faith in the cast-iron fry-pan; it was easily cleaned and, through the thickness of the metal, it gave a lasting and even heat. My breakfast was always ready in half an hour from the time of lighting the stove. Dinner and supper were much the same, but varied with regard to meat. I had hot bread at every meal; one pint of tea I found ample.

The Half Moon was built by Erickson Brothers of North Vancouver in 1919. (Length twenty-five feet over all; twenty feet at water line; eight-

foot-four beam; five-foot draft. Clinker built.) Her lines were those of a Norwegian pilot boat. A splendid sea boat, but not fast in moderate breezes. Her build did not give her much stowage, as her bilge rose quickly, so that I was cramped for room with all the stores in, especially as I had nothing before the mast or very little abaft the cabin, so as to make her easy in the sea. Taking sights required some management; armed with sextant, watch, and notebook, if I could see from inside the square of the after hatch all was well. It kept my body braced. Sometimes I had to go forward or aft; then it was a case of catching the sun, holding on with one hand, then trying to get a peep at the watch and afterward write down time and altitude. In the middle of the operation she would give a roll or spray, and you had to secure yourself and instruments. I lost two legs of my sextant, but the watch was in good shape, a Vanguard movement Waltham, kindly lent me by Mrs. Wilkinson of Cobble Hill. Only one day whilst on the voyage could I see the horizon, so there was a good deal of snap-shooting.

I will here describe my ablutions. I had two one-pound baking-powder tins, and inside each a silk handkerchief. Dropping a few drops of olive oil on one, I would wipe myself over. As my skin was always more or less briny, this kept it in good order and clean.

Sailing on, by the eighth of July we had reached 40.35 north latitude and 137.2 west longitude, a point where you can generally fetch the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the prevailing winds being northwest, of a force three to five (Beaufort scale). My experience was that they were to the north, blowing with a force of five to seven, which made it hard sailing for a small craft, combined with a swell and current from the north. The only course was to keep

her going with all the sail she could carry, generally with two or three reefs down, which meant the decks awash, and, as she struck a sea, a shower bath for the helmsman.

IV

July 17. — Latitude 43.36 north, longitude 129.45 west. I woke to hear an ominous wash of water and my bed felt wet. Exploring, I found four inches of water on the cabin floor and everything more or less damp along the sides as it ran up as she rolled. I started pumping, and after two and a half hours I could see the keel, and at the same time I felt that I had had all I wanted of this sort of exercise. So I got some breakfast and pumped out again, which took a quarter of an hour. As I had been only half an hour at breakfast, to keep the water down would mean twelve hours a day pumping. As we were some two hundred and fifty miles from land, this did not seem good. After some seeking, I found a small stream was running in from the shaft aperture. The packing from the outside packing box had evidently worn out from the continued motion. There was no inside box, so that all that could be done was to caulk around the shaft very gingerly, as I was afraid of splitting the shaft log. This stopped the leak, and the boat was pumped out dry. My cabin and bed remained damp for the rest of the trip, as it was too wet on deck to dry anything. I tried drying a coat at the mizzenmast-head, but even there the spray got it. The damp bed made me perspire when I lay on it, and the pounding against the sea, as my pillow was against the bow, hurt my ears, how much I did not realize until the lighthouse keeper at Destruction Island hailed me and I could not hear a word he said. My only luxury was to light the oil stove and

make a tent over it with my oilskin and dry it out.

A sailor's life is either a king's or a dog's. A king's when, with all sails set, you slip along enjoying the most glorious air in the world and sunsets and sunrises and starry nights that appeal to all that is good in the human. Or when, in a storm, you sail up the side of a big wave capped by a lot of combers, and, as you get to the top, a little splash, and she is sinking gently down the other side. It is like steeplechasing, only your chases are longer and your fences have an agreeable variation and come to you, and if you enter you have to run. On the other side you have the dog's life, and I am having a bit of it now. Crawling up of a night from one's bed along the deck to the forecandle to take reef in the staysail sounds simple, but it means sitting down on the back of a bucking horse to take your reef in, often a bucket of water in your lap and a fair chance of being hydraulicked into the briny by some wayward comber. There was only a couple of minutes' work, but it would often take twenty, as you had to drop everything and hold on.

Darwin, in his voyage round the world in the *Beagle*, called the ocean 'a tedious waste, a desert of water.' Not so to the sailor; it is his battleground, where he fights continually with the weather. No ship has been built that can disregard it, and a careless move in the game may mean loss of life or vessel. In fine weather you have to polish your weapons and prepare for storms. In storms you go well armed for the fight and you can probably hold your own.

July 26. — As the sun rose in Eastern Oregon, it silhouetted the Cascade Mountains into the sky, above a bank of mist which hid the land. A little later, as the shadows grew shorter, I could recognize the peaks of the

Cascades, Three Sisters, Diamond, and Cowhorn — old friends, as I ran stock in Silver Lake, Oregon, for six years. To-day is the eightieth day we have been at sea, and we have seen only one vessel during that time. In the forenoon the mist cleared off and I sighted land, my noon sights putting me fifteen miles west and two north of Cape Foul Weather on the Oregon coast. It was rather a temptation to go into Newport, where there is a big summer camp, as we farmed in the Willamette Valley after leaving Eastern Oregon and I should probably have come across old neighbors. It was our custom, after the grain was shocked and the contract for the threshing let, to put the family in a spring wagon with a camp outfit and drive down to the coast. The sands are fine going as the tide goes out. So, from my previous travels, I was able to identify the beaches. My game now was to beat up north fairly close to the shore and head out to sea about six for the night, and at 2 A.M. lay for the shore again.

By the first of August I was off Grays Harbour — a perfect morning. At one in the afternoon, in first reef; two, in second; three, in third; four, hove to well offshore, with the sea getting up. As we stood along the coast next day near Cape Elizabeth, about thirty feet on the lee bow, a round rock, about six feet in diameter, appeared out of the water. I had to stand on, as I had no room to wear and too much swell to be certain of tacking. My trouble was that I had not expected to have to sail this coast and had on board only a chart eighty miles to the inch. Next day I sighted Destruction Island, and the keeper sent a boat off telling me I was right amongst the rocks. This I found out afterward, as I could not hear a word he said, and he reported that I would not answer — which was the truth.

On the seventh of August, with a stiff breeze and a heavy swell, I was watching the shore about two miles off when I heard a sudden roar, and there on the weather bow, about forty yards off, was a chunk of rock about twenty feet square and fourteen feet high that appeared out of the water, which was cascading down its sides. I put the helm up and wore, standing back as near as I could the way I had come. This bit of the coast is called the 'Bone Yard of the Pacific' and I believe it deserves its name.

On the ninth of August, off La Push, a small harbor thirty miles south of Cape Flattery. As I had only two gallons of water left, I hailed a fisherman, and he gave me a tow in. I did not like to start my own engine, as it might start the leak again. We got in about 4 P.M. and anchored. I cleaned myself a bit, and landed on some sand. From the sand a sidewalk ran up the street. As I walked up it, two ladies came along and I sidled to the right, and just as they came near I went off the sidewalk to the left, my legs taking charge. I saw them laughing.

I could not get a wire off that night, as it was Sunday, but struck a Good Samaritan in the wife of the Indian Agent, who set before me salmon, eggs, bacon, tomatoes, corn, and potatoes, apple pie, peaches, berries, cheese, honey and butter, hot cakes and coffee. I felt rather embarrassed, not knowing what to eat first. She would not take any payment, saying, 'Wait till a young man comes along and I'll take it out of him.'

Next morning at 6 A.M. a face appeared in the hatchway. It was my faithful son George, who had journeyed as far as Neah Bay to look for me, when my wire was intercepted, and he came on down in a fish boat to La Push. We were towed back to Neah Bay by Margaret, Captain

Christenson, and arrived at 5 P.M., where we met the Dominion Government lighthouse tender S.S. Behring, Captain Evans, which Colonel Wilby had told George could tow us back to Victoria if we came in. Leaving that night, we arrived in Victoria at 4 A.M., August 11. Landing, we were welcomed by a government official (caretaker of the Government Liquor Store), and so up town to bed. George had steered all the way from La Push.

When I landed, my ankles were swollen and my weight had dropped from 222 pounds to 182 pounds. I was deaf and a bit weak, all, I think, due to my having to lie on damp bedding. My hands were covered with calluses. A month at George's home on Mayne Island, with good cooking and playing with my grandchildren, set me up again, although I am still a bit deaf. The time at sea was ninety-seven days actually outside the heads in the open sea; this, they tell me, is a world's record for a single-hander. If so, I am well rewarded for rather a tough trip, as I was seventy-seven years of age and six foot four in height, neither of which facts is convenient for traveling, but I have to thank my parents, who endowed me with a good constitution.

Calling the distance traveled, at a conservative estimate, about five thousand miles, and the time at sea ninety-seven days, this would work out about fifty and a half miles a day. This does not seem much, especially as I had only two days' calm, but I lost quite a bit when laid up, heaving to, and with bad weather, currents, and so forth, on the return journey, which was a dead beat for sixty days, except about eight hours' fair wind off the mouth of the Columbia River. I am afraid my yarn is rather a wet one and very egotistical, but what else can you expect from a single-hander? They are all cranks, anyhow.

CAPEADORES IN WALL STREET

BY RALPH WEST ROBEY

I

If a reader would form a conclusion, he must consult his premises carefully.

In 1921 the United States suffered the most severe and most general business depression it had experienced in a quarter of a century. The average of industrial production for that year was 23 per cent below that of 1920, factory pay rolls were 32 per cent below the level of the preceding year, factory employment 20 per cent, building contracts awarded 10 per cent, and freight-car loadings 13 per cent. Stock prices reflected this depression by seeming, for the first half of 1921, to have no bottom whatever. Finally, however, signs of improvement appeared, and in August of that year stock prices began an advance which continued without a really serious setback until March 1926.

The extent of this great stock-market advance is best realized if one assumes that on August 25, 1921, he had bought one share of each of the stocks used by the *New York Times* in its daily index of the price of industrial stocks. The total cost would have been about \$1675, or an average of \$67 a share. Had one sold them on December 31, 1926, he would have received approximately \$4425, or an average of \$177 a share. Suppose, still further, that the stock had not been sold at the end of 1926, but had been held and sold on May 14, 1928. Under these circumstances these same shares would have brought \$6750, or \$270 each.

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Further analysis of this astonishing advance of stock prices reveals still more interesting facts. The first is that the period of gain should be divided into two parts, the one extending from 1921 to the end of 1926 and the second from the first of 1927 to about the present time. Actually the first might more properly end at the beginning of 1926, because stock prices were about the same then as they were at the end of that year. For ease of reference, however, and since it is frequently said that stocks have been advancing since 1921, it is well to include all of 1926 in the first period. This makes it extend over some sixty-four months, as contrasted with the less than seventeen months of the second period.

The second interesting fact is that, although the gain in the two periods was only 17 points different, 110 points in the first period as compared with 93 points in the second period, during the early period the country passed from the depths of depression to the greatest business prosperity it has ever enjoyed, while in the more recent period business activity on the whole declined.

The great business prosperity referred to came in 1926. By comparing the statistics for that year with those of 1921 some justification and explanation is found for the advance of stock prices from an average of \$67 to \$177 a share. For 1926 the yearly average of industrial production was the highest on record, and over 60 per cent greater than for 1921; factory employment was 17 per cent and factory pay rolls were

30 per cent greater than in 1921; building contracts awarded and freight-car loadings both set new high records for all time, and were 126 and 35 per cent, respectively, above the 1921 figures.

When, on the other hand, one looks for a justification of the advance of stock prices from an average of \$177 to \$270 a share, the task is not so easy. In 1927 the yearly average of industrial production fell 2 per cent as compared with that of 1926; factory employment, factory pay rolls, and freight-car loadings each fell 4 per cent; and building contracts awarded fell 1 per cent. Obviously, then, the rise in stock prices between January 1927 and the middle of May 1928 was not the result of improved prosperity. Even during the current year, when business conditions were improving somewhat over those of 1927, it was obvious that the market was not moving in anything approaching strict sympathy with the financial and economic conditions of the country. It has been clear to all that a new element has been introduced — whose importance, as ample evidence shows, has been beyond the predicting powers not only of the experts of statistical interpretation, but of professional stock-market speculators as well.

Explanations of the Bull Market

Various explanations and descriptions of this new element have been advanced. Some have said it is nothing more than that the superabundance of money in this country has automatically increased the demand for investments. Others have maintained that the changed attitude toward common stocks as investments has necessarily resulted in bringing the yield of these securities more in keeping with that of bonds and preferred stocks, and that this could be accomplished only by driving the prices of the common

stocks above the level formerly regarded as reasonable. One writer has even put forth the theory that the stock market has now attained a position of such prominence and power that it can break away from other activities and become a business in and by itself, and as such enjoy prosperity or the reverse quite regardless of what others are experiencing. But the most interesting of all the suggestions is probably that of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. This dignified periodical in its issue of August 6, 1927, intimated that the new element was President Coolidge. It said: —

However much or little Mr. Coolidge individually may have had to do with the prosperity of the past four years, he is credited with having been the backbone of that prosperity. The present bull market is going down in history not only as one of record proportions, but as one labeled with the name of Coolidge.

If the 'bull' market is to be 'labeled with the name' of its chief sponsors, it would be more courteous, and quite as much in keeping with the facts, to recognize a second 'backbone' and name it the Mellon-Coolidge market. It is the purpose of the following discussion briefly to indicate by what means Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon have been able to make themselves so important in the speculative life of the nation that they deserve to have a period of stock-market history permanently endowed with their names.

II

Every six months, and especially at the first of a new year, readers of financial pages are swamped with the prognostications of individuals whose views on future business conditions are perpetuated in print. January of 1927 was no exception, though most of the predictions were a bit less optimistic than a political party in power might

desire. The cause of this was that for some little time evidence had been accumulating which unmistakably indicated that business had slumped from the high point reached during the middle of the year. The indexes of December industrial production, factory employment, factory pay rolls, freight-car loadings, and wholesale distribution were all off a few per cent from what they had been three or four months earlier, and all of them, with the exception of freight-car loadings, were below what they had been for December 1925. By the middle of January 1927, conditions had become so bad that the *Chronicle*, in its issue of the twenty-second, commented as follows:

Of the fact that trade recession is under way, no one can any longer be in serious doubt. The evidence on that point is too strong and the signs too numerous to admit of any skepticism.

The First Slump

The stock market soon began to show the effects of this declining prosperity, and after holding up well through the middle of December began a slight recession after Christmas, when the predictions began to appear. On December 27 the highest average since the preceding February prevailed, the high of the *Times* index of industrial stocks being 183. From this level the prices gradually began to lose ground. The recession was slow, but the trend was unmistakably downward. Day after day it continued, with few exceptions, and people began to wonder if it was the beginning of a long 'bear' market which would slowly eliminate the profits accumulated during the preceding years. Even some business men began to talk for publication in a pessimistic manner. For example, S. W. Straus made public his opinion that the country had 'reached the

saturation point' as to office buildings, apartment houses, hotels, and apartment hotels. This sentiment was fairly widely discussed in the daily press and met with substantial agreement.

Necessarily this development of publicly expressed pessimism was a very undesirable turn of events for those interested in not having attention called to the slackening of business activity. It was, in fact, a much more unpleasant affair than the publication of unfavorable statistics. Comparatively few people would take the trouble to study statistics, but a great many people would listen to the opinion of the president of a nationally advertised investment house which sold its securities throughout the country. Consequently, when such an individual said in effect that an industry which affects a large proportion of all business was going to suffer more or less of a business depression because its market was glutted, it was a very serious matter, especially since no amount of reasoning could bring it in accord with President Coolidge's statement a short time before that the year 1927 would 'be one of continued healthy business activity and prosperity.'

Mr. Mellon Intervenes

Evidence is not at hand to show whether mere chance or an attempt at dignity caused the pronouncement disagreeing with Mr. Straus's statement to be made by Secretary Mellon, rather than by Mr. Coolidge, from whose opinion it differed so completely. In any event Mr. Mellon immediately gave an answer which, as reported in the *Wall Street Journal* of January 20, should have left no doubt in the mind of Mr. Straus as to just how highly his statements were appreciated in certain quarters. Three points were made in Secretary Mellon's statement. In the

first place, he said that he did not agree with the opinion of Mr. Straus; secondly, that Mr. Straus did not and could not know what he was talking about, or, as the report politely expressed it, Mr. Mellon 'doubts if any one man can tell what the situation is over the entire country'; and thirdly, that not only was Mr. Straus wrong about there being an overbuilt situation, but, 'taking the situation as a whole, the present may be considered a very fair time for building from the standpoint of cost.'

Mr. Mellon's statement, it should be noted, came after the market had been sagging for some three and a half weeks. Instead of helping the situation, the publication of Mr. Straus's views naturally 'had a somewhat depressing effect on the market, and there was considerable selling of stocks as a result.' The weakness continued for three or four days in spite of Mr. Mellon's disagreement. Perhaps the investing public needed this time to decide which of the spokesmen it should believe. In the past the pessimism of business leaders had usually deserved considerable thought, but it was possible, so the public may have reasoned, that there had been an error this time. In any event, and regardless of whether or not the three or four days were spent in weighing the relative capacities of Messrs. Straus and Mellon to pass judgment on the building situation in the United States, the market began a definite upward movement within a week after the statement appeared.

A New Decline

This upward movement continued with more or less regularity for the whole month of February, stocks moving from a low of 171 on January 25 to a new high of 189 on March 1. On the latter day, however, the price move-

ments became, according to the *Times*, 'highly irregular, and trading slowed down rather abruptly,' with the result that many stocks which had 'been advancing actively for several days sold off and ended the day with substantial losses.' The following day, Wednesday, witnessed still further liquidation, with 'very general unsettlement.' Thursday again showed weakness, and, while some strength was evident on Friday, prices sagged on Saturday.

Measured in dollars, the total decline in this brief period was not severe, but psychologically the market was in a disturbed mood and was likely to do anything. The *Times*, for example, made the following interesting comment on Sunday, March 6:—

In some quarters it was predicted at the week-end that, in the present anxious and somewhat nervous condition of the market, it will be entirely subservient to the financial news of the day, and that the tone and tenor of the news will, to a larger extent than has been usual of late, guide its fluctuations.

It was, then, a very opportune time for anyone to make a public statement if he cared to have his expressed views reflected in the stock-market trend. Whether Secretary Mellon took this into consideration in selecting the following day for a public announcement of extreme financial and speculative importance, or whether it was the merest coincidence, one cannot say definitely. It is, nevertheless, interesting in this connection to note that so far as the subject of the announcement was concerned the statement need not have been forthcoming for some weeks.

Again the Secretary Intervenes

On this following day, Monday, March 7, the 'market showed extreme nervousness at the opening, a good part of the list reacting upon the first

appearance of selling.' During the day, however, the Secretary of the Treasury announced his expectation of replacing the Second Liberty $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bonds with $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent notes. Since the exchange could not take place for some months, the bonds not being callable until November 15, the statement amounted in effect to the Secretary saying that he considered money rates were going to remain low, and that if the market had been hesitating because of fear of high rates it was, in his opinion, not making the most of its opportunities. When his statement is so interpreted, there is little wonder that an effect was quickly shown in the movement of stock prices. The *Chronicle* reported that the announcement 'more than neutralized' the appearance on the same day of the bad news that brokers' loans had advanced by a large amount, while the *Times* stated that 'Wall Street was disposed to draw highly optimistic inferences.' The market began to strengthen, and the *Times* reported two days later that 'prices rose with vigor' and 'it was a frequent comment in Wall Street that the "main advance" had been resumed.'

The upward swing, however, was short-lived. After moving from a low of 183 on March 8 to a high of 193 on March 17, stock prices again began to show signs of weakness. This downward movement continued for five days, after which more resistance to the 'bearish' activities was shown, but still there was no sign of real strength. Evidently a new impetus was needed to cause the market to continue to show signs of prosperity.

Strangely enough Secretary Mellon, who happened to be leaving for a visit to Europe at just this time, made his departure an occasion for expressing his optimism toward business conditions and stock-market speculation. In this interview he pointed out, as re-

ported in the *Times* of March 27, that the market seemed 'to be going along in a very orderly fashion' and that he saw 'no evidence of overspeculation.' In fact the country, as pictured by Mr. Mellon, was in about the most perfect condition possible, from the point of view of speculation. Witness his further statements:—

I see nothing to indicate that business will not continue to be good throughout the country.

There is an abundant supply of easy money which should take care of any contingencies that might arise.

I do not look for a change in the Federal Reserve rediscount rate for some time to come, because I can see no occasion for changing it.

Brokers' loans give a very good insight into the stock-market situation, and they appear in a very healthy state.

The Government will have about \$500,000,000 surplus on hand as of June 30, but I cannot say what the next Congress will do toward lowering taxes.

All signs and indications at the moment point to the country enjoying a successful business year.

It is not clear just why the Secretary should have thought it necessary to issue such a statement after the market had been showing weakness for several days, for so unreservedly favorable an opinion was bound to have a considerable influence on speculation. It may be that the blame should be placed upon some inquisitive reporter who insisted on having a popular story, or it may be that the Secretary was sincerely interested in putting an end to the decline. But in any case the statement had what the *Chronicle* termed a 'material influence' on the market and, in the words of the *Times*, 'created a cheerful feeling in Wall Street.' The following day stock prices strengthened and the market was ready to climb to greater heights.

This time it was no mere ten-day

spurt that the market was to enjoy. Rather it began, in its 'cheerful' mood, a movement which was ultimately to carry it to levels hitherto unknown. From a low of 186 on March 23, prices gradually climbed to 196 on April 5 and to 200 a week later. Over this new record of all time the market stumbled for the rest of the month, getting as high as 204 for a couple of days, but always slipping backward, although during this period the high of the day never fell below 200. Considering, however, that such unfavorable news as the Mississippi flood, increases in brokers' loans, and the Japanese financial crisis had to be offset, it must be conceded that the market amply justified the confidence which had been placed in it by its departed friend.

By the first of May the market had gotten its second wind and was in a position to break away from its monotonous record of 200. Within a week it advanced six points, and on June 2 the average was 217, a gain of approximately thirty points in ten weeks. Then, however, a recession set in which lasted through June. The loss was not severe, the total for the month being only about nine points, but its long continuance made it evident that once again new strength must be injected if the upward climb were to continue.

Enter the President

A basis for a return of optimism, if one preferred so to interpret it, was not long in forthcoming. President Coolidge, vacationing in the Black Hills, expressed what the dispatch to the *Times*, under the date of July 1, stated to be 'an optimistic view of business conditions.' According to this report, the President believed business in general to be 'satisfactory.' The Department of Labor, so it was stated, reported a 'satisfactory' condition of

employment, the Post Office Department reported an increased sale of stamps, and, although 'freight handling' showed variations, a generally 'satisfactory' condition was indicated. The President explained that the decline of net earnings of some of the railroads was due to an increase in railroad wages which had been put in effect about a year earlier. Perhaps also the increased sale of stamps was due to the mailing of circulars advertising summer sales.

To say that business conditions are 'satisfactory' of course means little or nothing. For the statement to have any particular significance it is necessary to indicate what 'satisfactory' means in relation to some recognized base. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Mr. Coolidge did not do this, and consequently his statement should be interpreted, although it very probably was not, with the same vagueness that characterized its expression. The following résumé will give some indication of the trend of business conditions as either the stock-market investor or the President might have followed them in the latter part of June 1927.

Industrial production in May was equal to that of March, 3 per cent higher than for April, and 5 per cent higher than for May 1926.

Factory employment in May showed no change from the preceding month, was 1 per cent lower than for March, and 3 per cent lower than for May 1926.

Factory pay rolls for May were the same as for the preceding month, 2 per cent lower than for March, and 1 per cent lower than for May 1926.

Building contracts awarded for May were 2 per cent lower than for the preceding month, 5 per cent lower than for March, and 1 per cent higher than for May 1926.

Freight-car loadings for May were 1 per cent lower than for April, 2 per cent lower than for March, and 1 per cent lower than for May 1926.

Commercial failures in May were greater than for the same month since 1922, and every month since the preceding July had been greater than for the same month of the preceding year.

Other business statistics would have indicated about the same thing — that business during the past few months had been slowing up appreciably and was on the whole a little worse than it had been a year earlier. Still it was unquestionably accurate to say it was 'satisfactory,' especially if 1921 were being used as a basis of comparison.

Whether it was such statistical evidence as the above, revealing a decline in business activity, that changed the attitude of the public, or whether the change was due to a favorable interpretation of the optimism of Mr. Coolidge, or whether still another factor brought it about, we can never know. The fact remains that stock prices at once started upward with an earnestness seldom paralleled in the history of the market. From a low of 207 on July 1, the day the President's statement was issued, prices moved to a high of 233 on August 2, a gain of 26 points in one month!

The Effect of a Famous Choice

It was on that August 2 that Mr. Coolidge announced he did not 'choose to run' for another term, but since the announcement came after the close of the market its first effect was not felt until the following day. The *Times* of August 3 anticipated the influence of the statement in the following words:

It was generally conceded that the decision will probably have an important effect on the immediate price trend, not because of the fear that there will be any less prosperity in the country with another President, but because of the fact that the market itself has been a 'Coolidge market,' and that, at the moment, it is set on a hair trigger.

Some days later, August 6, the *Chronicle* described the actual reception of the announcement as follows: —

The present bull market is going down in history not only as one of record proportions, but as one labeled with the name of Coolidge. His announcement, therefore, came as a genuine shock and, undoubtedly, at first was considered by many as the ringing of the bell announcing the closing of an epoch in stock-market history.

The day after the announcement, stock prices broke badly, and although the Federal Reserve rediscount rate was reduced, after which prices stiffened a little for a couple of days, the trend remained downward until the thirteenth, the total loss being about ten points. Then the 'main advance' again began and prices were carried, almost without interruption, to a new high level of 247 on September 16. From this there was enough recession to carry prices down some seven points within the next two weeks. Again, however, they recovered, and on October 4 once more reached their previous high of 247. But once again liquidation set in, and this time a downward movement of substantial proportions occurred.

For a few days the recession was slow and orderly. Then on Monday, October 17, it became precipitous, prices dropping to a low of 236 as compared with a high on the preceding Saturday of 242. For the remainder of the week, with the exception of Tuesday, when they held firm, prices dropped two or three points a day, until on Saturday they closed at 227, some fifteen points below what they had been a week earlier. This severe decline wiped out all the gain of the preceding two months and brought prices to their lowest level since the preceding August 18. For the present purpose, however, the slump is more interesting for other reasons.

Intervention Grows Bolder

From October 4 to 17 the decline, as we have seen, took place in a very orderly manner, the total loss being only three or four points. On the latter date there was a severe break, the market even opening below the level at which it had closed on the preceding day of trading. Then on the following day the President issued a thoroughly optimistic statement, with a result that the *Times* described as follows:—

Brief dispatches giving the President's views were printed on the financial news tickers soon after noon.

Up to that time the market had been subjected to aggressive attacks by speculative interests bent upon continuing Monday's decline. Many of the active issues were moving heavily. Sentiment in the stock-market community was distinctly bearish.

The response to the President's utterances was immediate. The selling pressure was lifted and a determined buying movement got under way, causing a brisk rally in the main body of stocks that continued without interruption until the close at three o'clock.

The same report went on to point out that 'the President's statements had a tonic effect on the financial community, dispelling much of the pessimism that recent reports of industrial and commercial activity had created.'

The second point of interest in this statement of Mr. Coolidge is the reason why it should have had only a temporary restraining power on the liquidation. A positive answer to this can, of course, never be given, but it is at least possible that his optimism went too far and that his statements were not sufficiently in accord with the known facts of industrial activity to create a buoyant speculative attitude after anyone had thought them over for a night. Or perhaps the 'puzzling lifting of eyebrows,' which, according

to the *Times*, some of the statements caused, developed overnight into feelings of genuine distrust. In any event the market again turned downward, and it is an interesting speculation whether or not it was disagreement with the President's views, as shown by the following account from the *Times*, that was a prime motivating element.

The statement that the decrease in railway net receipts 'is not great' was contrasted with the latest monthly decrease of 11 per cent from 1926 and $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent from 1925, and the statement that the railways 'are doing about the same amount of business as they did a year ago' brought references to the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent decrease in freight-car loadings. That 'exports are on the increase' was admitted, so far as concerned comparison between September and the summer months, although attention was called to the fact that September exports decreased \$22,000,000 from 1926.

The *Times* also announced that some 'criticism was made that description of the business outlook as "better than it ever had been" might possibly induce the uninformed to suppose that the country was surpassing the record of 1926.' It pointed out, however, that the general view was 'that the President had done his best to prevent undue discouragement over such reaction as is known to have occurred.'

The decline in the market, which continued in spite of the President's statement, was finally broken at the end of the following week. The upward swing, nevertheless, proved very short, and the end of the next week saw prices at still lower levels. From this latter point, however, they again moved upward with considerable steadiness until the end of the year.

Further Statements from Washington

In the meantime the White House and the Treasury continued to issue

statements at irregular intervals, but no further purpose would be served by discussing them in detail. Perhaps by this time the market had become so accustomed to being told about the countrys' prosperity that these frequent injections of optimism were essential to its 'bullish' movements. In any event the market came to anticipate them, as the following passage from the *New York Times* of November 16 indicates:—

Washington having become the source of most of the 'bullish news' of late, Wall Street interests with a hand in the stock market seemed to feel justified yesterday in predicting encouraging developments in that quarter. 'Keep your eyes on Washington for news that will influence the market,' one commentator told his following. He offered no explanation. The impression that Washington may be depended upon to furnish a fresh impetus for the stock market seemed rather general.

Two days later the same paper carried a story which stated that the President had 'declared that America was entering upon a new era of prosperity.' Obviously Wall Street was not to be disappointed.

The President on Brokers' Loans

One further example should be mentioned of what the market came to think it might depend upon and what many people think has been a deliberate attempt to continue a bull market. Friends of the administration might justify in one way or another the statements that have so far been discussed. It might be maintained that the President should review business conditions, because the public will read what he says, whereas if the Department of Commerce issued such a review most people would pay little or no attention to it. Of course any such reasoning would have to be stretched consider-

ably to explain some of the statements or to justify the selection of the times when they have been issued, or to make clear why their degree of accuracy has not been greater in some instances. But, even allowing for all reasonable elasticity in the explanations so far given, it is still impossible to justify the utterance made by the President on January 6, 1928, in regard to brokers' loans.

The essential events leading up to this unprecedented error of the President's may be set forth very briefly. After the market had closed on January 4, the announcement was made that brokers' loans had increased during December by \$341,071,018. This made a grand total of \$4,432,907,321, which was the highest on record and over a billion dollars above what it had been a year earlier. The following day there was, according to the *Chronicle*, 'a violent break in prices' on the stock exchange which was 'attributed to the large volume of loans,' and there was a great deal of unfavorable comment about such a volume. The next day, however, the Associated Press dispatches from Washington stated that 'President Coolidge is of the opinion that the record-breaking increase in brokers' loans is not large enough to cause unfavorable comment.'

Never before had a statement of such importance to speculation been issued by an occupant of the White House. Economists and students of financial affairs throughout the country were dumbfounded. Even Wall Street was amazed, for none of the 'old-timers,' so the *Times* reported, 'could remember an instance in which the country's Chief Executive had made a public declaration on a controversy of just that character.' According to them, 'the Chief Executive has traditionally avoided expressing opinions on subjects purely technical or which

are surrounded with problems of speculative activities.*

The effect of the President's statement on the market trend is scarcely worthy of comment. Of course it caused many people to feel more confident of the situation, with the result that there 'were sharp advances in many parts of the market.' On the whole, however, the market refused to budge. Apparently the President had again gone too far, and the market decided it would rather reach its own conclusions as to whether or not four and one-half billions of brokers' loans were too much.

III

It is needless to continue the list of public statements made by President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon. Enough has been said to indicate that they have had a profound effect on the recent bull market, though of course this does not mean that they have been wholly responsible for it. On the contrary, had there not been a great abundance of capital available for investment and speculation, and a condition of business which superficially could be interpreted as prosperity and actually was not bad, it would have been impossible for these statements to have had such effect. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that prices are higher to-day than they would have been otherwise.

It is still another question as to whether or not the influence of these two men has been deliberate. They alone can give a definite answer. It will be clear from what has gone before that time after time their statements followed a period of weakness or actual recession of the market. It is true, on the other hand, that they have not given out statements every time the market has receded. Yet, on the whole,

the correlation between their publicly expressed optimism and stock-market declines has been high. If the interference has not been deliberate, the times chosen for their public utterances have been astonishingly coincidental.

There is still the question of what harm has been done, even granting that the interference has been deliberate. To this the answer is obvious. If the present stock prices are materially above what the conditions of the country justify, it means that in due time there must be substantial declines in the prices of the securities which the public has purchased, just as there had to be drastic downward revisions in the prices of Florida real estate a year or so ago. If Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon have been guilty of bringing about the same type of inflation in the stock market that occurred in Florida, although necessarily to a lesser extent because there have always been too many 'bearish' interests to let prices reach any such relative heights as they did there, then the public may well remember the Mellon-Coolidge market.

'Coolidge prosperity' during the past eighteen months has been stock-market prosperity to a much larger extent than many of us realize. When people make profits they talk about them, and there are no greater talkers than successful small stock-market speculators, who give a false idea of the whole situation. It is this verbosity which has befuddled the thinking of a large portion of the American public. So far, of course, the great stock-market advance has been pleasant. Practically everyone has made money. So it was in the Florida inflation before the break. We are still told that stock prices will always remain high; that present prices merely anticipate future earnings. The same arguments and reasoning became hackneyed in Florida.

THE PUBLIC AND THEIR UTILITIES

FINANCE, ENGINEERING, AND MANAGEMENT

BY MAURICE R. SCHARFF

I

MANY public utility holding companies in this country have to their credit genuine accomplishments in extending and improving public utility service. With these accomplishments has come prosperity, attracting all kinds of men into the industry, with the result that serious abuses have established themselves.

Any attempt to present a picture of these abuses is necessarily a complicated task. Perhaps as clear a way as any will be to imagine that we are looking back from a vantage point of several years hence, and from this vantage point to sketch the history of a composite group of companies, made up for illustrative purposes out of material taken for the most part from companies actually existing at the present time.

Beginning our history, then, we find that our imaginary company controlled a large number of gas, electric, water, and street railway companies, situated in several different states, through a small investment in the Class 'B' voting stocks of the operating companies. Bonds, preferred stocks, and Class 'A' nonvoting stocks had been sold to the public in sufficient quantity to reduce the holding company's actual investment to a minimum, and at the same time to absorb nearly all of the net income distributed by the operating companies.

The holding company also had sold certain debentures, preferred stocks, and common stocks to the public, and was itself controlled by a banking corporation through the ownership of an issue of one dollar par value voting stock, each share of which had the same voting power as the fifty dollar and one hundred dollar par value shares sold to the public. As a result of this highly logical development of the modern expedient of pyramiding, the investment of the banking corporation in the system was very small indeed, and the share of the net income of the operating companies which reached the banking corporation in the form of dividends on the one dollar par value stock of the holding corporation was also inconsiderable.

Nevertheless the owners of the closely held banking corporation enjoyed a degree of prosperity which certainly could not be explained by the small dividends which the banking corporation received from the holding company — or even by the salaries which several members of the banking corporation received as officers of the various operating and affiliated companies making up the system. A kind of second sight alone can penetrate the complexities of modern corporate organization and accounting. Assuming that from our vantage point in the future we can apply this second sight, we find that the secret of the profits of

the banking corporation lay in that threefold key to the activities of the public utility holding company: finance, engineering, and management.

For the banking corporation, through the exercise of its voting control, was able to serve as syndicate manager to both the holding and the operating companies, and to participate in the underwriting of all their financing. And as the physical properties, particularly of the electric light and power subsidiaries, were being developed at a rapid rate, these operations netted a profit to the banking corporation many times larger than its share in the net income of the operating subsidiaries of the holding company.

In addition, the banking corporation owned all of the capital stock of an engineering and management corporation. This interesting corporation had contracts with all of the operating companies of the entire group to supervise their operations for a fee of 10 per cent of their gross revenue, and to perform or supervise all of their engineering and construction work for a fee of 20 per cent of their expenditures for additions, extensions, and replacements. Its capital was small, its only assets being its office furniture and a small working fund for office pay-roll purposes, as its contracts with the operating companies provided that the latter should advance all funds required for construction and field supervision work. And its profits were large, amounting to several thousand per cent of its capital, as its expenses were a small proportion of its fees, even where it actually performed a service and assumed the entire cost of performing it. Furthermore, the engineering and management contracts permitted a number of kinds of expenses to be charged back to the operating companies in addition to the fees, and, under the liberal interpretation which

prevailed, they also allowed fees to be collected, in some instances, on work for which the engineering and management were carried out by and at the expense of the operating companies, with only hypothetical supervision, and with no expense whatever on the part of the engineering and management corporation.

The interests in control of the whole group had many reasons for believing that this situation could be continued indefinitely. In the first place, its very existence was unknown to the public and to the public service commissions which regulated the rates of the operating companies. For the published statements of the operating companies, and the consolidated statements of the holding company, were so contrived as to defy any analysis which might be made in the attempt to show separately the payments to these affiliated non-utility corporations. And, of course, the engineering and management corporation and the banking corporation never published any statements, and had successfully resisted all attempts of the public service commissions to delve into their affairs, on the ground that they were not public utility companies and therefore not subject to regulatory jurisdiction. Furthermore, the operating companies of the group had been active and successful in their 'public relations' work, and in educational publicity, demonstrating that their rates were adequately regulated by the public service commissions to yield no more than a fair return on the fair values of their properties. A great chorus of customer stock owners and of newspapers and publicists, convinced by this programme of publicity that the operating companies were devoting themselves to the ideal of furnishing the best possible service at the lowest possible cost, stood ready to cry out

against any attack, which would immediately be branded as political and bolshevist. Finally, there had been no serious rate cases for many years, as expanding business and declining costs in the industry had always permitted the threat of rate complaints to be forestalled by the operating companies by so-called 'voluntary' rate reductions.

In fact, the situation approached perfection from the point of view of the controlling group, because, in addition to an enormous ratio of profit to investment, the earnings of the banking corporation appeared to conform to a high standard of financial stability and safety. For, instead of depending upon 'net income' from operations, they were derived almost entirely from financing fees, payable out of the proceeds of securities sold to the public, and chargeable, under the classifications prescribed by the public service commissions, to deferred accounts, to be written off eventually against the net income of the operating companies, the interest in which had been largely sold out to the public; profits on management fees, chargeable to operating-expense accounts of the operating companies, in advance even of bond interest; and profits on engineering fees, chargeable to the fixed-capital accounts of the operating companies, and paid for either out of the earnings of the operating companies or out of the proceeds of the sale of securities to the public.

One consideration, however, had been left out of account — the possibility of a searching investigation by the Federal Government. Such an investigation was finally made by a body known as the Federal Trade Commission, and soon brought to light the extent to which the group had sold out to the public its interest in the net earnings of its operating subsidiaries, and was living on its financial, engi-

neering, and management fees. These fees were judged by the public to be disproportionate to their value to the operating companies; in addition, the practice of collecting profits through exercise of control without investment was looked upon as a milking rather than a managing operation, and a wave of popular indignation against the companies of the group arose. The courts and the public service commissions, which had theretofore refrained from delving into financing, engineering, and management companies on the ground that they were not public utility companies, or else had approved profits on financing, engineering, and management when some showing of advantage or value could be made for the services rendered, now swung to the opposite extreme and held that, in the public utility industry, all profits on inter-company transactions, under contracts dictated by controlling interests without independent negotiation by the contracting companies and without competitive bidding, were contrary to business morality and to public policy, and should not be allowed.

At the same time a series of rate cases were started against the operating companies of the group, and the public service commissions of the various states in which they were situated, influenced, no doubt, by the violent public feeling that had followed the disclosures of the Federal investigation, restricted valuations and rates of return to such an extent that many innocent investors, including a large number of customer stock owners, suffered serious losses.

The holding company and the engineering and management corporation, however, had practically their entire income cut off, as a result of which the banking corporation was left so high and dry that the interests in control were glad to step down and out and

make way for a complete reorganization by a new group of interests in a manner more nearly in harmony with the public sentiment of the day.

II

It is probable that the Federal Trade Commission investigation of public utility holding companies now in progress will not disclose any single holding-company group with all of the features of the mythical group described above. Its fanciful fees, of 10 per cent of gross revenue for management and 20 per cent of capital expenditures for engineering, are higher than any that have ever been disclosed, although it cannot be at all certain, until the investigation is completed, that cases may not be found in which even these extravagant figures may be approximated.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the industry, however, or who is conversant with the few facts that can be gleaned from the published records, can be certain that the investigation will disclose every one of these features distributed among the companies that fall within the scope of this inquiry. Pyramiding of control through superposition of holding companies, and superpyramiding through use of low par value stocks, — a one dollar par value share, for example, sometimes having the same voting power as a fifty or one hundred dollar par value share, — are practices already familiar. Collection of fees for financing, engineering, and management disproportionate to the value of services rendered, collection of fees where no services are rendered, and numerous other methods of taking profits on non-utility operations through exercise of control by the holders of junior securities, no less certainly are among the activities of holding-company groups. Profits on sales of property and securities to sub-

sidiary companies, profits on rentals of real estate, rentals of underground conduits and other facilities, sales of equipment manufactured by affiliated companies, charges for furnishing automobile and trucking services, suggest some of the means by which the controlling interests are enriched.

Such disclosures as these have already been anticipated in general terms by the Federal Trade Commission, which outlines a typical case in the following picturesque language: —

A certain operating company needs a new generating unit or transmission line and needs funds with which to pay for the facilities. Being controlled by a company that is in turn controlled or otherwise dominated by a certain investment banking organization, the company is not free in choosing the channel through which to obtain the funds for purchasing the supplies and equipment and in choosing the organization that is to carry on the construction work. Under these circumstances it is customary for the controlling service organization to provide the various service agencies and charge fees for its services to the operating companies of its group. Its banking organization arranges for and participates in the marketing of the company's securities, and collects a fee; its purchasing organization places the orders for supplies and equipment, inspects the purchases, and collects a fee; and its construction organization performs the construction work, and collects a fee; and its consulting managerial organization supervises the management and operation of the new facilities, and collects a fee. To a considerable extent, especially where the interests controlling the service organization also control the holding company, this savors of trading with and making a profit out of one's self.

General terms, however, do not supply an adequate basis for public action. And so the Federal Trade Commission investigation will unquestionably perform a useful function

in answering the question, 'What are the facts with regard to these inter-company transactions and the profits taken from the public utility industry through exercise of voting control?' When these facts are fully disclosed, it may be expected that these transactions will be recognized not merely as incidental evils, as some have considered them, but as primary factors in the speculation in utility properties and holding-company securities, and in the partial breakdown of public service commission regulation, which have characterized these last few years.

The most striking aspect of this situation, perhaps, is that it should be necessary to ask at this date, 'What are the facts?' and that an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission should be necessary to answer the question. The leaders of the public utility industry, the official spokesmen of its trade organizations and joint committees, and its well-known extensive publicity have insisted day in and day out that the industry was not only willing but anxious to place the facts regarding every aspect of the business before the public. For example, the Official Statement issued by the National Electric Light Association, in convention assembled at Atlantic City, on June 6, 1928, said:—

Recognizing that lack of knowledge is as unfair to the public as it is harmful to the industry, the electric utilities consider it their responsibility to place all the facts before the public.

It is for these reasons that the National Electric Light Association, among its other important functions in the development of the electrical industry, some years ago assumed the responsibility for and adopted the policy of preparing and diffusing as widely as possible full, accurate, and timely information on all phases of the business.

Is it then mere accident or neglect that has so effectively restrained this

urge to 'lay all the facts before the public' with respect to these transactions between public utility companies and affiliated corporations furnishing them with services now largely outside the field of public regulation? Or has there been a conspiracy of silence to suppress facts which, if known, might interfere with the development of those desirable — and profitable — public relations which have been the object of the publicity activities of the industry?

The Federal Trade Commission investigation may help to answer these inquiries. Whatever may be the case, the fact is that it is rarely possible to secure any information whatever regarding the transactions here referred to from the published reports of the companies.

Try, if you will, as a stockholder or as a member of the public before whom it is desirable that all of the facts should be laid, to ascertain from the reports of the Electric Bond and Share Company what proportion of its earnings come from dividends received on the stocks of operating subsidiaries owned by its subsidiary Securities Corporation, and what proportion from profits on fees charged for financial, engineering, and management services. Look in the reports of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey for a statement of earnings and expenses of the Public Service Production Company (recently absorbed by the United Engineers and Constructors, Incorporated) and the Public Service Stock and Bond Company, or try to ascertain from these reports the proportion of the earnings of the holding company that it received from the profits of the Production Company and the Stock and Bond Company on their services to their affiliated utility companies. Endeavor to identify in the reports of the American Water Works

and Electric Company the earnings from the Water Works and Electric Securities Corporation, and the American Construction and Securities Company. You will fail in each case, just as you will fail if you try to learn from the published reports of the utility companies and their controlling holding companies the corporate relationship and the amount and disposition of profits arising out of intercorporate transactions between the companies of the Stone and Webster group, for example, and Stone and Webster, Incorporated; the companies of the Associated Gas and Electric Company group and the J. G. White Management Corporation, the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, and J. G. White and Company; the companies of the Consolidated Gas Company group of New York City and Thomas E. Murray, Incorporated, which carries the name of the Senior Vice President of its principal subsidiary, the New York Edison Company; the General Gas and Electric Corporation group and W. S. Barstow and Company, Incorporated, etc., etc.

This is not to imply that all of the companies named above have made unreasonable charges for services rendered to their affiliated companies, or have made charges where no such services were rendered. As a matter of fact, some of them will be found to have rendered to their subsidiary companies services of the highest grade, for which charges have been reasonable when compared with the charges for similar services by independent financial, engineering, and management organizations. The point is that the facts regarding these matters have not been fully revealed, and that, in the face of a constant insistence that all of the cards are being laid on the table, a Federal investigation is necessary to bring about an understanding of the situation.

III

The second point is that even the comparatively few figures that have leaked through the veil of secrecy surrounding the subject, by publication in the decisions of various public service commissions, are sufficient to demonstrate the lack of any established standards for reasonable charges, the extreme variation in such charges by different controlling groups, and the obvious unreasonableness of some of the charges that are made.

Few such figures are available regarding charges for financial services, and none at all regarding the cost of furnishing such services, so that this branch of the subject must remain largely a matter of mystery, to be unraveled by the Federal Trade Commission.

But there are a moderate number of cases involving fees charged for management services, and the absence of standards in this field is clearly illustrated by the wide range of the fees reported in these cases. For example, in *Alpha Portland Cement Company vs. Lehigh Navigation Electric Company* the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission approved a charge to operating expense of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the gross revenue of this company, which is supervised by the Electric Bond and Share Company; whereas the Nebraska Railroad Commission, in 1926, called attention in one of its decisions to the fact that the Northwestern Public Service Company was paying to its holding company, the National Electric Power Company, a management fee of 5 per cent of its gross revenue.

In regard to charges for engineering and construction, the number of cases reported is smaller, probably because the public service commissions have rarely taken this question under their jurisdiction, even in cases where fees

chargeable to operating expenses were before them.

However, notwithstanding the rarity of such cases, they illustrate even more strikingly the wide range of charges resulting from lack of standards. Thus in *Wood vs. Elmira Water, Light and Railway Company* the New York Commission approved a charge to operating-expense account of 5 per cent of the cost of all construction, excepting consumers' meters and services, for engineering, representing payments in these amounts made to the United Gas and Electric Engineering Corporation. In *re Wisconsin Fuel and Light Company*, the Wisconsin Railroad Commission disapproved a charge to fixed-capital accounts of 10 per cent of the cost of construction work, to represent the services of the Inter-State Fuel and Light Company and / or the Utilities Operating Company, in connection with engineering and construction. And in the cases of the City Water Company of Marinette and the City Water Works and Electric Company, the Wisconsin Railroad Commission disapproved a charge of 15 per cent of the cost of all construction work for services performed by the American Construction and Securities Company.

It is quite likely that these wide ranges of between $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and 5 per cent for supervision of management, and between 5 per cent and 15 per cent for engineering, might appear even wider if all the facts were known as to the extent of the services rendered, and the proportion of the cost of such services assumed by the engineering and management organization in each case. But even without taking this factor into account, and assuming that the engineering and management organization actually performs the service and assumes the cost thereof, experience and the customary charges of independent engineering organizations demon-

strate clearly that, for operations of the character and magnitude of those involved in these and similar cases, charges such as 5 per cent of gross revenue for supervision of management and 15 per cent of construction cost for engineering are so greatly in excess of the cost of furnishing the service as to constitute a method of taking an unreasonable profit for the controlling interests, in addition to the fair return on the fair value of its property to which the owners are entitled under public service regulation.

Criticisms of contracts of the type under discussion have been repeatedly made by many of the state commissions, although their hands have been largely tied by their lack of access to the accounts and records of the holding companies and affiliated service organizations.

Thus, in the Wisconsin Fuel and Light Company case and the two water-company cases referred to above, the Wisconsin Railroad Commission used similar language, an example of which is as follows:—

It is the opinion of the Commission that the mere existence of an agreement between affiliated companies does not alone justify its approval of charges made in accordance with the terms thereof, since the subsidiary is not a free agent, but is under the control of the holding company. Under these conditions, it appears that the charges for such services should, in order to be considered reasonable, bear a close relation to the cost of the holding company of performing the same.

And in the Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company case, where this company was found to be paying to the Commonwealth Power Corporation 3 per cent of the cost of additions to its railway properties, and 6 per cent of the cost of additions to its electric, gas, heating, and other properties for engineering, and 2 per cent of its gross

earnings for supervision of management, the Public Service Commission of Indiana said:—

We consider this plan simply a process of milking the patrons of the utility and directly obtaining an enhanced return on its investment. Sooner or later, patrons who are subjected to such contracts will become aroused, and it will furnish splendid argument for those who insist on government and municipally owned utilities.

Another indication of what the sentiment of the people of the United States may be expected to be when they clearly understand the issue raised by these transactions between affiliated companies in the public utility field may be found in the past action of Congress relative to similar transactions of railroad companies. It will be recalled that Section 10 of the Clayton Act provides in part that no common carrier engaged in interstate commerce

shall make or have any contracts for construction or maintenance of any kind, to the amount of more than \$50,000.00, in the aggregate, in any one year, with another corporation, firm, partnership, or association when the said common carrier shall have upon its board of directors or as its president, manager, or as its purchasing or selling officer, or agent in the particular transaction, any person who is at the same time a director, manager, or purchasing or selling officer of, or who has any substantial interest in, such other corporation, firm, partnership, or association, unless and except such purchases shall be made from, or such dealings shall be with, the bidder whose bid is the most favorable to such common carrier, to be ascertained by competitive bidding under regulations to be prescribed by rule or otherwise by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Still another expression of the public's attitude toward such transactions may be found in the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, published in the *United States Daily* for August 1, 1927, upon an investigation

of certain transactions between the Erie Railroad and a group of companies in which Mr. Russell S. Underwood, son of Mr. Frederick D. Underwood, at that time President of the Erie Railroad, was a heavy stockholder and with which he was actively connected. The report states that Mr. Russell S. Underwood also served as Director in the Chicago and Erie, and in the New York, Susquehanna and Western, important subsidiaries of the Erie Railroad, during portions of the period covered by these transactions. The Interstate Commerce Commission refers to these transactions in part as follows:—

We cannot, therefore, disregard transactions such as these, which, made under the circumstances and conditions herein described, are not only in conflict with 'honest, efficient, and economical management and reasonable expenditure for maintenance,' but are repugnant to sound business methods, and in some cases, at least, repugnant to good conscience.

IV

It is not intended to suggest that the making of a reasonable profit on fees charged for services rendered by a controlling interest to a controlled public utility company is necessarily illegal under existing laws. In fact, the contrary is clearly established in numerous cases in which such charges have been approved by commissions and courts. For example, in the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company case the Supreme Court of the United States approved the fee of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of gross revenue collected by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company from its subsidiary telephone companies for rental of equipment, use of patents, and services rendered, making, in the course of its decision, the following statement:—

Four and one-half per cent is the ordinary charge paid voluntarily by local companies of the general system. There is nothing to indicate bad faith.

The Supreme Court also quoted with approval the Supreme Court of Illinois in *State Public Utilities Commission ex rel. Springfield vs. Springfield Gas and Electric Company* as follows:—

The Commission is not the financial manager of the corporation and it is not in its power to substitute its judgment for that of the directors of the corporation; nor can it ignore items charged by the utility as operating expense unless there is an abuse of discretion in that regard by the corporate officers.

This doctrine of the separate entity of affiliated corporations, however, has its limitations, which have been clearly set forth by Professor Wormser in his stimulating little book, *The Disregard of the Corporate Fiction and Allied Corporate Problems*, as follows:—

When the conception of corporate entity is employed to defraud creditors, to evade an existing obligation, to circumvent a statute, to achieve or perpetuate monopoly, or to protect knavery or crime, the courts will draw aside the web of entity, will regard the corporate company as an association of live, up-and-doing men and women shareholders, and will do justice between real persons.

To a layman, it would appear that the taking of unreasonable profits by junior security holders through fees charged to controlled public utility companies comes so near to constituting a moral, if not a technical, fraud on the holders of bonds and other senior securities, and that such transactions evade so effectively the obligation to render service at cost plus a fair return on the value of the property, and circumvent so completely the statutory system of public service regulation, that the courts may be counted on, in

the long run, to disregard the corporate fiction and do justice between the controlling interests and the public who buy the securities and pay the rates.

The mills of the courts, however, in affairs like these, grind exceeding slow, and it is unlikely that the public, when once it grasps the meaning of these abuses, will await the slow processes of the courts to settle these problems of business ethics and public policy, rather than proceed to settle them itself through legislation and other action.

V

In anticipation of public condemnation of the practices about to be disclosed by the Federal Trade Commission, the duty of the public utility industry is clear. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in its Principles of Business Conduct adopted at its annual meeting in 1924, laid down the principle that 'business should render restrictive legislation unnecessary by so conducting itself as to deserve and inspire public confidence.' The public utility industry should at once add to its already extensive organization a dictatorship, in the integrity and independence of which the public can have absolute confidence. The dictator should ascertain all of the facts regarding the intercorporate relations and concealed profits resulting from transactions between affiliated companies, and disclose these facts so fully that the public may actually, and not merely theoretically, understand all of the facts of the business. Under his leadership, the industry should develop standards, in harmony with its professed ideals of public service, for reasonable charges for all kinds of service customarily rendered by one affiliated company to another. And it should exert the full influence of the leadership of the industry, either to

bring the practices of all member companies into harmony with such standards or else to cast out the companies refusing to conform, for the public condemnation and destruction which they deserve, and will, no doubt, receive.

Not only would such a programme go far toward restoring public confidence in the industry, — which, despite the protestations of the industry's publicity, has been considerably shaken, — but it is probably the only way in which the reasonable profits now being taken by the more conservative companies on services to their subsidiaries can be justified and maintained.

Up to the present time, however, there has been no indication of any tendency on the part of the industry to follow such a programme. The official attitude of the industry, as expressed by its leaders, has been to doubt the existence of abuses, except in rare, isolated instances, and to insist that in such instances the company or individual involved shall alone be held responsible. As Mr. H. T. Sands, President of the National Electric Light Association, stated it at the Convention of the Association at Atlantic City on June 5, 1928: —

Each association, each company, each individual must take responsibility for its or his own acts, receiving the credit or the blame that the record brings. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. Blame, if cause be found for any, should be placed where it belongs. The entire industry should not be condemned because of the misdeeds of a few, if any.

Unfortunately for this point of view, the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, the American Electric Railway Association, and the Joint Committee of Public Utility Associations have made it impossible for every tub to stand on its own bottom. An industry cannot

organize for a vast campaign of publicity on a national scale, to present itself as a whole in a favorable light, and escape the obligation to regulate itself, as the only alternative to restrictive legislation.

If the present attitude of the leadership of the industry continues, it can only be anticipated that such additional regulation through legislation will result. In such case, an assured feature of such legislation will be the requirement of complete publicity as to intercorporate transactions in the public utility industry, including the publication of separate income statements of all affiliated operating companies, whether engaged directly in public utility service or not; and the filing, as public records, of complete information as to all intercompany contracts and transactions.

Difficult problems must be solved in order to work out the regulatory features of such legislation, the very first of which, of course, is whether such legislation can be made effective by the several states, or whether the Federal Government is going to be obliged to step in to accomplish what will be required. Several possible types of legislation present themselves, also.

1. Public utility companies might be prohibited from contracting for financial, engineering, and management services from any affiliated company, except on the basis of competitive bidding, as provided by the Clayton Act for construction and maintenance work on the railroads. This, however, would be unsatisfactory, as these services are largely professional, and experience has demonstrated that professional services cannot be secured satisfactorily by competitive bidding.

2. Every company affiliated with a public utility company (a definition of 'affiliation' being developed especially for this purpose) might be declared to

be affected with a public interest, and subject to regulation by the appropriate state or federal commission, so as to limit its earnings from its affiliated public utility companies to a fair return on the capital used by it in its dealings with them. This would add a vast additional burden upon the already overloaded regulatory commissions, and it might well be that it would be the last straw which would break the back of the entire system of regulation.

3. All profits on transactions between the public utility companies and affiliated non-utility companies (again, a suitable definition of 'affiliated' being developed for the purpose) might be prohibited, definitely limiting the returns of all investors in the industry to a fair return upon the fair value of the property used in the public service, and thus bringing the fact into harmony with the theory of public service regulation. This might seem to involve

some injustice to those companies that have been moderate and reasonable in their charges for services to their subsidiaries, but it has, at least, certain advantages of simplicity. In view of the fact that the furnishing of services can be carried on without the investment of any substantial capital (and with no investment when such capital as is required is furnished by the controlled utility companies), it might prove to be the most desirable line on which to work.

Of course, there is always lurking in the background the possibility of government ownership and operation — than which no greater public calamity can be imagined. But it is hard to believe that the leadership of the public utility industry is quite so blind or that the American people are so stupid that they cannot avoid this pitfall, while working out a more intelligent solution of the problems presented by the public utility holding company.

BUILDING A FUTILE NAVY

BY GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

I

THE question of what a navy is worth to a country is to-day agitating every great nation in the world. Sea power — what is it and what is its bearing upon modern warfare? Although the answer cannot be found entirely by examining the records of the past, certain principles must be borne in mind.

First, let us inquire into the nature of war.

The essence of war consists in paralyzing the vital centres of an enemy, so

that people can no longer live in their homes, or maintain their manufactures, or till their fields, or raise live stock. In the old days, the only way of accomplishing this was for an army to advance along the ground, and, having pierced the hostile army, occupy the disputed areas and dictate terms to the conquered people. To-day, however, the development of the machine gun and rapid-fire artillery, the use of gas and chemical weapons, make it impossible for armies to advance rapidly, if at all. In Europe, after the armies had

gained contact they entrenched themselves, and moved backward and forward for a distance of only about sixty miles in four years. No commanding general had any power of influencing the decision. The airplane, however, appeared as the only direct means of advancing into enemy territory and practising effective warfare.

Orthodox sea warfare proved equally indecisive, for surface navies found themselves entirely unable to effect landings on a hostile coast. In the face of submarines, the British navy remained tied up behind torpedo nets in mortal fear of venturing forth. Of one hundred and thirty-four large warships sunk during the war, the submarines accounted for seventy. The high-sea fleets of Germany and Great Britain entered into combat twice, once for sixteen minutes and once for twenty-four minutes, no decision being reached in either case. The encounters took place so close to the coasts of both England and Germany that, had aircraft been developed at that time to the point they have now attained, both fleets could have been sunk expeditiously by air attack.

During the war, surface ships had very little value as far as protecting Allied commerce was concerned. The submarines, although used for the first time in history in a great war, sunk 11,153,506 tons of Allied shipping and almost half of Great Britain's merchant marine. The Germans maintained an average of only thirty submarines at sea at any one time during the war, and these were rudimentary compared with what can be built to-day. It should be remembered also that merchant shipping was not then exposed to the air menace, as airplanes did not have the cruising ability or the striking power they have since developed.

Thus it can readily be seen that the last war developed two new weapons

— the airplane and the submarine — which have revolutionized the problem of national defense. Looking at this whole question as one which aims to protect our country against outside aggression, primarily, we are forced to the conclusion that the great offensive and defensive weapon to-day is air power. It can cross the sea and attack any country in its vital places in a much shorter time and with much less effort than can either land or sea power.

Land power has become a holding agent which occupies a place conquered by air power. Sea power in its old rôle of defending a coast line has ceased to exist. Neither surface ships nor submarines can fulfill this function because aircraft can fly directly over them.

Why, then, this terrific hue and cry about battleships, cruisers, destroyers?

At the present moment Congress is being urged to saddle the American taxpayer with a heavy burden of expense to pay for the following surface craft, whose uselessness the World War and the subsequent Army Air Service bombing operations in 1921 and 1923 clearly demonstrated: —

Fifteen light cruisers, 10,000 tons each, to carry 8-inch guns, to be constructed at the rate of five each year during the fiscal years 1929, 1930, and 1931, at a cost of \$17,000,000 each.	\$255,000,000
One aircraft carrier to be constructed prior to June 30, 1930, at a cost, <i>not including</i> airplanes, of	\$19,000,000
Total	\$274,000,000

Nor is this immense programme fortified by any corresponding expenditure on our air forces, which are largely under the control of the Navy Department, where certain superannuated old gentlemen known as admirals dictate the practical workings and policies

of the naval arm. They have a very excellent idea of the regimen and make-up of a navy of, say, fifty years ago, when they dedicated themselves in the very flower of their youth to this service. But all their training, all their discipline, every act of their official lives, tended to produce a peculiar myopic condition in their inner vision. Their minds became less mobile, less able to take on new ideas, new systems, new departures. Their hearts were given to this service and no other, and they cannot bear to see the scope of its influence infringed upon, or its prerogatives absorbed by any other arm.

The kindest explanation one can make about men with this hidebound type of mind is that their whole-souled worship of the navy as an institution has blinded them to the higher call of country. They cannot, or will not, see that extraneous forces have made the old type of navy a 'has-been' in the armory of modern nations.

They still see the spectacular clash of fleet against fleet in a grand and ear-splitting engagement at sea as a practicality in modern warfare! Years ago Admiral Sims, now retired, one of the few naval leaders with real vision, made the statement that the battleship might be the backbone of the navy, but that backbone was broken. He said:—

There will never again be in naval history one of the Simon-pure naval expeditions carried across the sea to an enemy's port, the defeat of an enemy's fleet, the establishment of an advance base on his coast, and the pouring in of soldiers and supplies. This has been forever rendered impossible against any country that has adequate air and submarine forces. The command of the air means the command of the surface, whether it be on sea or land.

This same opinion is held by several other distinguished authorities, who have been, however, unable to influence

the astonishing conservatism of mind characterizing the Navy General Board.

The report of the Naval Affairs Committee which accompanied the bill presenting this cruiser programme contained the following enlightening statement in regard to the need for cruisers:

For scouting and screening duties with the capital fleet. The superior speed of cruisers enables them to obtain information of the whereabouts and movements of the *enemy fleet so that battle may be joined or evaded as conditions may dictate . . .* their combination of speed and armament contribute an efficient element to the screen protecting the Battle Fleet.

This 'superior speed' amounts to something between 25 and 30 knots an hour. Compare this with the speed of an airplane, of from 150 to 300 miles an hour. Take into consideration the airplane's bomb-dropping proclivities, to which even a battleship succumbs in four and one-half minutes; what protection will a cruiser be? Consider also the airplane's vastly superior capacities for scouting. The ability of a ship to find anything is almost negative. Witness the nine days' search for Rodgers's plane, off Hawaii, the position of which was known within a few miles. Even in the last war, in the little pond formed by the North Sea, the battle fleets found each other with the greatest difficulty, and then aircraft reported more than did any of the scout vessels, although the commanding officers did not credit the reports of the air officers.

This same report goes on to say:—

[Cruisers are needed] . . . for dispersed cruising tasks, such as protecting our main ports, the approaches to the Panama Canal, so vital to our trade and defense, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and other focal points; protecting from raids our merchant shipping and the transport of men and munitions; and controlling the use of the seas.

In the last phrase, the height of unintentional satire is reached. The seas cannot be controlled through the agency of ships when such invincible enemies exist as aircraft and submarines, which can destroy a ship, but are not easily harmed by it.

Since 1916, an authorization has existed for the construction of three fleet submarines, appropriations for which have never been pushed through. This in spite of the fact that we have only six submarines, built or building, of later than war-time design. American submarines are notoriously the worst in the world. The Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet reported on them a few years ago as follows:—

Of the combatant ships taking part in the problems, the submarines are the worst. Their design is obsolete and faulty. Their ventilation is poor and at times almost non-existent. The temperatures in the engine room rise as high as 135 degrees. They are unreliable. Some of their fuel tanks leak, either spoiling their fresh water or enhancing the fire menace, or leaving an oil slick whereby they can be tracked.

All submarines are so deficient in speed as to be of small use for fleet work except by accident of position.

In regard to the submarines, the Commander in Chief realizes with regret *that there is nothing better in sight*, and consequently the personnel will do the best it can to produce maximum results with those the fleet has. The work of the personnel of these ships is in many cases admirable.

In the meantime England, France, and Japan go on building excellent submarines.

Of late years, the propaganda which the navy circulates in regard to battleships and cruisers and our crying need for them has become so insidious and so inimical to the true state of affairs in national defense matters that it presents a serious bar to popular understanding of what these things should

consist of. Combined with the inertia of conservatism which reaches its finest flower in the navy, such lack of understanding constitutes an appalling obstacle to the modernization and reorganization of our national defense.

We hear a great deal of talk by the army and navy about the use of anti-aircraft artillery and protective devices from the surface of the land or the sea. While these weapons and devices have a limited effect, this effectiveness is constantly diminishing, as compared to the increased power and range of aircraft. During the war, the reports of the aircraft under my command disclosed that of the airplanes shot down when crossing the lines only one tenth of one per cent were accounted for by anti-aircraft fire. This was when aircraft had to stay in close proximity to the troops on the ground and the anti-aircraft gunners had every advantage. Anti-aircraft guns have not improved perceptibly since the war, notwithstanding the propaganda put out. They never can improve much, because a missile-throwing weapon needs some point of reference with which to check the strike of its projectiles. There is no such point in the air.

Furthermore, aircraft have to be seen or heard in order to be fired at. Modern aircraft can be so constructed as to be practically invisible a few thousand feet from the ground, and can be equipped with noiseless engines and propellers. They need not even come over cities or localities in order to launch aerial torpedoes, gliding bombs, or water torpedoes against them, but can make direct hits from a distance of many miles or thousands of yards.

If anyone thinks it is easy to hit an airplane with ground artillery, let him take a garden hose and try to spray a butterfly with it. He will get just about the same effect.

To sum it up, the surface ship, far

from being a defender of the country, is not able even to defend itself.

If a naval war were attempted against Japan, for instance, the Japanese submarines and aircraft would sink the enemy fleet long before it came anywhere near their coast. Airplane carriers are useless instruments of war against first-class Powers, because they are the most vulnerable of all ships under air attack, being merely thin shells, and are entirely at the mercy of submarines.

The only hope of maritime victory against Japan would be through an attack on her commerce by submarines. A military attack which would bring her quickly to submission would be an air-force attack through Alaska and the Aleutian Islands directly against her centres of population. This is not only possible but practical, and the Japanese are fully aware of it. Inversely, they could conduct an air campaign against the United States over this same route.

Russia is an even closer neighbor than Japan, her territory coming within six miles of ours, that being the distance between the two Diomed Islands in the middle of Bering Strait, one of which is owned by us and the other by Russia.

Similarly, a submarine attack on England's commerce would be the only means of obtaining victory in sea warfare, while an aircraft attack against her principal cities would quickly effect a decision on land.

It is realized by few that an offensive war across the sea might be conducted by aircraft using islands as bases and, from a chain of these, launching attacks against great centres of industry and population in the heart of the enemy country. Islands are easily defended by submarines and aircraft, if command of the air is obtained by the force holding the islands.

Further, few realize that such a

chain of islands, with intervals of open sea scarcely more than four hundred miles at the widest, extends from Europe to America by way of England and Scandinavia, the Orkney Islands, Iceland, and Greenland to the North American mainland.

In Bermuda, England has an island within aircraft-striking distance of our Eastern coast, and in Jamaica one within aircraft-striking distance of the Panama Canal.

England, Russia, and Japan all have air forces organized to act by themselves, entirely independently of an army or navy, to conduct a real air war. In fact, the military system that was adopted by most first-class Powers after the war separates land power, sea power, and air power, putting them under their own ministries. There is also a minister or secretary in charge of a department of munitions, which supplies all three. These four departments are combined under one general head, so as to fix responsibility and command, and to cut down overhead. This is a modern and intelligent system that would save millions of dollars to our taxpayers. The American navy, assisted by the regular army, prevented any such change in America. That is why air power lags so badly here. The United States, on account of its industrial excellence, its great supply of raw materials, its engineering ability, and the suitability of its young men to make pilots, could certainly lead the world in the air.

When the air force under my command sank the battleships in 1921, proving for all time that aircraft could control water areas, the Secretary of State called a conference for the Limitation of Armaments, which resulted in the Washington Treaty. It was the first constructive step ever taken by nations together for the elimination of useless war devices.

For their ostrichlike ignoring of the disturbing facts of modern national defense, the navy heads have no peers, and they are abetted by the machine politicians now in control of the government — men who have made office-holding an industry. They know that the financial forces behind ships, shipping, and foreign loans can be used to keep themselves in office. They therefore twist and turn the truth of national defense so as to make it appear that ships will protect the country, and demand huge appropriations for new construction. This is not only throwing our money away, but leads to a feeling of false security on the part of the people, a false confidence that their dollars spent on the navy will protect their country and their homes, whereas exactly the reverse is the case.

If a country is to have national defense at all, it should be designed to protect against some specific possibility; and in considering what might be brought against us we must take into account the strongest and most modern agencies which other nations have for conducting war. If this is not done, we might just as well be spending our money for bows and arrows, sling shots, and long spears.

This country needs a good navy, but it needs one designed to meet modern conditions and one which will stay in its own element, the water, and not attempt to get political control over both air forces and land forces, as is the case with the American navy.

We need a good army, particularly one which will give the citizen soldiery an equal chance for command and advancement with the regular army. The obsolete system of class soldiering with a small regular army which really is nothing but a national constabulary is a dangerous condition in this day and age.

In commenting on wars of the future, Marshal Foch states: —

The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the extent of disarming the Government, and thus become decisive.

In the report of the Select Committee of Inquiry into the Operations of the United States Air Service, the conclusion is reached: —

The uncontroverted evidence presented in support of this indispensability and potentiality [of aircraft] is so definite and overwhelming that one is convinced that its importance demands that, at least, air power must have a coördinate voice in the councils of the nation with sea power and land power.

Whenever an unbiased and straightforward investigation has been made of this matter by intelligent people, ungoverned by political exigencies or financial control, there has been and can be only one conclusion — that is, that air power has completely superseded sea power or land power as our first line of defense.

Our whole national defense needs a complete reorganization, and in no other way has this been more plainly shown than in the naval programme which the present administration has tried to foist on the American people. We need a single Department of National Defense, with coequal subdepartments of Air, Land, Sea, and Munitions under it, the latter department supplying the other three. Then and only then shall we be assured of an impartial and strictly accurate appraisal of what is needed in our national quiver of weapons; and, should war come upon us, we shall not only be armed properly, but we shall be led by one authority which can perfectly coördinate our several fields of effort.

PROBABILITIES OF WAR IN EUROPE

BY FRANCESCO NITTI

I

WHAT are the probabilities of war in Europe?

First of all, we must take into account the complete failure of the last European war, materially and morally — especially morally. During that war, half of Europe claimed that it was fighting the other half in the name of liberty and democracy. We were told that it would be the last great conflict. We saw, to be sure, the disappearance of the empire of Austria-Hungary, followed by the formation of new states that were called nations, and the end of the Hohenzollern monarchy — these conditions being highly favorable to the cause of peace.

But the failure was complete. Ten million men had been killed, more than thirty million had been wounded, and a considerable part of the wealth of Europe had been destroyed, with pitiable results. Before the war one Austria-Hungary existed — that is to say, one nation composed of widely differing populations — where now four or five nations exist. Before the war there was just the Alsace-Lorraine question, only one piece of contested territory, whereas to-day there are at least nine or ten such pieces of territory. There was only one great absolute monarchy, Russia, and two great authoritarian empires, Germany and Austria-Hungary. The war reduced all Continental monarchies almost to nothing and extended the republican form of government everywhere. Yet liberty has almost com-

pletely disappeared. There is red tyranny in Russia and white dictatorship of the most violent, sanguinary description in Italy, Bulgaria, and Hungary. The dictatorships in Poland, Rumania, Lithuania, and other countries are less cruel, but they are all thoroughly bad, and there are a number of absurd, comic dictatorships such as those in Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere.

Not only has Europe been transformed from a creditor continent into a debtor continent, but she is no longer the centre of world power. She is not only in debt — she is discredited. The Great War was chiefly a civil war among Europeans, and all the European countries — vanquished, victors, and neutrals — are weaker than they were before the war.

The least one might have hoped for after the war was a diminution of armaments. As a result of the peace treaties, the four beaten countries — Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria — have been compelled to destroy their fortifications, abolish armaments, and promise not to manufacture any military weapons. They are allowed only very limited equipment to maintain domestic order, and they are virtually stripped of all artillery and airplanes. Since so large a part of Europe has disarmed, one might at least expect a proportionate limitation of armaments all around.

But the exact contrary is the case. Europe now has more men under arms than she had before the war. She is spending at least as much money for

military purposes. Even the official figures of the League of Nations lead to this conclusion.

In an official document presented to the International Economic Conference in May 1927, a general analysis of public finance brought out the fact that no appreciable diminution had occurred since the reductions made between the years 1919 and 1923. Although the peace treaties limited the defense organizations of four European states to such an extent that they were merely able to maintain domestic peace, the world at large is spending more than 3800 million dollars a year for armaments, and Europe alone is spending more than 2200 million dollars. Expressed in gold, this figure about equals the amount that was being spent in 1913 when preparations for war had reached their height.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania — three countries that were either formed or increased as a result of the war — have a population of about 60,000,000. The population of Germany on the eve of the European War of 1914 was estimated at 67,800,000. The German Empire was then at the peak of its economic, industrial, and military power, and to the world at large it personified European militarism. At that time the German army contained 30,075 officers, including doctors, veterinaries, and administrative officials. The officers in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania now total 51,774.

It would be impossible to assert that the wealth of these three countries, all of which suffered so intensely during the war, in any way compares with the wealth of Germany in 1914. The vanquished countries, — Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, — with a population of 82,000,000, have to-day 9606 officers and 186,816 enlisted men by virtue of the limitation imposed by

the peace treaties. Poland alone, with a population of 30,000,000, has 18,292 officers, 38,248 noncommissioned officers, and 213,764 privates — a total of 270,304.

Czechoslovakia is a very progressive country, and has attained a high degree of democracy. Professor Thomas G. Masaryk, the President of the Republic, is a scholar and idealist, a superior spirit. Poland, however, is full of confused parties, peoples, and passions. It is agitated by an exaggerated nationalism and a fantastic and dangerous militarism. Rumania is in the greatest disorder of all. Its governments enjoy no majority, and the Bratiano party, which pretends to be liberal, but dominates the country, commits the most abominable acts of violence and is opposed by all honest people in the country.

II

The peace treaties were not really concluded in a spirit of peace, for they heaped a great number of iniquities upon the vanquished. It was, however, possible to hope that these iniquities would be eliminated, owing to the fact that the treaties, bad as they were, contained two important points.

The first point was the Covenant of the League of Nations, which was to guarantee the existing order and to make any form of war impossible. The second point was Article VIII in the League Covenant, which should be considered in the same light as the fifth part of the Versailles Treaty. When this treaty imposed complete disarmament on Germany, it was declared that this reduction would be looked upon as conditional and preliminary to a general limitation of armaments. Article VIII in the Covenant of the League of Nations declares that the maintenance of peace demands the reduction of national armaments to the minimum

compatible with national security. This formula is a little vague. What is the minimum necessary for national security? Each country takes a different point of view, depending upon whether it is democratic or nationalist.

Unquestionably the League of Nations has performed certain services. It is useful for ministers from every European country to be obliged to meet several times a year to discuss peace. Often such discussions are beneficial. It is said that hypocrisy is homage paid to virtue. To arm and at the same time to discuss peace seems to bear a certain resemblance to this form of homage. The League of Nations has avoided no war, but it has at any rate forced a discussion of certain problems. To raise a problem is not to solve it; but the League is always under obligation to make everyone think that a solution is possible. I am not an admirer of the League of Nations. It is very difficult for such an institution in its present state to attract many hearty admirers. Too many abuses have been committed in its name, and it has committed too many abuses itself; but it is an institution that should be conserved and developed, not for what it has done, but for what it will be able to do when the eight or nine red or white dictatorships that are poisoning the present sad period have disappeared from European life.

The League of Nations declared its impotence in the Treaty of Locarno. What was the basis of that treaty? Germany, France, and Great Britain guaranteed that there should be no war between Germany and France regarding their frontier. If war broke out, Great Britain would be on the side of the country attacked. It was a partial guaranty, which the Thoiry agreements developed further.

But the Covenant of the League of

Nations already contained a general guaranty, and if any further guaranty was demanded it meant that the general guaranty was not functioning. Yet, even after this further guaranty, the troops of the victorious countries remain in the Rhineland, and guaranties of security are still said to be necessary.

III

Where does a danger of war exist?

France and Great Britain suffered greatly during the war. France not only lost great numbers of men, but enormous wealth. Her population, on account of the low birth rate, still suffers, and will continue to suffer for a long time, from the consequences of the war. The wealth of the nation has been reduced. If we investigate the inheritance tax, we observe that in 1913 the amount of money left in wills amounted to 5531 millions of gold francs, and in 1925 to 9801 millions of paper francs; and the paper franc is worth only one fifth of the gold franc. This does not mean that wealth has been reduced in that proportion. We must bear in mind many elements, particularly tax evasion and the fact that the war *nouveaux riches* still exist. We can, however, easily believe that the wealth of France has been reduced at least one third. France has reconquered Alsace-Lorraine. She possesses enormously fertile territory and vast magnificent colonies that require peace and many generations of work in order to yield their full value. Even in a victorious war France now has everything to lose and nothing to gain. Germany is the only possible fly in the ointment. Will she accept peace in good faith? Will she resign herself in good faith to the conditions imposed by the treaties?

Great Britain is chiefly concerned with domestic difficulties. Her com-

merce was profoundly damaged by the war, and her prosperity is menaced. She still suffers more from unemployment than any other European country, and her tax rates are the highest. Her national budget and her local expenses are so heavy that in spite of her huge wealth she meets them only with the greatest effort. The English Conservative Party — which enjoys a large majority in the House of Commons — is not really supported by the bulk of the country, and it has bent every effort to combat the red dictatorship in Russia and to aid the white dictatorships in Italy, Spain, Poland, and Hungary. But the protection it affords is entirely of a diplomatic character and never includes financial or military aid. All over her immense Empire, whose Dominions have become in point of fact autonomous, Great Britain is encountering difficulties, particularly in Egypt, India, and Asia Minor. She wishes to preserve her maritime superiority and to consolidate her present position. Any adventure, no matter how well it came out, would be bad business. She endeavors to make the League of Nations serve her ends and often succeeds in her efforts, but she wants to avoid war.

Now that Germany is completely disarmed, she is in no position to attempt hostilities. Without an army, a navy, or an air force, without a general staff or artillery, she cannot undertake any military adventure without committing suicide. She is surrounded by powerful armed neighbors, and until there is general limitation of armaments she cannot budge. I even believe that the democratic parties, who enjoy a great majority in Germany, do not desire war, and accept Alsace-Lorraine as a *fait accompli*. There is, however, no party in Germany that accepts the eastern frontier in good faith. The Danzig corridor, the partition of Upper

Silesia, and the Baltic States all irritate her. On these points the peace treaties erred gravely. To pretend to divide Germany for the benefit of Poland was not only mistaken but stupid, and stupidity is even worse than crime when nations are concerned. I believe that no German will ever resign himself to accepting the eastern frontier. There is, however, one important difference between the German parties. The reactionary and militarist groups think that a war is the only way of securing redress. The democratic parties think that satisfaction can be attained by international agreements. In any case, for at least ten years Germany is in no condition to make war.

Soviet Russia also finds it difficult to pursue a militaristic policy. Her economic and financial situation is so serious that it preoccupies her almost entirely. One cannot sympathize with the Bolshevik Government. It follows the same methods, commits the same crimes, and from certain points of view conceives of the world in the same way that Tsarism did. Red tyranny is the consequence of white tyranny. The methods by which Bolshevism penetrates foreign countries are wicked and dangerous, but it must also be admitted that before the Soviet Government launched any attacks it was itself attacked most unjustly. A long attempt was made to starve out and isolate Russia. Insurrectional armies led by Kolchak, Denikin, Judenic, and Wrangel were maintained. The Russian peasants have now won their fight for land, and will never accept the return of Tsarism and reaction. Past errors still oppress the country, and I am convinced that the anti-Russian policy of the English Conservatives has resulted in consolidating the Bolshevik Government — though, let us hope, not for long. I have even heard the most anti-Bolshevist Russians, both Liberals and

Socialists, discuss the policy of the Conservative English Cabinet with ill-concealed antipathy. I have the greatest aversion to Russian Bolshevism, but I must confess that it has never pursued a warlike policy. What it can be justly reproached with is having conducted the worst kind of propaganda abroad and maintaining dangerous propagandists in other countries, somewhat as Italian Fascism does.

If Soviet Russia wanted a war, she could attack Rumania and encounter virtually no resistance. Soviet Russia has never recognized Rumania's occupation of Bessarabia, which was a dishonest affair. The Rumanians have been rivaling the worst type of Bolshevism, and they have committed and are still committing the most atrocious series of crimes in Bessarabia. Yet Soviet Russia never thought of seizing Bessarabia by means of a military occupation. If Russia had attempted this, what should we have done? We should have been in no condition to stop her.

IV

For various reasons, therefore, the four chief countries in Europe do not desire war and are in no position to pursue it. In all the countries that played a serious part in the last European war the real allies in the cause of peace are the men who did the fighting. Modern war has lost all glamour. It is a methodical, brutal method of destruction, in which the individual disappears and the human mass is sacrificed without realizing what it is doing. It is not as in the past, when noble actions and individual feats of valor were the basis of military morale. There are many more victims than heroes. In every European country I have visited I have observed that, apart from a few excited fools and speculators, all the former combatants are outspoken enemies of

war. The more fighting they saw, the less they desire new wars.

Until 1935 or 1940 — that is, until the time when there will be large masses of people who had no part in the last war — European public opinion will oppose any idea of war. In those countries where this opinion can be freely expressed — which is not the case in countries under a dictatorship — the cause of peace has nothing to fear.

It is for this reason that the next seven to ten years will be most decisive. If the present state of disorder continues and nothing is done, public opinion cannot be counted on to do much in the cause of peace.

The greatest guaranty of peace would be a direct, sincere, and loyal agreement between France and Germany, and possibly an economic union between the two countries. France and Germany between them cover a territory of a little more than a million square kilometres, — about the size of Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana put together, — and their joint population numbers about one hundred million. But what a history they have had and what struggles they have undergone! Both countries have made great contributions to European civilization. Both countries possess complementary virtues and defects. Joined in a common effort and pooling their resources of men, capital, and initiative, both countries would not only provide the greatest guaranty of peace, but even the foundations for a transformed and renewed Europe. Apart and hostile, they will merely weaken themselves and weaken all Europe. If this agreement is not made, conditions for lasting peace will not exist, and every loss on the part of either France or Germany must be considered a disaster for the future of Europe and for civilization all over the world.

V

No immediate danger of European war exists as far as the large countries are concerned. Nevertheless, danger does exist as a result of the white dictatorships, above all in Italy and Poland, and because of the Balkan situation.

The Danube and the Rhine have always been the two historic European rivers. The last war began on the Danube and ended on the Rhine, and once more the chief menace lies along the Danube. Bulgaria and Hungary are not resigned to their present situation — especially Hungary, which has been unjustly mutilated as a result of the hatred of its neighbors. Hungary possesses a discreetly cynical and dishonest dictatorship which gives a certain amount of encouragement to even the most dangerous movements, and has actually protected counterfeiters. It is arming itself and breaking treaties. It encourages the most corrupt practices and even gives them financial support. In spite of everything, however, this government enjoys the protection of certain English Conservatives like Lord Rothermere, who are unaware of the damage they are doing.

But the gravest danger lies in the fact that the Balkans have begun intriguing as they did during the worst period before the war — in fact, during the period that caused it. Bolshevik Russia has always had its agents, and now it supports more than ever. It excites Communist movements which justify, or seem to justify, reactions. But in the last four years the Fascist Government of Italy has become an even greater source of disorder. It began with an arbitrary occupation of the island of Corfu, which menaced Greece. This occupation was peculiarly absurd, since it only resulted in disturbing a tranquil situation. After

this, Turkey was menaced, and rumor had it that Fascist Italy was about to enter Asia Minor.

Then came the treaty with Albania, a poor country, devoid of resources, which suddenly found itself the field of action for Fascist activity. Since this menaced Yugoslavia, relations between Rome and Belgrade became fundamentally poisoned. Italy has no interest in Albania, which is a barren country with a miserable climate; but activity in Albania needlessly provoked counter measures and hostility in Yugoslavia. The simple idea of the Balkans for the Balkan peoples is the only logical solution, but it is violated every day. There are even more Balkan intrigues now than in the past, and certain countries have been secretly encouraging independence movements in Macedonia.

Bolshevism and Fascism are the two menaces to the future prosperity of Europe. Both are similar phenomena in that they deny human liberty and involve the exercise of power on the part of an armed minority. Bolshevism sets about establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat — in other words, putting all resources in the hands of the workers and peasants. It attains this end by force. Fascism suppresses all political liberty and all free manifestations, saying that this is necessary to make Italy a great nation and to found an empire. Mussolini has made numerous speeches insulting the decaying corpse of democracy and asserting that liberty is a prejudice of the past. He has announced that Fascism will found an Italian Empire. To found an empire would mean taking some piece of foreign territory — which in this case would be either a French or a British possession, since it would be out of the question to despoil Switzerland, Austria, or Yugoslavia, which lie along the Italian frontiers.

Italy lacks economic resources, and Italian finance is so wretched that public credit has been profoundly shaken. Italy lacks the prime necessities for war — coal, steel, and oil. She also lacks food and cotton. In her present situation, she could not wage war without the support of Great Britain or the United States. Is it possible that these two countries would encourage such absurd, such grotesque, proposals?

Bolshevism has cut down Russia's productive capacity; and her foreign business, which the Government controls, has been utterly disastrous. The truth is that Russia is producing much less than she did before the war — in other words, much less than she did under the deplorable Tsarist régime. Economic production demands above all else order, liberty, and individual initiative — three things that no dictatorship can bring about.

Fascism has seriously weakened Italian production. In spite of appearances Italy has fallen into a state of the greatest economic disorder in the course of the last six years. Fascism has not bent its efforts to obtaining results, but to producing manifestations. All over the country there are celebrations, parades, and processions of Black Shirts. Wheat and rice production has declined; yet great festivals are held in honor of wheat and rice, and there is a special celebration in behalf of bread. Expressed in gold pounds, — in other words, without statistical manipulation, — the deficit of Italian business has risen from 643 million gold pounds in 1924 to 1259 million gold pounds in 1927. In short, it has almost doubled. Mr. MacLean, the American commercial attaché at Rome, has calculated that domestic business has dropped 40 per cent in the last two years. This is a terrible figure. Nevertheless, Mr. MacLean is a little too optimistic, for the real decline is nearly 50 per cent.

The loans negotiated in America have been used to maintain the lira, though no one knows how long this will last, and to stabilize it at its present level.

This extravagant stabilization, however, has ruined all industrial exporters. Italy now suffers more bankruptcies than any other country in Europe. In actual figures she has suffered twice as many as any other country, and, relatively to her industrial power, nine or ten times as many as any other country. Because of this absurd lira stabilization at a false level, undertaken not as a part of any economic programme, but merely as a piece of political bluff, the Italians are obliged to pay almost the same taxes as the French, whose country is at least three times as rich. In short, Italian taxes are heavier than those of any other country.

Since the Government bases itself on violence, it needs an even greater number of special militia to maintain it than Bolshevism does. These groups include militia to maintain general order, the voluntary Fascist militia, the railway militia, the post and telegraph militia, the harbor militia, the forest militia, and, most recently of all, the highway militia. About 200,000 people thus make their living off the Fascist Government, and it is like maintaining an army to support them. The industrialists and farmers have to pay for these militias. Besides this, all producers, both employers and employees, are grouped into corporations which involve still another enormous expense. There are fourteen ministries, but Mussolini scoffs at the rest of the world and occupies seven of them, comprising the office of Prime Minister, of Minister of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, War, Marine, Aviation, and Corporations — in other words, Minister of Labor. Under these conditions, he is able to involve the country in a war before anyone knows what is happening

and before the people can manifest their desires in any way.

All free journals in Italy have been suppressed, and the press is suffering. The amount of paper used for the various daily journals has fallen off about one half or three fifths during the last two years. The ablest Italians are in exile, having either been deported or retired from public life. Poverty is increasing, and the Government has refused to meet its obligations on the Treasury and has forced them to be transformed into a consolidated debt. No criticism is allowed, even the most cordial. The press cannot discuss the economic crisis except to say that everything is going smoothly. Elections have disappeared. Even the Chamber of Deputies is going to be transformed into an assembly named by the Government. The administrators of local government and even the representatives of the chambers of commerce are no longer elected. They are appointed by the Government.

The economic situation is bad, but the financial situation is worse. On the day when Fascism feels itself lost, will it not attempt to distract attention by some international adventure? Is not this what all dictatorships have done in the past?

Fascism and Bolshevism, although apparently direct opposites, act in the same manner. Several centuries before Jesus, Plato, the greatest of Greek philosophers, wrote that dictatorship always ended in war, saying that when the dictator felt himself lost he made war. There is no example in modern history of a dictatorship that has not ended in war, revolution, or both.

VI

Dictatorships tend to support each other and to export their methods to other countries. It may be said that,

during this terrible period in the life of Europe, Russian Bolshevism and Italian Fascism are trying to spread abroad. Both movements have enlisted an army of propagandists and authorized agents, who are transforming diplomacy and the consular service into propaganda bureaus. All this can be only faintly verified in America, but it can be readily verified elsewhere in alarming proportions; for all over Europe the Bolshevik agents are lining up the forces of Communist revolution, while Fascist agents advocate systematic dictatorships. Armaments have been sent to Bulgaria, Hungary, and elsewhere. After making agreements with Primo de Rivera, Mussolini tried to bring together in Milan and in Rome Tewfik Rushdi Bey, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Michalocopoulos, Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, and Zaleski, Polish Foreign Minister. This attracted lively attention in France and Germany. Action had already been taken in Rumania and Bulgaria, and the question was whether these conferences were really furthering the cause of peace. If they were, then what was the use of the League of Nations? Did intrigues serve the cause of peace? Though no one dared to say it, the fact remains that the armies sent to Hungary and other countries, the military reorganization of Albania, and the Balkan intrigues, especially those in Macedonia, are not guaranties of peace. Every personal militarist government can only end in acts of war. The more domestic difficulties increase, the more foreign adventures are attempted.

The projects for a multilateral pact to outlaw war are of serious significance, but the reservations everybody demands are such that it is difficult to reach any agreement. In the meantime, until some agreement is made,

what may we expect? Is it probable that such efforts will succeed either rapidly or after a brief delay? What I have said leads to neither an optimistic nor a pessimistic conclusion.

Europe is more fully armed than she was before the war. The Great War harmed the entire world and did not prepare the way for peace. However, it aroused such horror that for seven or eight years more any warlike projects will be looked upon with lively antipathy by any of the Great Powers. The decisive hour in the life of Europe will be reached about 1935, when a new generation will have grown up that did not participate in the last war and does not therefore feel this horror. Mussolini was quite right when he said in his speech before the Italian Chamber that the destinies of Europe will be decided about 1935. It will be at about that time that the beaten countries, which are now disarmed, will be free to arm themselves again. An effective action in behalf of peace can only be developed in the next seven or eight years. There is no time to lose.

A direct and sincere agreement between France and Germany would postpone the outbreak of any war, and the pooling of the resources of these two countries would mean the rehabilitation of Europe and the beginning of a period of prosperity and peace. This agreement is not easy, but it is being discussed by the most eminent men in both countries, even if it has not yet been written down in any programme. The democratic parties of Germany adhere to this principle, and in France not only is the idea supported by the democratic elements, but I believe that even Poincaré and Briand are not completely opposed to it and have no prejudices. However, any agreement is

made difficult by the Polish problem and the problem of Germany's eastern frontier, to which there seems to be no solution.

The Bolshevik dictatorship does not contemplate war, but its deplorable methods and its propaganda abroad justly alarm conservative elements and excite the forces of reaction that always favor war. Nothing has contributed to the development of the different forms of nationalism more than Bolshevik internationalism. It is a very revolting idea that political parties should be in the pay of the Bolshevik Government, whose organizations are preparing for revolutionary movements excited by Moscow, and are busying themselves with the domestic activities of the most civilized countries, propagating disorder.

Italian Fascism and its Balkan intrigues represent permanent danger; if Italian Fascism and the dictatorships that resemble it are not over by 1935, peace will be gravely menaced and compromised, and there will probably not be time to avoid war.

Freedom, democracy, and peace are phenomena of the same order. Without progress there is no liberty and certainly no peace. Every dictatorship is not only a cause of economic and moral depression, but also a source of international disorder.

Happily the present dictatorships in Europe are becoming increasingly impotent, and they almost all bear the marks of their own destruction. But we must be on our guard and look upon the present and coming phase of European events as decisive. The next seven or eight years are either preparing the collapse of Europe or making ready its liveliest participation in the work of prosperity and civilization the world over.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HAVE YOU 'MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT'?

No, not this time in your library, in those tall old green books, ten by twelve, with bifurcated pages and Cruikshank illustrations. But in your hand. For in mine are three other cards marked respectively *Great Expectations*, *David Copperfield*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, and each, like your own (if you have it), surmounted by a rugged, kindly face, the beard flowing and silky, the forehead lined, the hair thinning. I want *Martin Chuzzlewit* to complete my 'book.' Once he is mine, and the four cards laid aside, I am given another 'turn' to ask for *Snowbound*, with its bald and patriarchal creator, or *Sartor Resartus*, its name strange and alluring, or *The Newcomes*, or perchance only for *Evangeline*, whose familiar title I pronounce with some scorn as not having the charm of the new and mysterious, and whose meticulous and benevolent author I accept on terms of good-natured tolerance.

'Have you *King Lear*?' 'Have you *The Mill on the Floss*?' 'Have you *The Fair Maid of Perth*?' These were the celestial questions asked twenty years ago in half the sitting rooms of the country. For the game of Authors was a national institution. Few children reached the age of ten without having found it in their Christmas stockings or beside their birthday plates. It supplemented the so-called education of the schools in a manner at once difficult to gauge and well-nigh impossible to overestimate. It stamped upon our careless minds, intent, first of all, on completing our 'books' and winning the game, the names of great

pieces of literature; it stored up in our memories ineradicable pictures of great men and women — George Eliot with her brooch and her parted hair, the genial and wry smile of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the massive, sad face of Carlyle, the wrinkled waistcoat of Sir Walter; it ensured us against a sense of embarrassed incompetence when we were later to roam among library shelves. Even those children to whom reading was not to become a passion, whose literary knowledge doubtless never progressed beyond those pieces of cardboard, must have retained at least a refining acquaintance with names, titles, and faces; and as for that goodly number of us to whom books have proved better companions than persons, we owe to that evening game around the sitting-room table the obligation and the desire to seek out that aristocracy of letters and to make our own its long and beneficent effects.

One hopes, a little wistfully, that the game was in truth more than just a pastime; that it reflected, to some small extent at least, the tenor of an age before education had become a fad and 'wide reading' an open sesame to social and pseudo-intellectual circles. And yet the claim must rest on a less secure footing than that identical one which is unhesitatingly made in these latter days for the prevalence of electric trains, toy monoplanes, and those various and terrifying means of locomotion which scoot and spin along our sidewalks. Doubtless, however, all idealism aside, the game was simply a means of entertainment, designed by certain clever persons for their own ends and neither reflecting an age nor

intended for the better living of the younger generation.

And yet, whatever its origin, its end justified both ways and means. There was more than a request in 'Have you *Henry Esmond*?' There was a foretaste, a prophecy, of the day when we ourselves should see Beatrix descending the stairs and the Marchioness of Castlewood holding her own against the soldiers of the king. In the familiar bandying about of such names there was the graciousness of good company, and in our love for the cards themselves there was the suggestion of hero worship not to be despised.

I remember the reign of terror which swept our family circle upon the discovery, one snowy afternoon, that the baby had chewed *The French Revolution* into an unseemly pulp. The red scrollwork of the back was liquefied and running down his chin; the face of Carlyle was quite obliterated, 'spit upon,' in very truth. This tragedy was rivaled a few days later by the complete extinction in the open fire of *The Idylls of the King*. Both losses were made good by my brother John, who constructed from pasteboard two substitute cards. Upon these he placed not only the lists of productions, but also representations of Carlyle and Tennyson, which he enhanced, somewhat to our consternation, by inserting generous pipes between their lips. And yet, recalling those smoky colloquies by the kitchen fire at 5 Cheyne Row, what could have been more fitting?

It was gratitude for such recollections as these which sent me in the last Christmas season to purchase a copy of the old game for my nephews and nieces. I found it with surprisingly little difficulty, and to my rejoicing comment that it must be still in good repute the saleslady rejoined that she sold a most satisfying number each year. Reassured and somewhat

chagrined at my lack of faith, I began, while waiting for my parcel, to turn the cards of a duplicate box before me. I paused at the first to make a foolish wish. I hoped it might be my luck to find upon its face the thinning hair of Dickens and that title which had opened the door for me to Mr. Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp. In my fear of turning the card I was frankly sentimental. When I summoned courage to do so, I was confronted by the placid and assured smile of a lady whose face was new and portentous in spite of its benign good-will. Beneath I read:—

GENE STRATTON PORTER

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

Freckles

The Harvester

The Keeper of the Bees

My wish denied, my citadel in ruins, what was there to do but continue my inspection? What but to know the worst?

When, five minutes later, I left the counter, I was beleaguered by emotions so painful that the simple wrath of the saleslady at the return of my package and request for my money was as balm and ointment upon a troubled spirit. Descending thus into an Avernus of anger and disgust, disillusionment and irony, I was neither stayed nor comforted by the ill-timed remembrance of a recent article, entitled 'The Hygiene of Reading,' which had found its way to my table. Its author, one of our leading professional 'educators,' therein warns all teachers and mothers against a pernicious malady he is pleased to call 'a premature reverence for great books,' which, he says, not infrequently sadly infects the young child. Perhaps some disciple of his had compiled this new and revised edition of the game of Authors as an antidote or antitoxin!

With most of the other shoppers I hurried into the toy department. I inspected miniature pile drivers, steam

shovels, and self-starting trucks. Here at least, I told myself, was no pretense. By shopping here I could at all events secure myself against hearing on Christmas night, above the carols over the radio, my nephews and nieces calling:

'Have you *The Little Colonel*?' 'Have you *Freckles*?' 'Have you *Pollyanna*?' 'Have you *Riders of the Purple Sage*?'

PRIVACY

It will be, obviously, the opposite of publicity.

I say it will be, because I do not think the thing at present exists. I conceive myself to be inventing it, offering it to a sorely tried world, which, I earnestly hope, will hail it as at least meeting a long-felt want.

For publicity, while an object of much human endeavor, is not surely that good-in-itself which is in all circumstances and at all times and in all places supremely good and infinitely to be desired. It is, for instance, possible to have too much of it. The Prince of Wales, for example, must at times feel — but if he does so feel, what can he do about it? At present, nothing. But with privacy, much.

Publicity is organized effort for the purpose of keeping some person or thing 'public.' It is the tenth Muse, the chief art of twentieth-century civilization. Privacy will be simply the opposite — organized effort for the purpose of keeping some person or thing private. I think it will be a nobler, more subtle, and more exquisite art.

The privacy agent will certainly have to be an infinitely more accomplished, more dexterous, more resourceful person than the publicity agent of the present day. The truly great publicity agent is the man who can persuade the public that it wants to hear about the person whom he is paid to serve. Once that is done, the news-

papers and other organs of publicity are his slaves; for they cannot refuse to let the public have what it wants.

The privacy agent, if he is to succeed in the highest way, will have to teach the public that it does *not* want to hear anything about his client. And to do that he will have to teach his client to behave in such a way that the public will not want to hear about him. That, of course, will often be very difficult; it will sometimes be impossible, but in most cases where it is impossible the reason will be that the client does not really want privacy — he only thinks he does. No self-respecting privacy agent would ever 'take on' Mr. Lloyd George, or the ex-Emperor William the Second of Germany; as privacy clients they would be a joke.

There will be cases, also, when even the best-organized campaign of privacy will result only in a moderate degree of quietude for its subject, not on account of any defects in himself, but because of the tremendous potentialities for publicity involved in some position in which he temporarily finds himself. To be respectable and moderately well-to-do and a trifle exclusive socially, and yet to be concerned in an interesting sex murder — that is the kind of situation which will set almost any intelligent person looking in the telephone book for the best privacy agents; but it is also the kind of situation before which all but the most courageous and resourceful of the brotherhood would recoil in alarm and desperation. What *can* be done to keep such unfortunates out of the public eye? Well, at present not much. The art is in its infancy; I have only just invented it. But there are methods which present themselves to me as feasible and likely to result in at least a mitigation of the horrors of publicity.

One of them — the best that I can think of at the moment, but also the

most expensive — is to go out — I mean for the privacy agent to go out — and commit, or procure to be committed, an even better murder than that on which the public's eyes are presently fixed. It will be difficult, in many ways, but it can be done, and the great artist of privacy, like his brother and enemy, the great artist of publicity, will shrink at nothing to accomplish his end. The chief difficulty will be in the necessarily high quality of the second murder. The public is a far better judge of murders than of plays; and those on which it fixes its hungry gaze and from which it refuses to be lured away will assuredly be murders of genuine excellence and profound interest. To get a new murder done is not, I am confident, unreasonably difficult even in England; in Chicago it is merely a matter of a telephone call and a fifty-dollar bill. But a *good* murder is another thing. It requires imagination, a touch perhaps of genius, and a suspicion of art-for-art's-sake contempt for consequences. But all that, surely, has no effect except to make my new calling more alluring to the ablest and most daring minds. I am confident that before privacy has been a recognized art for twelve months half the best intellects in the publicity business will have crossed the street to set up in the new profession.

By that time every millionaire will consider a privacy agent an essential part of his household — even if there is a publicity agent to sit on the opposite side of the same table. For one of the most appalling consequences of wealth (and they are many, I am told), especially in countries where there are not many other differences between the inhabitants, is that it subjects not only its acquirer but all the members of his family to a pitiless amount of exposure to the public eye. The acquirer is usually a fairly thick-skinned person and can stand it, and may even profit by it

if he is still engaged in the business of acquiring; but his wife and the younger generation are entitled to such protection as the privacy agent can afford.

The methods employed by this permanent family retainer must not be crude; but if they were he would not be an artist, and I hope I have made it clear that privacy is an art. Already, indeed, a few members of wealthy families have shown an inkling of the idea that privacy is needed, and have attempted to practise it themselves, but always in the most primitive and amateurish fashion. I recall the case of one admirable lady in the Dominion of Canada who, imbued with the correct idea that something ought to be done to protect her family from the ravages of the press photographers, adopted the preposterous method of dashing at their appliances with a large cane. Needless to say, the results were the precise opposite of what she desired.

There is one radical difference between publicity and privacy, which on the whole seems to me to be strongly in favor of the younger art. Publicity pays for itself, or it is no good and nobody wants it; privacy will have to be paid for by those who seek to enjoy its benefits. Eventually there may come to be charitable foundations for the purpose of providing privacy for deserving persons who are in urgent need of it and cannot afford to pay the price. Even before that day comes I have no doubt that eminent privacy practitioners, in receipt of an ample salary from some millionaire client, will spare a portion of their time and talents for the relief of destitute cases, just as medical practitioners are understood to do now. But, taking it by and large, privacy will be an appanage of the well-to-do. For, after all, much of a rich man's income must always be spent on avoiding the unpleasant consequences of being a rich man.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Hilda Wetherill's Trading Post letters were addressed to her cousin, Miss Ruth Jocelyn Wattles, of California and Colorado, who describes the author as follows:—

Mrs. Wetherill and I grew up in Southwestern Colorado, where we were in contact with cliff-ruin excavations, Indians, and Indian legends. Hilda married into the Wetherill family, a family much interested in Indians, both living and historic. After a few years on the Pacific coast, Mr. Wetherill decided to return to the Southwest, and there he took charge of the Navajo trading post at Black Mountain. The Indians were not new to him, but living among them in their own country was very new and very interesting to Mrs. Wetherill. When her husband first went to Black Mountain, Mrs. Wetherill was advised that no woman could live in the house there. She insisted that she could, and she did. The wives of most of the traders on the Navajo Reservation fear and despise the Indians; Hilda made the most of her opportunities to know them—even made the opportunities. Her attitude was, hardships cease to be hardships if contacts are interesting.

Dr. Moritz J. Bonn has long been a professor of economics at Berlin. He has traveled and lectured all over the United States and written a book about us called *Geld und Geist*. His political convictions are of a distinctly liberal order. **Eleanor Risley** made her bow in the July *Atlantic*, where she gave us some account of her recent vicissitudes and adventures. Writing from her poultry farm in Arkansas, she vouches for the accuracy of 'Snake Night up Posey Holler' in these words:—

When I wrote that the sketch was 'sincere,' I used the wrong word. I meant 'actual.' This experience is actual in sequence and in each detail. The names and places are real. Alas, the people will never read my sketch. The conversations are given verbatim. Much that is written of these people seems to us written from too great a distance, and even their speech seems fabricated. The mountaineers are a reserved people, and only our poverty and our fiddle, perhaps, put us in close touch with them. While they are so-

called lawbreakers, they have evolved their own ethical code toward law, sex, marriage, and all. I have read that there is a law against Snake Night, but they observe it as they do the law against moonshining. Perhaps the only interest these simple sketches may have is that they are actual experiences in this our America.

In a previous *Atlantic* paper **Professor Salvador de Madariaga** expounded his theory that the Englishman is the man of action, the Frenchman the man of thought, and the Spaniard the man of passion. His book, *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, will be published in this country by the American branch of the Oxford University Press this fall. Δ It is hard to tell, but we wonder whether the 'Sonnet Sequence' of R. S. will not inherit permanence. There is no anthology on our own shelves which they would not ornament. Δ As weekly essayist in the *New Statesman* and book reviewer for the *London Daily News*, **Robert Lynd** fills an important place in English journalism. Δ The second installment of letters from the **Marquis de Barbé-Marbois** to his fiancée is memorable not only for its shrewd interpretation of the young republic, but also for its reference to 'the vast college of Princeton, erected in favor of the Presbyterians.' A **College Professor** has taught for a full generation at one of the larger Eastern universities. **Walter Henderson Grimes** tells us he is 'a business executive equipped with some rather unusual tools.' He holds a variety of university degrees, and understands from first-hand experience the tribulations of the laboring man. **Pernet Patterson**, a native of the Old Dominion, not only understands the negro, but appreciates him. Here is what he has to say on the subject:—

My negro mammy, whom I adored and who nursed me and stayed with us till I was ten, was a genuine conjure woman. She worked spells of love, hate, life, and death on the scores of negroes living about us. She held them in the hollow of

her hand. Don't laugh! But she actually, and I believe it to-day, had some power of spells and prophecy. I was born with negroes literally about me. I played only with them; fought them; loved and hated them. I earnestly believed in all their superstitions, their conjures. I myself actually made conjure 'hands' and 'ticklers' under Mammy's directions, and purposed a limited practice of conjure tricks myself. At ten I 'seeked' religious conversion in the darky's silent way, and mastered his ritual of conversion — actually 'got over,' I thought, in my boyish emotional fervor. During my period of 'seeking,' my mother thought me verging on some illness. My silence disturbed the whole family — but they never knew. My old negro friends come to see me now, and I go to them — mostly in their troubles. They love me deeply, and I them. The negro is a poet, a lover of the beautiful, an emotionalist. No better character reader lives. His senses are most keenly attune — to a hair trigger — to the white man's moods and characteristics. Talking about 'psychological approaches'! Why, the high-powered white salesman does n't know even the A B C's of it. The darky is a musician, an artist, a dramatist, and a born story teller. Crises and climaxes come to him, in their proper time and order, as naturally as breathing. His love for his sweetheart, wife, and children, hidden under a stoicism and brusquerie, is deep, deep rooted, and of a self-sacrificing kind.

Julian Hawthorne gives a tender account of his sister, who embraced the Roman Catholic faith and devoted half her lifetime to ministering to the sick in a hospital which her own genius created. **Dorothy Leonard's** forbears were among the charter members of the Oneida Community, and she herself was born in Connecticut a few years before the Community disbanded. **Captain Eustace Maude** was born in Kent in England in 1848. For more than twenty years he served in the Royal Navy, which he entered as a cadet in 1861. His experiences included two years on the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, as well as more hazardous action in most quarters of the globe. After retiring from the Navy, he came with his wife to America, and now lives in British Columbia. Δ At the present time a lecturer in banking in Columbia University, **Ralph West Robey** has served with the National City Bank in New York, has performed research work for the Federal Reserve Board, and has been 'almost

constantly involved,' as he writes us, in some kind of financial investigation.

Just as the Federal Trade Commission is investigating the finance, engineering, and management of public utility corporations, **Maurice R. Scharff** points out some of the reforms which leaders of the industry will do well to adopt if they would avoid eventual nationalization. He himself is a consulting engineer with a long experience in the very business he discusses. Δ Everyone knows who **General William Mitchell** is and what he has done in behalf of an efficient American air force. Having protested in this issue against our futile naval programme, he makes this disturbing and prophetic warning: —

Aside from the national defense phases of it, our Federal bureaucratic system needs revision. As at present constituted, there are so many departments, bureaus, boards, and commissions that it is impossible for the Executive to keep control of them, to know what is going on in them, or to have a uniform system of administration throughout. Inefficiency is increased, and the chance for dishonesty in administration becomes greater each year, because the heads of these bureaus and separate departments are practically turned loose to their own devices, without anyone to check up on them. With the increased centralization of power in Washington which has come about during this administration, we have this system run wild. It really means an oligarchical government in the end if allowed to continue.

At various periods in his distinguished career, **Francesco Nitti**, former Italian Prime Minister, has held most of the half dozen or so cabinet posts that his arch-enemy Mussolini now occupies.

Quakers and Catholics — two horns of one dilemma.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In recent months much attention has been paid both in public and private discourse to the religious qualifications of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but little or no attention has been paid to those of the Honorable Herbert Hoover.

That the religious issue is one that not only will

play a large part in the coming campaign, but also is at present receiving more than its full share of attention, cannot be denied. Subtly or openly it is going the rounds of drawing-rooms and cigar stores. Only to-day the writer received a letter from a layman of influence in which is indicated the pressure that is being occasionally put upon Protestant ministers. This letter reads: 'I am at a loss to understand how any Protestant minister can extol the virtues and advocate the election of the Democratic candidate. If anyone should be against him, it would seem to me that it should be the leaders of the Protestant faith.'

The same type of reasoning is found among folk of every walk of life, a reasoning which is as one-sided as it is unsportsmanlike. This is a land which prides itself both on its religious liberty and on its spirit of fair play, a land which demands that opponents be evenly matched when they enter the ring; and yet for some reason true sportsmanship seems lacking in this great political battle. One man goes into the arena with an arm tied behind him by the bands of religious prejudice, and no voices are raised to demand the application of the same handicap to the other. In the name of American sport, let this be done.

It is plain to be seen by those familiar with the tenets of the Society of Friends, commonly called 'Quakers,' that the holding of the Presidential office by a man who is loyal to Quakerism can be fully as dangerous to the safety of the country as by a man of the Roman Catholic obedience.

First of all it should be stated that Hoover permits himself to be described as a Quaker, accepts the congratulations of the Palo Alto Quakers, and attends the Friends Meeting of Washington.

Secondly, although the subject matter of this letter was sent to him in brief on June 22, there has as yet been no reply, and no reliable denial of his Quakerism has been published to my knowledge up to this time.

That the Society of Friends is pronouncedly pacifistic in its teaching cannot be denied. This is one of their cardinal doctrines. For its sake, rather than to perform military duty, Friends have suffered persecution and imprisonment not only in ancient times but as recently as the late war. During it there were Quakers who would not even ride on trains because of the war tax on tickets, the payment of which would have been to them a compromising of their religious faith.

Is Herbert Hoover, who is now desirous of becoming the Commander in Chief of the American Army and Navy, going to repudiate his religion, or is he going to apply its principles to our national policy? One or the other must be done if he is elected to that *de facto* position next November.

In *Faith and Practice*, a volume published in

1926 officially by the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, the following pertinent statements are to be found:—

Page 30. A quotation from the London Yearly Meeting Epistle of 1744: 'We entreat all who profess themselves members of our Society to be faithful to that ancient testimony, borne by us ever since we were a people, against bearing arms and fighting.'

Page 30. Quoting from 'A Declaration from the Harmless and Innocent People of God, called Quakers, to King Charles II in 1660': 'We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fighting with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatever. This is our testimony to the world.'

Page 31. From the London Yearly Meeting Epistle of 1804, in reference to the same subject: 'Our testimony loses its efficacy in proportion to the want of consistency amongst us.'

This page also records as an example to Friends that 'in 1650 George Fox, the Founder (of Quakerism), replied to a troop of soldiers in the Parliamentary army, who insisted on choosing him as their captain: "I replied to them that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars."'

Furthermore, this same page continues: 'These statements representing more than two centuries of testing and experiences are characteristic of the Peace testimony which the Society of Friends has held with unbroken consistency and clear faith from its origin.'

Is Herbert Hoover, if the occasion arises, to shatter that record? During the late war he did not, but rather in a distinguished way conducted himself in accordance with Quaker principles. Would he refuse 'for any end,' even the internal peace of our land, to call out and use an armed force?

It is not only a question of foreign wars but of domestic safety. Could Herbert Hoover as a loyal Quaker have met the situation which confronted Lincoln as he met it? Or that which faced Roosevelt during the coal strike of 1902, when he made all preparations to send Federal troops into Pennsylvania? Or that which confronted Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts during the famous police strike?

These are questions fully as important as any papal claims. They are vital to our national well-being.

However, the horns of the dilemma in all fairness must not be too sharply drawn. There have been men known as 'fighting Quakers.' The history of these is interesting.

During the American Revolution, no longer desiring to be called Tories as were their coreligionists, these men gave up all hope of making their faith and action agree. They thereupon

withdrew from the Society of Friends and formed a new society. This was known as the Society of Free Quakers and met, unless memory fails, at Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

Others lacked the same degree of conviction and loyalty to Quakerism. During the Revolution and subsequent wars they did not withdraw. Consequently they were manfully 'read out of Meeting.' The records are quite full of such cases.

In comparatively recent years, Quakerism having experienced a serious decline in membership, a third class of fighting Quakers has appeared. These bore arms, did not voluntarily withdraw, and were not cast out. Perhaps they were rather distantly connected with the Society. Perhaps Quakerism lacked some of its old robustness, or perhaps the Society had forgotten that those concerned were Friends. In any case there was no change on the part of the Quakers of their teaching, for which might be said by some, 'All honor to them.'

If, then, Herbert Hoover is a 'fighting Quaker,' though his records in the war with Spain and the World War do not show it, to which of these three classes would he prefer to belong? To those who withdrew, to those who were 'read out,' or to those who were forgotten or ignored? And, again, would the Society of Friends care to 'read out of Meeting' a President of the United States who as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy might be said to cause their testimony to be lacking in efficacy? Could he after all be ignored?

If the Democratic convention gave us one religious predicament, the Republicans were not far behind.

Governor Smith has given us his answer. Let Herbert Hoover not hesitate to do the same. It will show us just what kind of Quaker he is, whether his religious principles are entirely secondary and easily set aside, or whether his Quakerism is real.

Possibly, then, each man will have one arm tied, and the best one win in a fair fight. Anyhow, let us hope so.

JOHN W. GUMMERE

Charles D. Stewart's 'Pastor of the Bees,' in the July *Atlantic*, is responsible for this exchange of letters: —

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One day, emboldened by the presence of a visiting bee man, I opened a hive in order to destroy superfluous queen cells and came upon an amazing incipient tragedy just in time to avert it. We had taken out the first frame and had found

there the beautiful queen bee in the direst distress, fighting for her life against the wickedly treacherous attacks of a half dozen of those who were usually her devoted slaves. We both knew enough of the habits of bees to realize that this was probably the rarest scene that can be enacted in beedom. Of course we instantly flecked away her enemies and then, with delight, watched the gallant queen recover her powers. For a few moments she indulged herself — to judge from the convulsive swaying and heaving motions of her long, graceful body — in much-needed, panting breath; then, swept back to duty by that mysterious compelling force that makes of every bee a tiny fury of action and accomplishment, she pushed to the forefront of her working subjects. Before we had demolished all the queen cells but one and hurriedly closed the hive, she was darting here and there as if nothing had happened.

I at once began to regret volubly the fact that we had not been able to put an end to the murderers, but the bee man insisted that even if they already had reentered the hive they were 'scattered' — and as incapable of getting together again as they were of deliberately planning a renewed attack. According to nature they would, he declared, return instantly and unconcernedly to frenzied work, as their queen had done.

Why did they attempt the atrocity? Who knows? Made mad, perhaps, by the intense premature heat? Or angry because they wanted to swarm and their queen would not? As no cell containing an unhatched queen showed even a hint of coming life, there was no apian excuse that either of us knew for the deed so nearly consummated. Probably but a half minute had stood between the shining bronze lady and a deplorable death that would have left the hive without a leader — and in another half minute I should have missed a sight that I am certain would have been a rare treat even for Henri Fabre and that many a bee expert has never witnessed at all!

In the animal and insect worlds, the creatures — less modest than we — accept the miracles that continually happen to them as the natural results of their own instinct and ability; they recognize no supernal interference or assistance even in such a totally unexpected life-saving rescue as we accomplished on behalf of the helpless queen bee.

I wish that Mr. Stewart would tell me if her predicament or her rescue (or both) was due to my bungling neglect or to a sufficing measure of skill? Or would he say that the untoward situation occurred entirely by chance and that its satisfactory outcome was equally haphazard?

I admit, however, that I yearn to have some modern Pastor of the Bees assure me that we

two, the bee man and I, came down the ages to arrive at last — together — at the exact moment to save purposefully the life of one of God's creatures!

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN
July 5, 1928

DEAR MRS. TROTTER, —

From all that I have ever heard in song or story, I would hazard the guess that these bees made a mistake, but that there were causes of excitement which led to such a remarkable mistake. It was possibly a summer's day when robbing was going on; a strong, piratical colony was sacking this hive and there was much anger and consternation; in this juncture the queen, always of a timid disposition and easily frightened, acted in such a way that some of the bees, in their blind fury, took her for a robber. Anyone who acts like a suspicious character is likely to get into trouble in any community. This is a rare occurrence, quite contrary to all the rules of bee conduct — but yet it has happened, and so I hazard this diagnosis of the case.

It may have been due to your 'bungling,' as you suggest, as, for instance, if you left some honey about the place, or some drippings of comb, especially at a time when nectar was scarce; and a colony, getting a taste of this something-for-nothing, turned freebooter and began war upon another colony. As you have had some familiarity with the bees, I need not tell you that robber bees are one of the constant hazards of the profession, and the beekeeper has to be careful. Getting something without honest labor seems to demoralize a bee completely and upset her morals.

I may add that this conjecture is not an ingenuity of my own, but is backed up by an experience of Langstroth, as edited by Dadant, in which he speaks of the excitement in time of robbing and says, 'We have known bees to ball their own mother in such circumstances, for queens are of a timid disposition and easily frightened.' But it is an unusual thing and almost unheard of in bee life.

You further inquire whether you and the visiting bee man came just in the nick of time to save the queen; whether, in fact, you 'came down the ages to arrive at last — together — at the exact moment to save purposefully the life of one of God's creatures.'

This question, somewhat Calvinistic in its trend, requires that I speak a little more learnedly, and lengthily, about bees. As you are probably aware, no bee in the swarm will use its sting to kill or harm a queen bee. When they want a superfluous or intruding queen killed they let

another queen do it. They never raise their hands, so to speak, to royalty; for such a high act of killing is the prerogative of royalty itself.

If, for instance, two new queens hatch out at the same time from queen cells, the other bees will allow them to settle the supremacy by a duel, the successful queen finally inserting her specially constructed sting under the corselet of the other. And the victor then goes and runs her curved scimitar through all the queen cells which have not hatched, thereby cutting off all future queens in their cradles. It is a merciless affair.

No common bee would undertake this function of stabbing a queen. But yet the common herd resent the intrusion of a stranger and do get rid of her by the process of 'balling.' Consequently, if you have sent away a dollar or two to get a tested Italian queen from a queen raiser, you must be careful, and indeed diplomatic, in introducing her to the swarm. She will probably come in a little cage of wire netting so small that the bees can reach in and touch her. And you will do well to keep the caged queen in the hive for twenty-four hours or longer, so that she will have time to take on the odor of that particular swarm and the bees may have time to grow accustomed to her. Otherwise they will ball her. This consists in forming a close, tight cluster about her in the form of a ball; and, as they keep this formation persistently, the strange queen dies of hunger or lack of air.

Here you will find an answer to your query as to whether you arrived at the exact moment, the very instant in all time, to save the life of the queen. I would say that in so thinking you draw the line a little too close, a little too Calvinistic in trend. But you arrived at the right time in a more general way. What you have related is exceptional and rare. I hope that my unfavorable report on your final query will not dampen your ardor for bee study or seem to detract from your interesting letter.

Respectfully,

CHARLES D. STEWART

In the July *Atlantic* Ian Colvin gave his version of a poem by Tsin-Tsan embodying the Chinese belief that the spirit actually leaves the body in dreams. One of our readers sends us Cramner-B yng's sensitive translation of the same piece of verse: —

Last night within my chamber's gloom some
vague light breath of Spring
Came wandering and whispering, and bade my
soul take wing.

A hundred moonlit miles away the Chiang crept
to sea;

O keeper of my heart, I came by Chiang's ford
to thee.

It lingered but a moment's space, that dream of
Spring, and died;

Yet as my head the pillows pressed, my soul had
found thy side.

Oh! Chiang Nan's a hundred miles, yet in a mo-
ment's space

I've flown away to Chiang Nan and touched a
sleeping face.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES W. DAWSON

With Señor de Madariaga again in our midst we seize the opportunity to quote from a letter written us by one of our Parisian subscribers. Inhabitants of the American Heaven ought to be in a strategic position to check up on some of this gentleman's theories and may even be excused for getting in a dig at the countrymen of Beethoven, Goethe, and Baron von Huenefeld.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As you have perhaps remarked, there is sometimes more wisdom to be found compressed within the discarded baggage of a careless, half-forgotten proverb than between the covers of a bright, intense new book.

Anent 'Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard,' by Salvador de Madariaga, which I read with keen enjoyment in your April issue, there is an old French saying which goes, —

*Si je connaissais plusieurs langues,
Je parlerais:
Le latin à Dieu,
Le français à toi,
L'anglais aux oiseaux,
L'espagnol aux femmes,
Et l'allemand à mon chien!*

All of which would seem to bear out Señor de Madariaga's contentions concerning the three races, if language can be thought of as an indication, or outgrowth, of the character of a people. Your author minimizes the helpfulness of language as a keystone to understanding. To me it seems to be much more than a surface thing.

'If I knew many languages, I would speak Spanish to the ladies.' And who has not thought, while listening to its soft, gracious cadences, how admirably suited it is for love-making? The Spaniard is predominantly passionate, says our critic. They sit by and passively allow life to flow through them, become a part of them. Thus it is that their language is like the refrain of a far-away song — a life song, with bold, round

vowels; but always, and above all, a tender song, as the beginnings of love and life must ever be.

'I would speak English to the birds.' This, perhaps, needs more than a transient explanation. At first glance it might seem to quarrel with the idea that our Englishman is a man of action, yet it is not an entirely contrary point of view. He is a man of action, true, but a sociological, self-restrained one. The author best explained the Englishman's heart when he said, 'Thus, under the armor of self-control, the strong passions of the Englishman live a secluded life — if anything, stronger for their seclusion.' Poets find the English language unrivaled for the expression of verse, with its vast wealth of words, borrowed or coined, with its swing and its cadence, and, most of all, with its wide elasticity, which fits with equal aptitude the mood of a storm, the beating of waves, or the song of a bird!

'If I knew many languages, I would speak French to you' — because it is the language of friends. Just as the Frenchman is essentially a man of thought, theoretical to the point of definitely defined and mathematically ordered regulations for living, his language is reasonable and well suited to discussion. In fact, with the additional virtue of its frankness, its *naïveté*, it is charming for conversation. Perhaps that is the reason the *grands salons* have almost always accepted it as the common tongue. It may be because of his mental freedom that the Frenchman has evolved a language which is the universally accepted 'intimate' form of expression. At any rate, like the sum in addition, there it is!

You see that Señor de Madariaga is in entire agreement with my old French proverb concerning the Englishman, Frenchman, and Spaniard. It only remains now for him to diagnose 'mir — und Gott.'

Always your stimulated reader,
SUSANNA S. MOODY

A contemporary Juvenal, traveling in the West Indies, seeks (and finds) inspiration among Uncle Sam's happy Virgin Island subjects: —

SERENADED BY ST. THOMASANS

Gentle Virgin Islanders
Playing tunes on cullenders,
Pots and pans and glistening glass,
Few orchestras could surpass —

Various Anglo-Saxon saps,
When they are not shooting craps,
Shoot such kindly folk as you
For the old Red, White, and Blue.

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The Atlantic Bookshelf

A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927, by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K. G.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. 8vo.
xv+663 pp. 2 vols. \$10.00.

It was known some time before his death that the late Earl of Oxford was engaged upon the composition of an autobiographical work which should at once extend and amplify his previous reminiscences and include material relating especially to the years of the war, and it is needless to say that, in the usual phrase, these 'revelations' were awaited with the greatest interest and curiosity. The appearance of these two handsome volumes in no small degree justifies the expectations which were raised; yet it was not to be expected that the Earl of Oxford could or would gratify the audience which was accustomed to the more spicy style of his wife or of his latest rival. Indeed, as one begins these volumes, unless his patience persists, he is apt to be disappointed. If he stops with the first volume, he will conclude that what we have here is only the random reflections of a once eminent but never very 'magnetic' man on the events and, in particular, the characters of an age now as dead as that of Rameses. It is as if he had sat down by the fire and remembered aloud those figures of the Victorian past, summing up to himself the abilities and traits of a multitude of men with whom he was brought into contact, but whose names and achievements will be strange to many if not most of his readers outside that narrow but important circle in which they played their parts. Many, if not most, of those readers will find it dull, for it requires a good deal of rather specialized knowledge of circumstances and events to appreciate its quality.

But if the reader is patient — or if he skips these 'Tales of a Grandfather,' as he is very apt to do — and goes on to the second volume, he enters not only another age, but another atmosphere. He seems to be reading the work of another man. He comes at once into a narrative of great events, vigorous, entertaining, even enthralling; lively, 'revealing,' even at times more humorous than one conceived the author, and of the highest significance to the history of the Great War. Mr. Asquith did not keep a diary in the

formal sense of the word, but he did, as he says, jot down from time to time a series of memoranda, and these 'Contemporary Notes' as they are here printed offer one of the most vivid and illuminating series of side lights — and even more than side lights — upon events and characters on the English side of the Great War which one reader, at least, has seen. Nor does it detract from their interest that much of the contents was already known or suspected, for the impressions made on a mind like that of Mr. Asquith are in themselves of the highest interest and importance. The impact of those events on such a mind as his, legal, parliamentary, logical, rather detached, and — as these memoirs prove — fair beyond most men, at once raises one's opinion of the man and reveals the gulf which yawned between him and the politicians of the new generation.

Nowhere is that more evident than in the chapters which deal with the years since the war. The 'Coupon Election,' the Marconi episode, the 'Contemporary Notes' of 1920-1924, provide a comment on what are almost current events of the greatest interest. From the break-up of the first coalition to the virtual break-up of the Liberal Party will undoubtedly form a period in history of critical importance to British politics, and when that history comes to be written its historian will find here material of first-rate importance, as its readers now find it of first-rate interest. Yet, even so, historian and reader alike will find here little of that spirit of 'now it can be told' which has disgraced so much of these writings of recent years. For Mr. Asquith was not merely a great statesman of a passing school; he was a great gentleman of — shall we say? — also a passing school of politics.

WILBUR C. ABBOTT

The Children, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. 12mo.
347 pp. \$2.50.

In novels dealing primarily with situation, the reader asks first of all, and quite rightly expects, that the outcome, the solution, or perhaps only the conclusion, as the case may be, convey the unmistakable impression of inevitableness. Mrs.

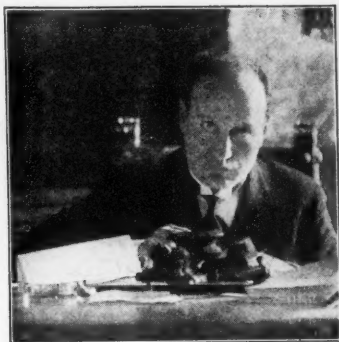
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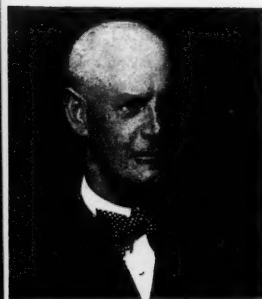
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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Wharton, who years since admirably proved her mastership of such a novel, has especially in *The House of Mirth*, *Ethan Frome*, *The Age of Innocence*, and *Old New York* established a reputation for excellence in this outstanding feature — a reputation which her more thoughtful readers hate to see marred. Laurence Selden at the bedside of the dead Lily Bart, Newland Archer gazing from the Place des Invalides at the Countess Olenska's drawn curtains, Ethan Frome coming into the shabby sitting room and into the querulous presence of Mattie Silver, now old — these closing chapters, satisfying, convincing, inevitable, are immortal in American letters. They mock the last pages of this new story, *The Children*, just as they mocked the chimerical complications of *Twilight Sleep*.

The Children is from beginning to end an unconvincing novel. How reluctant is one whom Mrs. Wharton has so profoundly stirred to write the words! And yet a second reading sheds no kinder light. The events so fraught with significance and tragedy only dawdle; they do not march on toward any inevitable close. One tries in vain to sympathize with the seven children, who illustrate in their incredibly mixed relationships and in their crass discussions of the *liaisons* of their various parents the cruelty of nonchalant divorce. They are not real like Margaret Kennedy's consummate creations in *The Constant Nymph*, of which one discerns here not a little influence. Nor, with the exception of Judith, their mothering elder sister who is keeping them together at any cost, are they appealing. One cannot, of course, in the absence of reality expect appeal.

Martin Boyne, one feels, should be pitied. By force of circumstances and by virtue of his own kindness he is drawn into the position of guardian and father confessor to the seven children on their journeyings and sojourns about Europe. In spite of his satisfaction with his engagement to a woman whom he has long loved, but who because of her own unhappy marriage has been virtuously unattainable, he finds himself overwhelmingly in love with Judith, thirty years his junior. A situation, surely, which should command our sympathy! But dutiful pity is a sad and sorry emotion, whether it be demanded by books or by life, and we cannot share Boyne's loneliness on the closing page. If only, as in former days, Mrs. Wharton had compelled our pity instead of merely asking for it!

We miss, too, in this new novel, scenes which by reason of their own truth and strength might be stamped on our memories forever. We recall Lily Bart sewing spangles in Mademoiselle Regina's millinery shop and seeing the distorted image of the New York world she knew in the mirror of the working girls' minds; Newland Archer and the Countess Olenska gazing at each other across the red-covered table at Point Arley; Mattie Silver at the breaking of the pickle dish in the farmhouse kitchen; the old maid at the marriage of her daughter. No one scene in any

sense comparable to these strikes flame to run along the pages of *The Children*.

Mrs. Wharton, incapable as always of bad workmanship, writes easily and well. Her style, although for the most part undistinguished in this latest book, is never actually at fault. There are paragraphs of good description which in a measure atone for certain overdone figures. But we look in vain for unforgettable characters, for scenes which, lending experience and wisdom, make us wise and pitiful, and for a conclusion which is inevitable and hence satisfying.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

Goethe: the History of a Man, by Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. Svo. v+647 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

Is this book an adequate exposition of the life work of a great master of literature? How could it be, when not even an attempt is made to analyze, for instance, the style or the characters of *The Sorrows of Werther*? Is it an authoritative interpretation of the intellectual message of a world-embracing sage? How could it be, when there is hardly a hint in it about Goethe's relation to other great intellectuals, such as Plato or Spinoza, or Voltaire or Kant?

And yet, to those of us who delight in the portrayal of living beings, this is not only a fascinating but a great book. No other writer on Goethe, not even Hermann Grimm or Gundolf, has succeeded as Emil Ludwig has in what he himself calls 'reconstructing the genuine man who really lived from the æsthetic divinity' or in making us eyewitnesses of the 'sixty years' battle which his Genius fought with his Dæmon and from which he finally wrested a kind of tragic victory.' Here indeed is the first book in which Goethe has been brought out, not primarily as an author, or a type of a particular age or race, but as a unique and enigmatic individual swayed by elemental, timeless, and supraracial emotions. It is not an accident that this book should have been written by an internationally-minded Jew.

As an emotional biography, it is a product of supreme workmanship. Ludwig has steeped himself in the whole of Goethe's soul life. He has himself lived over all of Goethe's moods, illusions, frivolities, strivings, passions, disappointments, despairs, cynicisms, longings, exultations, ravings, inspirations, aspirations, visions of the infinite. Every circumstance, every situation that called forth all these conflicting outbursts of feeling, are present to him as if they were a part of his own experience. Every word of Goethe's about himself, every observation of contemporaries about him, seem to be stored up in his mind, ready to leap forth spontaneously at the right moment. Thus there is produced an organic whole which in unity, rhythm, and intensity of effect can be compared only to some great orchestral masterpiece.



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

And what a world it is—this soul life of Goethe as reproduced here! How infinitely superior to the traditional conception of the youthful Apollo and the aged Zeus, of the sacrosanct incarnation of harmony and beauty, is this life tossed about from first to last by the tempests of passion, but also 'forever dedicated'—as in one of his early letters he said he wanted to be—to that sacred thing called Love which gradually drives out, by its own pure influence, the alien elements within, so that at last the whole is pure as virgin gold! To have shown how this man of turbulent spirit, a Faust and Mephisto in one, ever at war with himself, ever conscious of the 'two souls within his breast,' often succumbing to the lower instinct, derived from this very duality of his nature not ennui, despondency, or distrust of the world, but an abiding and ever loftier enthusiasm, an ever wider conception of humanity and the universe, and an ever more ardent zeal for constructive activity, is to have done a service to an age still suffering from the paralyzing effects of a world catastrophe.

This book rises far above the level of mere scholarship into the realm of creative art.

KUNO FRANCKE

The Open Conspiracy: Blue Prints for a World Revolution, by H. G. Wells.
Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 8vo.
xii+200 pp. \$2.00.

MR. WELLS has at last given definite form to his long-cherished vision of a world commonwealth which shall bring order and plenty to harassed humanity. He does not make clear his reasons for calling his political and economic aspirations a religion; but he is probably aware that the word was never so popular as now, when secular writers proclaim in the press—instead of in the pulpit, where they belong—the worth of their own creeds, and the futility of their neighbors'.

The first chapter of *The Open Conspiracy* is entitled 'Necessity of Religion to Human Life,' which sounds like Matthew Arnold. In the twelfth chapter Mr. Wells boldly christens his exposition a 'modern Bible.' But no sooner have we attuned our minds to this point of view, believing that so long as man has a soul he is open to some sort of religious conviction, than we find ourselves thrust out from all partnership in the world's redemption. The 'Conspiracy,' we are told, involves 'a skeptical and destructive criticism of personal-immortality religions, and also of the sacred formulae of Communism. It can work and may go far in certain ways with Christians or Communists; but it cannot incorporate them so long as they are Christians or Communists.'

So there goes spiritual liberty to the wall. Freedom, as of old, unfurls her banner on the 'mountain heights,' and we poor mortals down in the streets live under a fresh compulsion.

Three things are absolutely essential to the new order. The control of the world's loyalties,

which means the abolishment of nationalism; the control of the world's industries, which means the abolishment of private 'business directorates'; and the control of the world's population, which means a regulated birth rate from Pole to Pole. The first condition is made difficult by 'a vast degrading and dangerous cultivation of loyalty.' France honors her army, England honors her navy, America honors her flag; and it is hard to make these seemingly intelligent nations understand that the 'traditional honorableness' of their defenders is but a disguise for an 'essentially parasitic relationship.' The second condition seems to Mr. Wells to bear a more promising aspect. He is sure that the day will come when men who seek to handle for their own gain the supplies of the world will be looked upon as 'quaint characters,' a phrase which is far from fitting them to-day. As for universal birth-control (and anything less would be more dangerous than helpful), it is still so purely problematic that speculation and argument are a waste of words.

Nobody doubts that life as we know it can bear mending, and nobody should deny a hearing to one who seeks to mend it. To be satisfied with conditions that are good for the few and bad for the many is an ignoble contentment. To take the world as we find it has the selfishness of sound philosophy. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that the forces which have helped in the past are worth preserving for the future, that the secret thinking of humanity is an imperishable heritage. 'The established spiritual values,' says Mr. Aldous Huxley, 'are fundamentally correct and should be maintained.'

Otherwise we have been the sport of the gods.

AGNES REPPLIER

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. 8vo. 323 pp. \$2.50.

As smooth, soft, and alluring as a lady's taffeta boudoir is this story of Christabel, the angel-faced egotist. Against a background of gently adoring parents, equally adoring and opulent great-aunts, and one quizzical, but quiet, great-uncle, the exquisite child Christabel felt herself a 'flower in a November garden.' Only, unfortunately, that was the sort of thing one could not say about one's self: sturdy Germantown lacked sufficient poetic imagination to realize fully how poetic her rare spirit was against its substantial mundane setting. At an age when she should have been relishing pepper pot, scrapple, and Philadelphia ice cream, Christabel began to draw her chief nourishment from the dangerous nectar of adulation. Her addiction took her far, and her skill in satisfying it brought her much. It impelled her to write slender volumes of verse, exotic novels; it led her through the giddy playground of New York's Bohemia to a marriage so safely insulated with wealth that she might play with fire as she pleased without endangering the

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

alabaster pedestal on which she had reared herself. For Christabel was a genius in self-dramatization: she was the woman (if such can exist) who never for an instant is honest with herself.

Miss Parrish tells Christabel's story with the freshness and drollery which the friends of her first two novels will readily anticipate. Like a silken boudoir, it is all gay, clear colors, and the soft surfaces of down cushions offset by frills of humor. Sooner or later Christabel's little mean manoeuvres become evident, but in so finished a world nothing, apparently, can be of very great moment, and her worst peccadillos have the charm of an *enfant méchant*. Perhaps this is because the other characters — her lovers, husband, children, and other admirers — are not firmly enough rooted in a validity of their own for their 'discombobulation' to seem of much importance. Being fooled by an adept has its rewards, and these seem to be all they deserve.

In its analysis of the dry rot of self-dramatization, *All Kneeling* invites comparison with Sarah Gertrude Millin's *An Artist in the Family*. Beside the compassionate understanding of the latter story, Christabel's little cycle is polished but bloodless, almost too neatly finished to sustain even its fragile weight. As a comedy of manners, it might be paralleled with *The Romantic Comedians*, but beneath its pleasing contours there lies no hard framework of irony such as sustains Miss Glasgow's sparkling novel. Yet, since the human soul thirsts for perfection, it is subtly flattering to one's own self-esteem to believe that there could have existed so unmitigated a 'yellow-belly' as Christabel. Let her chronicle be labeled penetrating and pretty.

MARY ROSS

Creation by Evolution: A Consensus of Present-Day Knowledge As Set Forth by Leading Authorities, edited by Frances Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. 8vo. xx+400 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

To this title one might truthfully add 'Inspired by William Jennings Bryan and his Fundamentalist following.' There is no greater handicap than lack of all criticism and competition, and the doctrine of Evolution, secure upon its foundation of fact and truth, has had, for many years, no wholesome jolt to compel a careful reviewing of its factors and to demand a thorough popular exposition.

The present curious wave of reaction, sweeping in its path many thoughtless, emotional minds, has justified itself by inspiring this most excellent résumé of Evolution by the master minds of science in the United States and Great Britain. In probably no other volume ever to be published will be found, as co-authors, ten members of the Royal Society and eight of the National Academy.

The strength of the presentation lies in the total absence of argument, the complete unconsciousness of the *raison d'être* of the Consensus. It is

solely a book of Hows and Whys. There are twenty-six essays, and a few of the names will suffice to show the amazing standard of excellence: Parker on vestigial organs, Scott on geographical distribution, Smith Woodward on progression of life, Gager on plants, Bather on the record of the rocks, Wheeler on ants, William Gregory on the lineage of man, and Lloyd Morgan on mind in evolution.

I open the book at random and find Professor Poulton's chapter on 'Butterflies and Moths as Evidence of Evolution.' As a prelude to his main thesis are paragraphs on the evolution of our teeth — a direct inheritance from the body scales of sharks, the scales having extended over the bones of the jaws and, in the course of time, transformed into proper teeth. Throughout the ages the fish scales evolved into reptilian scales, as well as feathers and hair, but teeth have always remained teeth. This serves as an introduction to the wholly different scales on the wings of butterflies.

As explanation of the reason why we do not see species changing from one day to another, Poulton says: 'Just such an objection might be raised by one who paid a short visit to this planet and was assured that children became men and women. "I have been here for a whole week," the visitor might well say, "and I have looked everywhere for this transformation, but I have never seen a child turn into a man or a woman." But a week is a far greater part of the period of human growth than is the time of human observation in the life of a species.'

Interesting examples follow of alteration in moths, such as those which have darkened since the smoke from the soft coal of Lancashire factories have coated all the trees. Then comes the testimony of the rudimentary wings of flightless female moths, and the astonishing phenomenon of mimicry among butterflies, where the females not only differ radically from the general type of their group and of the male, but mimic several widely different and unrelated forms of nauseous *Lepidoptera*.

There are a scattering of helpful illustrations throughout the volume, brief bibliographies, and a working index. Miss Mason has achieved a worthy success in assembling such an authoritative body of contributors.

WILLIAM BEEBE

The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson, by Bishop Charles Fiske. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. 8vo. 273 pp. \$2.00.

PROTESTANTISM has always encouraged individual expression, and in this day and age frankness is a virtue that all of us, even the most well bred, must cultivate if we would be respected and heard. For this reason these *Confessions of a Puzzled Parson* are both typical and significant, and since they are also eminently readable and engaging, the thoughtful citizen can ill afford to pass them by.



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

One idea dominates all the essays that go to make up this book: 'The heart of God is as the heart of Jesus.' Bishop Fiske follows a personal leadership, and to him the character of Jesus must be the central point of the Christian religion. It is this note that he strikes in his occasional triumphant passages. But for the most part his book and, we suspect, his own mind are troubled. The opening essays, with their attacks on the professional uplifter, bear immediately on the purely political utterances that have lately been issued from many pulpits in connection with the campaign. 'The minister,' says Bishop Fiske, 'to my old-fashioned mind is a man used by God to reveal God's truth, speaking as God's representative and as the authorized teacher of a church which holds the deposit of faith, not uttering his own passing fancies and furthering his own fads, not passionately championing the latest cause and setting forth the newest moral issue, but declaring the mind of the church as an *ecclesia docens*.' It is from this point of view that he attacks Anti-Saloon League agitators, League of Nations enthusiasts, and all the 'go-getter' element in religion that provides Mr. Sinclair Lewis with such enviable royalties.

When the author comes to deal with problems more peculiar to the church itself, his tone remains much the same. In his opening pages he confesses that the unworthy activities of many wearers of the cloth sometimes make him ashamed of being a clergyman, and similar frankness pervades his discussion of the church's dwindling prestige, which he attributes to the decline in the spirit of worship. Here again he calls for a return to Christ, and takes up a few theological points that bother the uninitiate.

'Take, for example,' he says, 'the question of the virgin birth of Christ, about which there is such frequent doubt and difficulty. Of course, faith in Christ's divinity does not rest upon faith in his virgin birth. On the contrary, we believe in the virgin birth because we believe in Christ. If we have definitely made up our minds about Christ's divinity, then we know that his entrance into human life was something without equal in the annals of the earth.' Orthodox Fundamentalists may be shocked by some of the Bishop's modern opinions and by his frank criticism of organized religion, but his virile belief in the identity of the Father and the Son is a welcome tonic after the diluted Unitarianism of Ludwig and Bruce Barton.

If one were to attempt an attack on any of the author's views, the last three chapters provide material. When a Bishop takes such cognizance of companionate marriage, many laymen will feel that the anomalous relationship which owes so much to Judge Lindsey receives more respectable attention than it deserves. It would, of course, be impossible for so alert and honest a man as Bishop Fiske to avoid such controversies — as a Protestant individualist he finds himself disturbed by some of the materialist difficulties of this materialist age. Indeed, the very fact that he denounces other clergymen for participating too much in everyday affairs is itself an indication that his church cannot confine itself to problems of worship alone. To reconcile religion with contemporary civilization is no easy task, and it is refreshing to find a true Christian gentleman who confesses himself puzzled.

QUINCY HOWE

The books selected for review in the Atlantic are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board:—

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